★ April 29, 1950

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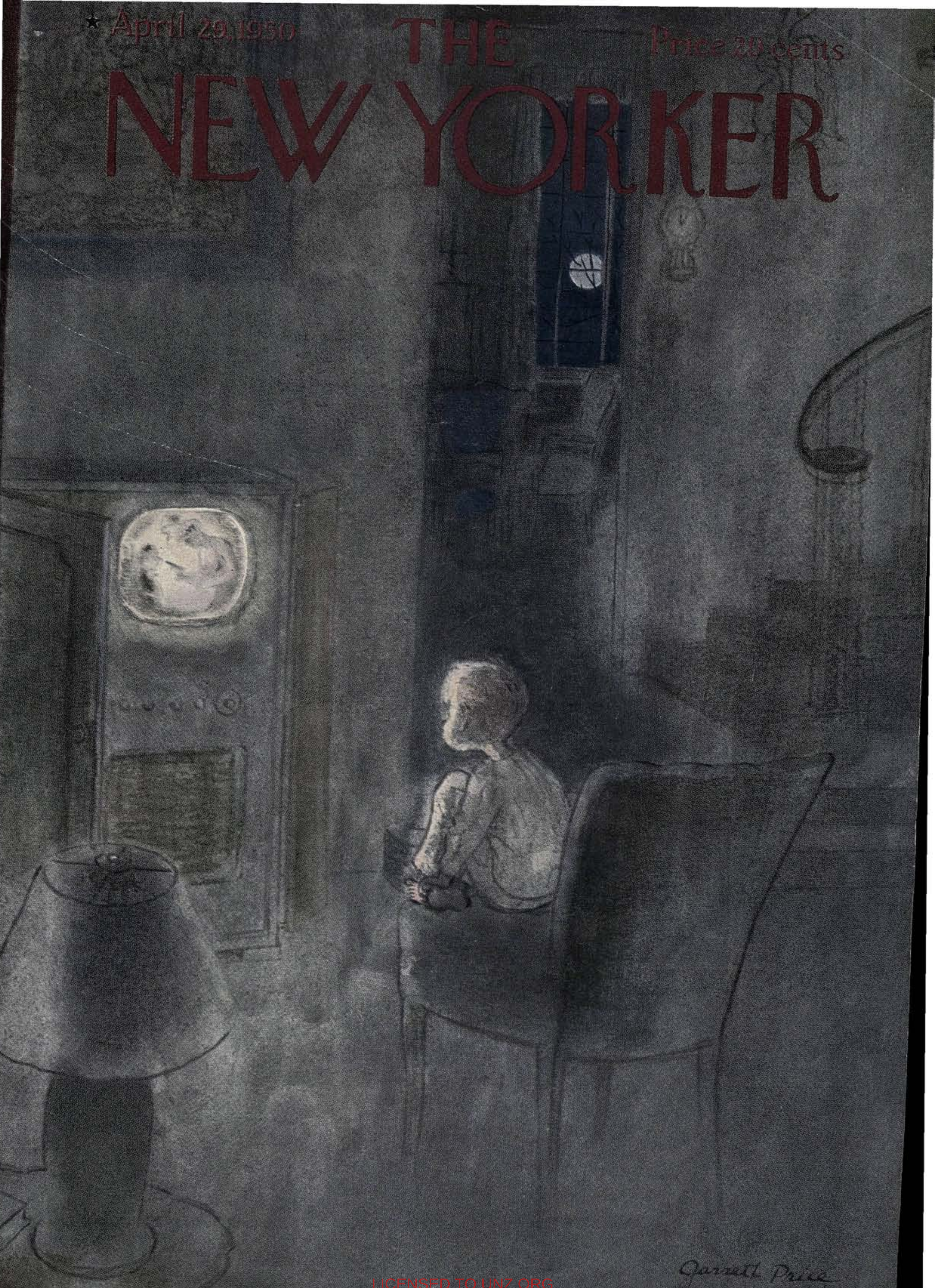
THE NEW YORKER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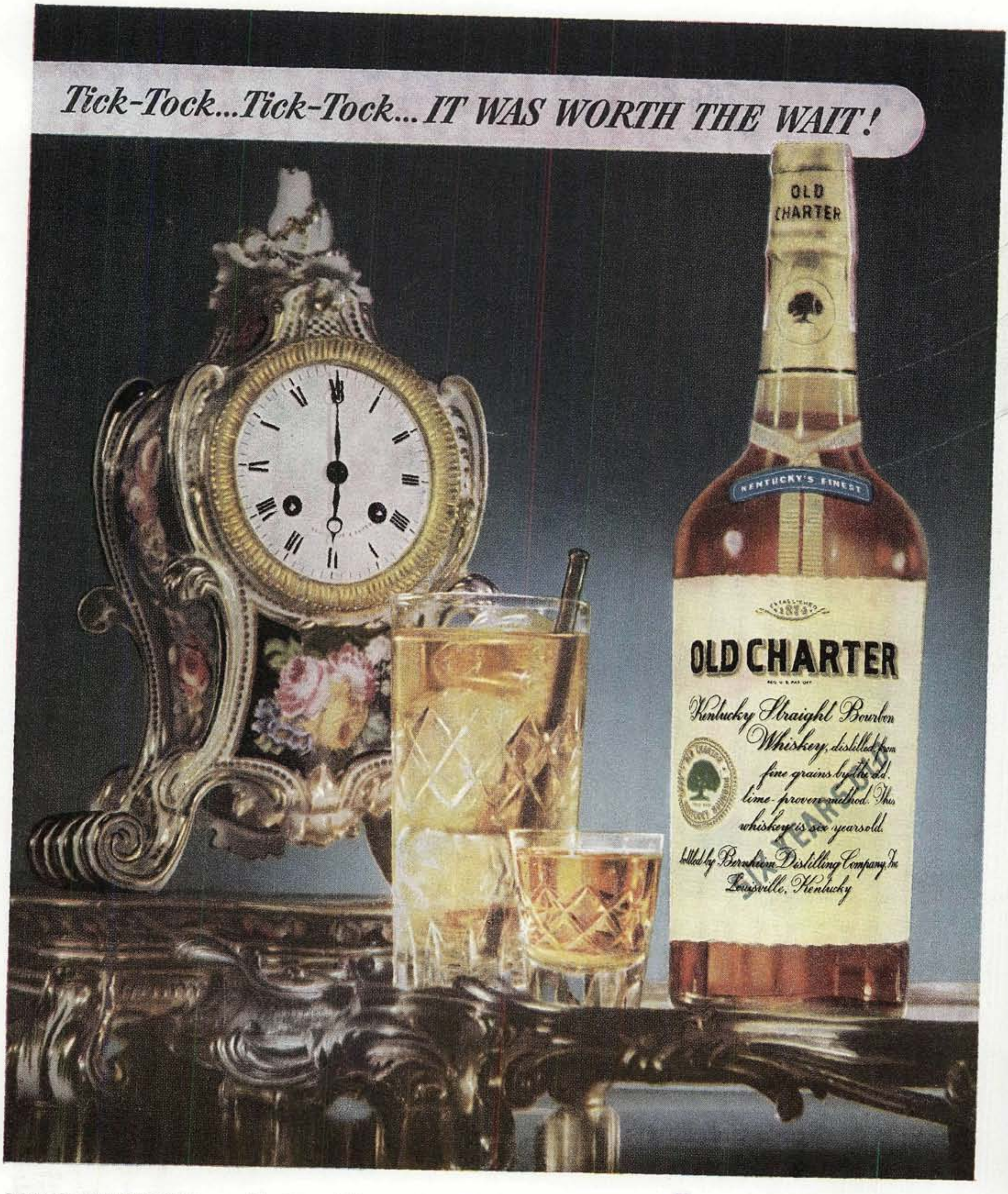
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

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PLAYS

As You Like It—Katharine Hepburn is a vivacious and decorative Rosalind in this handsome revival of one of Shakespeare's more complex and clown-ridden comedies. Others in the cast are William Prince, Ernest Thesiger, Judy Parrish, and Bill Owen. A Theatre Guild production. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Caesar and Cleopatra—The play, of course, is one of Shaw's most engaging, and Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Lilli Palmer are splendid in the title roles. Among the other characters disporting themselves on the Nile are Arthur Treacher, John Buckmaster, Ralph Forbes, Francis L. Sullivan, and Bertha Belmore. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, April 29.)

Clutterbuck—Benn W. Levy's comedy involves three British couples and their complicated, rather disreputable, but frequently very amusing sexual relationships. Arthur Margetson gives a brilliant performance as a retired rubber planter, and Ruth Matteson, Ruth Ford, and Tom Helmore do nicely, too. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

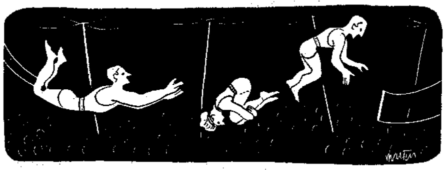
The Cocktail Party—T. S. Eliot's superior play is both funny and profound, and its occasional obscurity probably won't bother you too much. Alec Guinness is magnificent as a semi-supernatural psychiatrist, and Irene Worth, Robert Flemyng, and Eileen Peel, as three of his most bothersome patients, are also impressive. Winner of the Drama Critics' foreign award. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Come Back, Little Sheba—There is so much that is true and moving in this play about an elderly couple who have more or less ruined their lives that it seems a pity the author so often slips into bathos. Shirley Booth and Sidney Blackmer are superb in the leading roles, and they are capably supported by Joan Lorring, Lonny Chapman, John Randolph, Daniel A. Reed, and Olga Fabian. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Devil's Disciple—Maurice Evans, Marsha Hunt, Dennis King, and Victor Jory figure prominently in this revival of Shaw's comedy. Not to be compared with "Caesar and Cleopatra," but still more entertaining than most of our native products. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Happy Time—This comedy about a high-spirited French-Canadian family and the effect its uninhibited behavior has on an adolescent boy is somewhat in the tradition of "I Remember Mama," but neither the wit nor the sentiment is on anything approaching that level. Claude Dauphin heads the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35. Special performance, for the Actors' Fund, Sunday evening, April 30.)

I Know My Love—The Lunts contribute their usual animation and S. N. Behrman his usual polished complexity to this play about a marriage that goes on for fifty years. A standard brand, no doubt entirely acceptable to those who admire the product. With Geoffrey Kerr, Betty Caulfield, Katharine Bard, and Henry Barnard. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				27	28	29
30	1	2	3	4	5	6

The Innocents—William Archibald has reduced Henry James's "The Turn of the Screw" to a simple ghost story, but there are still moments that ought to chill your blood. Except for two spooks, who don't talk, the cast consists of Beatrice Straight, Isobel Elsom, and two startlingly precocious children named Iris Mann and David Cole. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Member of the Wedding—The Drama Critics Circle has very intelligently chosen Carson McCullers' adaptation of her own novel as the season's best American play. Ethel Waters is enormously compelling as a warmhearted old Negro woman, Julie Harris is extremely touching as the loneliest little girl in the world, and seven-year-old Brandon De Wilde gives a remarkable performance as one of her young playmates. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Velvet Glove—Grace George's return to the New York stage is a welcome event, but it is too bad she couldn't have chosen something a bit more stimulating than this quiet comedy of life in a Catholic college for girls. With Walter Hampden, Jean Dixon, and John Williams. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Wisteria Trees—Admirers of Chekhov may consider Joshua Logan's version of "The Cherry Orchard" something of a desecration, but it continues to have its affecting interludes, thanks largely to a superlative performance by Helen Hayes. The Russians who now appear as residents of Louisiana include Kent Smith, Walter Abel, Peggy Conklin, Douglas Watson, and Bethel Leslie. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

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Long Runs—**death of a salesman:** The tragic windup of a man who suddenly comes to realize that he can't go on any more. Gene Lockhart plays the man. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **detective story:** Sidney Kingsley's roughhouse in a New York police station, with Ralph Bellamy cast as a tough cop. (Hudson, 44th St., E. LU 2-1087. Mondays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8:40; Fridays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **mister roberts:** Henry Fonda, Henry Hull, and William Harrigan still patrolling the deck of that Navy cargo ship. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

A Phoenix Too Frequent and **Freight**—Two plays, the first by Christopher Fry, with Nina Foch, Richard Derr, and Vicki Cummings, and the second by Kenneth White, with Dots Johnson heading the cast. Both produced by Steven H. Scheuer and Bernard Carson, and directed by John O'Shaughnessy. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Arms and the Girl—Herbert and Dorothy Fields and Rouben Mamoulian are mainly responsible for this adaptation of "The Pursuit of Happiness," which is at least as entertaining as the original. Morton Gould wrote the music, and the cast is headed by Nanette Fabray, Georges Guétary, John Conte, and the incomparable Pearl Bailey. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Consul—Gian-Carlo Menotti's one-man achievement has been chosen by the Drama Critics Circle as the season's best musical play. Neither the score nor the libretto, which concerns the desperate efforts of a woman to rejoin her husband, a political refugee from a Central European country, is particularly distinguished by itself, but in combination they are tremendously powerful. With Marie Powers, Gloria Lane, and Patricia Neway. Vera Bryner substitutes for Miss Neway at the Monday-evening and Wednesday-matinée performances. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Gentlemen Prefer Blondes—Lorelei Lee may not be precisely the girl she was in Anita Loos's novel, but she and her peculiar friends provide a nice, rowdy evening. Miss Loos and Joseph Fields collaborated on the book, Jule Styne did the music, and Leo Robin wrote the lyrics. Carol Channing, Yvonne Adair, and Jack McCauley are in the large and breezy cast. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Great to Be Alive!—This piece, dealing with ghosts, homicide, and love, has its appealing moments, but on the whole it is too crowded to make much sense. Walter Bullock and Sylvia Regan wrote the book, which keeps people like Valerie Bettis, Vivienne Segal, and Stuart Erwin in a state of perpetual commotion; Abraham Ellstein produced the music; and Stewart Chaney designed the funny and admirable sets. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Lost in the Stars—Perhaps too much of the spirit and atmosphere of Alan Paton's novel "Cry, the Beloved Country" has been lost in this adaptation for the stage, but Maxwell Anderson's libretto is frequently moving

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McMullen

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and the score, by the late Kurt Weill, is a superior one. With Todd Duncan and Leslie Banks. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Texas, Li'l Darlin'—This musical about the editor of a magazine that might well be *Life* and a political campaign in Texas is intended to be a satire, but the authors are never quite witty enough to bring it off. However, Johnny Mercer has written some bright lyrics, and Kenny Delmar, Loring Smith, Fredd Wayne, and Mary Hatcher turn in pleasant performances. (Mark Hellinger, Broadway at 51st St. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—KISS ME, KATE: "The Taming of the Shrew" as Shakespeare might have written it if he had had a hand from Cole Porter. With Alfred Drake and Patricia Morison. (Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **SOUTH PACIFIC:** Anybody here doesn't know about "South Pacific"? Still with Ezio Pinza and Mary Martin. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.) . . . **WHERE'S CHARLEY?:** Ray Bolger's resurrection of "Charley's Aunt." (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Peter Pan—Jean Arthur and Boris Karloff in a new version of Sir James Barrie's play, with music and lyrics by Leonard Bernstein. Directed by John Burrell, and produced by Peter Lawrence and R. L. Stevens. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursday and Saturday this week and Saturdays and Sundays thereafter, at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Tickets, Please!—Grace and Paul Hartman in a revue with sketches by Harry Herrmann, Edmund Rice, Jack Roche, and Ted Luce, and songs by Joan Edwards, Lyn Duddy, and others. Also in the cast are Jack Albertson, Dorothy Jarnac, Patricia Bright, Tommy Wonder, and Roger Price. Produced by Arthur Klein and directed by Mervyn Nelson. Opens Thursday, April 27. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, April 27: "Ballet Imperial," "Romeo et Juliette," "Madroños," and "Graduation Ball." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 28: "Giselle," "Paquita," and "Birthday." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 29: "Swan Lake," "The Nutcracker," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 29: "Les Sylphides," "Romeo et Juliette," "Madroños," and "Raymonda." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 30: "Swan Lake," "The Nutcracker," and "Schéhérazade." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 30: "Pas de Quatre," "Romeo et Juliette," "Paquita," and "Graduation Ball." (Metropolitan Opera House. PE 6-1210. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:15.)

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Ballet Theatre—Thursday evening, April 27: "Les Sylphides," "Jeux," "Pillar of Fire," and "Helen of Troy." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 28: "Giselle," "Caprichos," and "Interplay." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 29: "Swan Lake," "Peter and the Wolf," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 29: "Designs with Strings," "Fall River Legend," "Judgment of Paris," and "Helen of Troy." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 30: "Designs with Strings," "Billy the Kid," and "La Fille Mal Gardée." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 30: "Theme and Variations," "Caprichos," "Pillar of Fire," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, May 2: "Romeo and Juliet," "Jeux," "Pas de Quatre," and "Theme and Variations." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, May 3: "Interplay," "Nimbus" (première), and "Princess Aurora." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, May 4: "Billy the Kid," "Jardin aux Lilas," "Pas de Deux," and "Les Patineurs." . . . ¶ Friday evening, May 5: "Designs with Strings," "Undertow," "Jeux," and "Fancy Free." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, May 6: "Romeo and Juliet," "Pas de Quatre," and "Princess Aurora." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, May 6: "Swan Lake," "Nimbus," "Caprichos," and "Gala Performance." (Center Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 49th St. CO 5-5474. Evenings at 8:30. Matinées at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 14.)

Katherine Dunham—With her company, presenting "La Bamba," "Afrique," "Jazz in Five Movements," and other dances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Tuesday, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, May 6.)

Pauline Koner—In a dance recital, with her company. (Central High School of Needle Trades, 225 W. 24th St. Saturday, April 29, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Five rings in full swing. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Daily at 2:15 and 8:30. The doors open at 1 and 7, for those who like to roam around among the sideshows in the basement. Closes Sunday, May 7.)

Brigadoon—A return engagement of the musical by Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, with Phil Hanna and Virginia Oswald. Produced by Cheryl Crawford. Opens Tuesday, May 2, and will run through Sunday, May 21. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursday and Saturday the first week and Saturdays and Sundays thereafter, at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

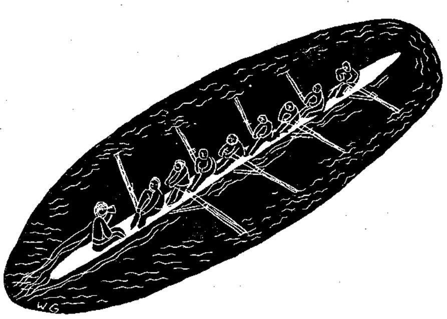
DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Trianon Room, William Scotti's orchestra and Nino de Moraes' rumba band for dancing. No music on Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Harold Nagel's orchestra plays during dinner in the Madison Room, and for cocktails and supper "under the clock," except Sundays. No dancing.

Café Society, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—Errol Garner's knowing piano, the jazz songs of Ida James and Harry Belafonté, and J. C. Heard's occasionally earsplitting band music. Cliff Jackson is the interlude pianist. Dancing.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060)—Frank Sinatra now and then tries to Get Away from It All, but basically he's still a crooner. Also, Larry Storch's impersonations, Copa dolls, production numbers, dancers, and more Copa dolls. Starting Thursday, May 4, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis will resume demonstrating their dizzy version of life at Lindy's. Customer dancing, too.



Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—Ninety minutes of old-fashioned minstrel-show tumult, in which Walter Dere Wahl's mock acrobatics, the Rigoletto Brothers' mock prizefight, W. C. Handy's true-blue trumpeting, and Harry Armstrong's honest singing stand out as the principal good deeds. Dancing.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—Where platina speaks only to ermine, and ermine speaks only to God. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

LaRue, 45 E. 58th St. (EL 5-6374)—Bowing-from-the-waist atmosphere in a very handsome stage setting. Bernie Dolen's and Artie Arturos' bands produce the establishment's traditional sequence of fox trot, waltz, and Latinism. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—In the Cotillion Room, Myrus, doing field work on the clients' minds, and Betty Jane Watson and Jerry Austen, singing some reassuring songs. Stanley Melba's orchestra and Ralph Lane's rumba band play nice music. On Sundays, there is a show at dinner only. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ Stanley Worth performs every day for cocktail dancing and during dinner and supper in the Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The Persian Room offers, during dinner and supper, the songs of Evelyn Knight, which are not quite as good as she is, and the impish Javanese dances of Beatrice Kraft and her acolytes. Bob Grant's and Mark Monte's orchestras. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Rendez-Vous Room, a touch of the Vienna of your fondest dreams, there is Maximillian Bergere's and Emery Deutsch's dance music after eight-thirty. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, Leo LeFleur's cocktail-hour music. No dancing.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (MU 8-3000)—The Oval Room has Jan Engels' orchestra to make dinner music every evening but Sunday, when Harold Sandler's band fills in. . . . ¶ In the Palm Court, the Sandler orchestra runs through pleasant period-piece cocktail music from four to seven, except Sundays. No dancing in either room.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Through Saturday, May 6, Rudy Vallée, talking rather disconnectedly, like a disc jockey without discs. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Julie Wilson, an elaborate clotheshorse and a vivacious nightingale, appears at dinner and supper in the Maisonette. Les Crosley puts a fine polish on her piano background. Dancing to the music of Milt Shaw's and Laszlo and Pepito's bands. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Every afternoon and evening, Irving Conn's orchestra supplies the clientele of the Café Lounge with music to dance to.

Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2800)—In the opulent Carnaval Room, Jan Brunesco's gypsy ensemble and a small patrol from Lester Lanin's stable of musicians for dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the Café, Don Abney at the piano from seven to one, except Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—The beardless innocents who congregate here have trouble enough burning a candle at one end. Downstairs, Paul Rickenbacker's orchestra and a rumba band; upstairs, on Fridays and Saturdays, an extra supply of dance music.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Johnnie Johnston, who used to sing for the bobby-soxers, now singing for grownups in more plush surroundings. Ellis Larkin's piano is his guiding star. Emile Petti's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band for dancing.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—In the Wedgwood Room, at supper, Morton Downey does his upper-register ditties, some of them in ardent favor of Ireland, southern division. Eddy Duchin's big

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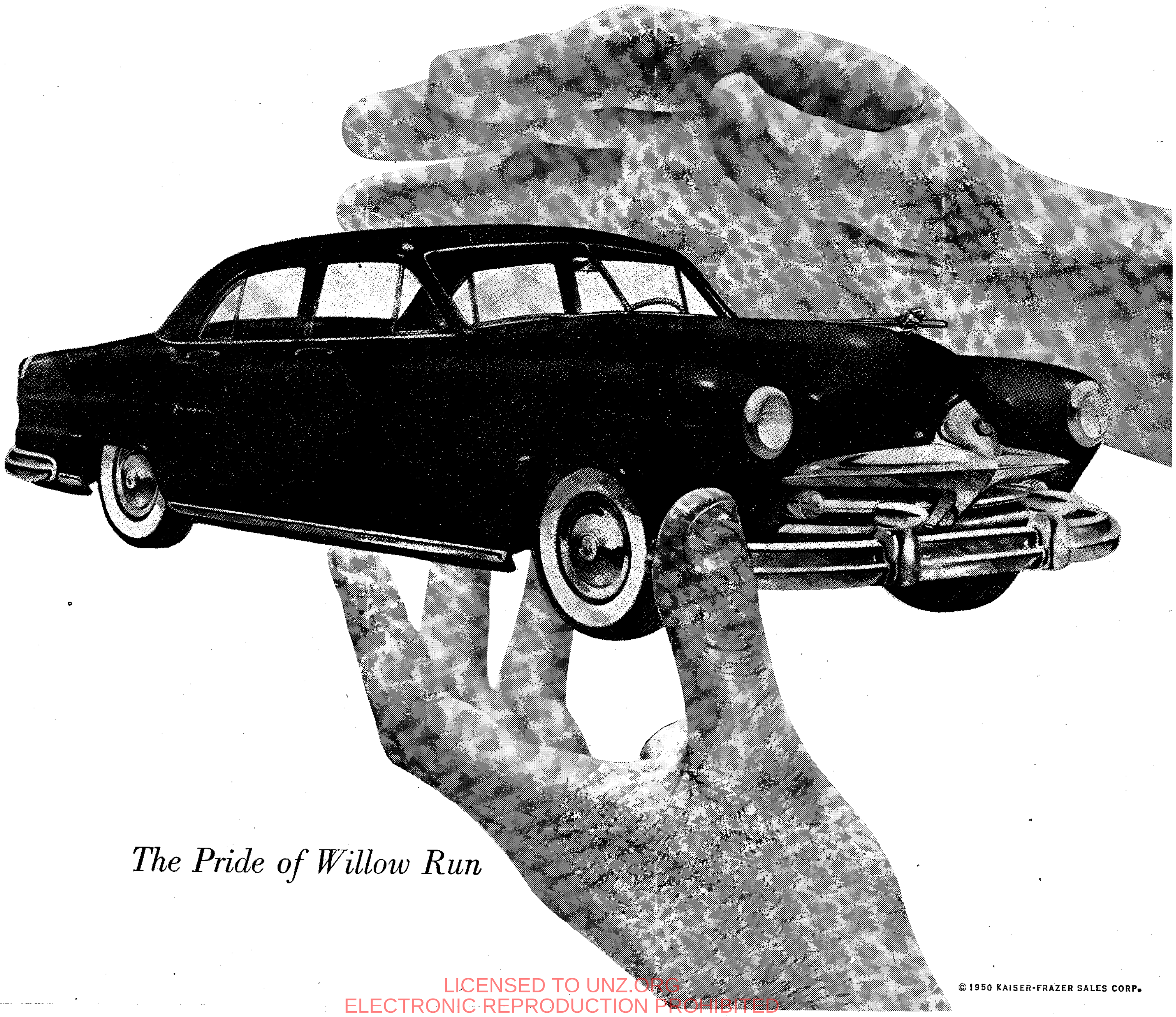

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SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): In this leafy bower, Cy Walter's brisk piano every day but Sunday, at cocktails and dinner and again later in the evening. Graham Forbes fills in on Sundays. . . . **LE COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Eddie Davis, dean of night-life band leaders, starts bowing to the customers over his violin at eight. Phil D'Arcy's trio helps out with the dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): In the bar, Mary McNally plays cocktail piano, and Harry Taylor and Page Morton play after-dinner piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): The sporting element at home. The Allan Logan Trio appears after ten-thirty, and Harold Sandler plays prowler violin music from dinnertime on. On Sundays, piano music only. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): The denizens of Radio Row uneasily taking their ease. Piano and violin after nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Walling and McHugh, a new team of humorists, are spreading their wings here. Harold Fonville and Bob Downey contribute sprightly double piano, and Hazel Webster plays solo piano. Sunday is old-movie night; Monday is young-amateur night. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A friendly Latin-American playground providing a plethora of song and dance, some of it by the house guests. Closed Sundays. . . . **NINO**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): In the bar, an amusing example of the paint-gun school of interior decorating, Rudy Timfield does dinner and supper piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **MONTE CARLO**, 125 E. 54th St. (PL 9-2728): A princely boudoir wherein one of Dick Gasparre's bands and the highly Latin Playa Sextet are on tap all evening. Closed Mondays. . . . **MADISON**, Madison Ave. at 58th St. (VO 5-5000): At cocktail time, there's Peter Walter's piano Mondays through Fridays, and Bernie Dolen's dance band Saturdays and Sundays until nine. . . . **SHELBURNE LOUNGE**, Lexington Ave. at 37th St. (MU 9-5200): Juanita Hall, "South Pacific's" Bloody Mary; Louise Howard's pointed comedy; and Lucille and Eddie Roberts' mind-reading act. Cy Coleman's progressive new trio supplies the music. Closed Sundays. . . . **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-4759): Mabel Mercer, singer of our best grade of modern love songs, is in her small parlor, upstairs over the tumultuous Show Spot bar. Sam Hamilton is her pianist. Closed Sundays. . . . **L'AIGLON**, 13 E. 55th St. (PL 3-7296): From eight until early in the morning, except on Mondays, Louis Hawkins, from his piano, conducts a joint dinner party and community sing in the neat little second-floor Empress Room. . . . **PERROQUET ROOM**, Hotel Meurice, 145 W. 58th St. (CI 7-7440): Not too long after you've finished dinner, Kitty Crawford starts singing to the fascinating minor chords of Ellis Larkin, a busy man these days, and Norene Tate starts singing to her own piano accompaniment. Closed Mondays. . . . **OLD KNICK MUSIC HALL**, Second Ave. at 54th St. (PL 9-2724): A slapdash replica of Gay Nineties saloon life—sawdust, singing waiters, and the like—plus a sometimes comic travesty of old melodrama, and films from the days when movies were even deeper in their infancy. Paul Killiam is commentator. Closed Mondays. . . . **LA COMMEDIA**, 59 W. 52nd St. (PL 9-3477): From about ten-thirty on, Babe Hines' hot-shot lyrics and Jimmy Daniels' nostalgic ones in this casual restaurant. Laurie Brewis and Isaac Royal, their accompanists, play piano from around nine. Closed Mondays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Every night, in the back room, Charles Trenet, now a more bilingual French imp, bounding between Eadie and Rack's twin pianos; also, Nancy Andrews' the-hell-with-it-all songs and Irene Williams' deep, dark blues. Stuart Ross and the Herman Chittison Trio provide a flattering musical frame. Harold Cooke is master of ceremonies. Sunday nights, visiting performers are interspersed among the regulars. . . . ¶ In the lounge, John Kelley, Jr., is at the piano weekdays during dinner, and Eadie and Rack operate another pair of pianos and the town's blithest greenroom from suppertime until all hours (except Saturdays). . . . **LE RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Ronnie Graham, a deviser of weird and wonderful lyrics, and Kirkwood and Goodman, romping through with a new set of nonsense rhymes, are the mainstays of Julius Monk's spring varsity. The period-piece ballads of Clara Cedrone and Bill Meigs, and the spirituals of a new group called the Four Lads, complete the bill. In the background, the ingenious music of the unique Norman Paris Trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The Weavers, a new and happy-go-lucky group of folk singers, among them Pete Seeger, toss their absorbing wares around without any foolish fuss about Art. Clarence Williams' trio, in which Carl Lynch plays fine guitar, supplies dance music. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): This small Hall of Fame offers Wild Bill Davison and his Ride-of-the-Valkyries trumpet, together with Peanuts Hucko, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Buzzy Drootin, and other Kilkenny cats. Ralph Sutton plays hot piano while they cool their instruments. Tuesday nights, when other sharpshooters drop in for target practice, are often sheer madness. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Phil Napoleon and the Memphis Five are once more in residence. Sunday afternoon is jam-session time. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Sidney Bechet and company, such as Vic Dickerson on trombone and Ken Kersey on piano, are up to their old tricks. Don Frye is at the piano between sets. Jam sessions Monday nights. Dancing. . . . **BOP CITY**, 1619 Broadway, at 49th St. (JU 6-3170): Through Wednesday, May 3, Sarah Vaughan's absorbing experiments with bop, Woody Herman's big band, and Fats Pichon's piano. Starting the next night, the King Cole Trio, Count Basie's band, and Dinah Washington's songs—a large enough evening for almost any lover of serious music. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (CI 7-9134): Oran Page's happy-go-lucky brasswork is the principal reason for dropping in here. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave. at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Those Friday-night welkin-ringing rituals, involving (on April 28) Wild Bill Davison, Wilbur de Paris, Edmond Hall, Sam Price, Art Trappier, and Herb Ward. Dancing. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO**, 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-5289): The Friday jazz sessions here have begun again. This week, Buster Bailey, Jimmy Archey, Joe Sullivan, James P. Johnson, George Wettling, and Baby Dodds are expected to sit in. Dancing. . . . **STATLER**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): In the Café Rouge, Ray Anthony's band. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 and close between 5 and 6, Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

GEORGE BIDDLE—Paintings ranging in subject from South America to the circus, the color treated with adroit restraint. (Luyber, 112 E. 57th St.; through April 29.)

ARNOLD BLANCH—A minor retrospective, chronicling his evolution from a rather turbulent Surrealist style to his present, more sedate one, in his first showing here in five years. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.; through May 6.)

CHARLES BURCHFIELD—A new set of water colors,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

embodying his fanciful interpretations of the sights and sounds of the countryside. (Rehn, 683 Fifth Ave., at 54th St.; through May 10.)

Kenneth Callahan—Ink drawings, aptly applying an almost Chinese sinuosity of line to the scenery of the Rocky Mountains. (Maynard Walker, 117 E. 57th St.; through May 13.)

William Congdon—Pleasantly evocative reminiscences, partly abstract in style, of Mexico, Italy, and nearer home, Connecticut. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through May 6.)

Arthur B. Davies—A group of water colors of the French château country, painted in 1925. (Ferargil, 63 E. 57th St.; through April 29.)

Lyonel Feininger—New abstract paintings less rigid in design and more freely inventive than his previous work. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through April 29.) . . . ¶ A retrospective showing of about eighty of his drawings, dating from around 1895 to 1949. (Schaeffer, 52 E. 58th St.; through April 29.)

Group Shows—At the BABCOCK, 38 E. 57th St.: A small showing of paintings by American artists of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, including Winslow Homer, Arthur B. Davies, Sol Wilson, and Jean Liberte; through April 29. . . . CARRÉ, 712 Fifth Ave., at 56th St.: Six younger French artists, in a show called "Advancing French Art;" through May 31. . . . FEIGL, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: American and European moderns, among them Vaclav Vytlacil and Chaim Soutine; through May 6. . . . PERSPECTIVES, 34 E. 51st St.: A number of assorted objects—guitars, masks, mobile paintings, chess sets, and so on—made by Calder, Hayter, Man Ray, and other artists, in moments of whimsey. Weekdays, noon to 6; through May 20.

Abraham Harriton—Landscapes and other subjects, done in clear, pearly tones that contrast with the rather nervous designs. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.; through April 29.)

Samuel Koch—Recent oils by a modern primitive who does landscapes with great natural delicacy. (Contemporary Arts, 106 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 6; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 11; and Sundays, 2:30 to 5:30; through May 5.)

Gaston Lachaise—A collection of his drawings that, though few in number, include some interesting pieces. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through May 6.)

Mirko—Abstract sculptures and other works, intricate in design and very effective, by an Italian artist as yet little known in this country. (Viviano, 42 E. 57th St.; through May 6.)

Modern French—The second part of this gallery's annual show of paintings by members of the Paris school will be on view through Saturday, April 29. The third part opens the following Monday. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through May 27.)

Old Master Drawings—Around fifty examples by Tiepolo, Rembrandt, Rubens, Ruysdael, Van Dyck, and others. (Schaeffer, 52 E. 58th St.; through May 5.)

Abraham Rattner—A number of new paintings, showing brilliant color and tightly patterned, segmented design. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through April 29.)

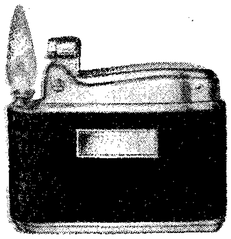
Renoir—A large and handsome exhibit of paintings, for the benefit of the New York Infirmary, that includes no fewer than forty-three oils that have never been shown here before. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.; through April 29.)

David Smith—New abstract sculptures, vividly symbolic, in his first one-man exhibition in three years. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; through May 13.)

Clyfford Still—Large and somewhat overblown abstractions of the Northwest, which are best when they catch the spaciousness of that region. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through May 6.)

Yves Tanguy—New oils and gouaches by this admirer of lonely vistas and Surrealist rock-and-bone accumulations. (Matisse, 41 E. 57th St.; through April 29.)

William Thon—Paintings of Italy, representing



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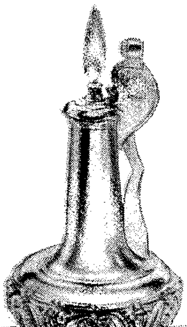

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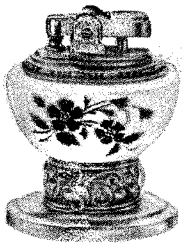

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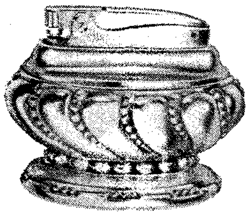

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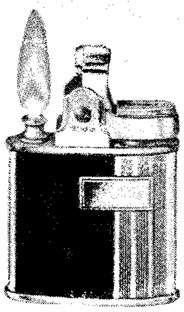

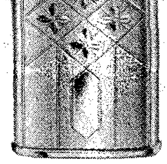

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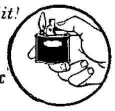

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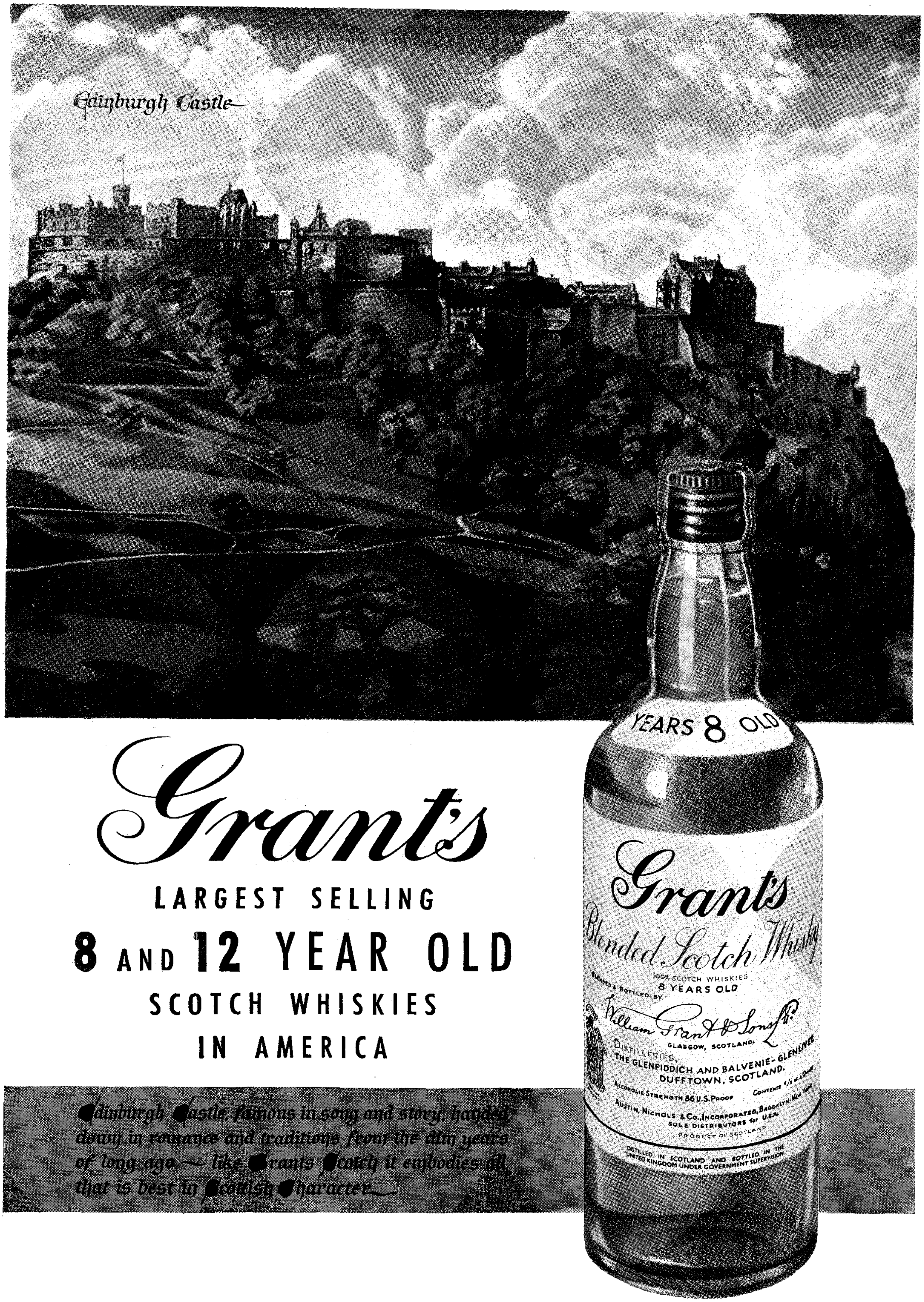
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Some of This Week's Openings—At the **LAUREL**, 108 E. 57th St.: Hananiah Harari; through May 6. . . . **KLEEMANN**, 65 E. 57th St.: Louis Bosa; through May 13. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Rufino Tamayo; through May 13. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 32 E. 57th St.: Katharine Sturgis; through May 13. . . . **PINACOTHECA**, 40 E. 68th St.: Moholy-Nagy. Weekdays, 1:30 to 5:30; through May 19. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Paintings and sculpture by contemporary Americans; through May 13. **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by contemporary American and British artists; through May 31. **JANIS**, 15 E. 57th St.: Twentieth-century "young masters;" through May 20. **KOOTZ**, 600 Madison Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings selected by Meyer Schapiro and Clement Greenberg; through May 15. **MILCH**, 55 E. 57th St.: Paintings by contemporary Americans; through May 13.

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Museum's fourth exhibition of prints, an annual event that has already become recognized as one of the ranking surveys of contemporary American work in this field. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through May 21.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Austrian government's loan exhibition of art treasures from Vienna collections. An impressive affair, though not up to the recent Berlin show in scope or quality. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; Wednesday and Saturday evenings until 9; through May 21.) . . . ¶ Twentieth-century glass designs from America and Europe, with pieces by Steuben, Lalique, Orrefors, and others. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5; through June 30.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A large, comprehensive, and spirited exhibit of works by the late American watercolorist Charles Demuth. . . . ¶ An illuminating retrospective (1922-48) of paintings by Franklin C. Watkins. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7; both through June 11.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—The current group show includes work by Albers, Scarlett, Xceron, and Rebay. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6; through May 31.)

Whitney Museum, 10 W. 8th St.—The museum's 1950 Annual of Contemporary American Sculpture, Water Colors, and Drawings, a compact and lively showing. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5; through May 28.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, and for Town Hall LU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera Company—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, April 27: "Don Giovanni." . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 28: "Madame Butterfly." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 29: "The Love for Three Oranges" (in English). . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 29: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, April 30: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Sunday evening, April 30: "The Marriage of Figaro" (in English). (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Carnegie Pops—Opening performances of the season—Wednesday, May 3: Enrico Leide conducting, with Lilian Kallir, piano; Naomi Ornest, soprano; and Warren Galjour, baritone. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 4: Alfredo Antonini conducting a Latin-American program, with Nestor Chayres, tenor, and Carla and Fernando, Spanish dancers. . . . ¶ Friday, May 5: Igor Buketoff conducting an all-Gershwin program, with June Mc-

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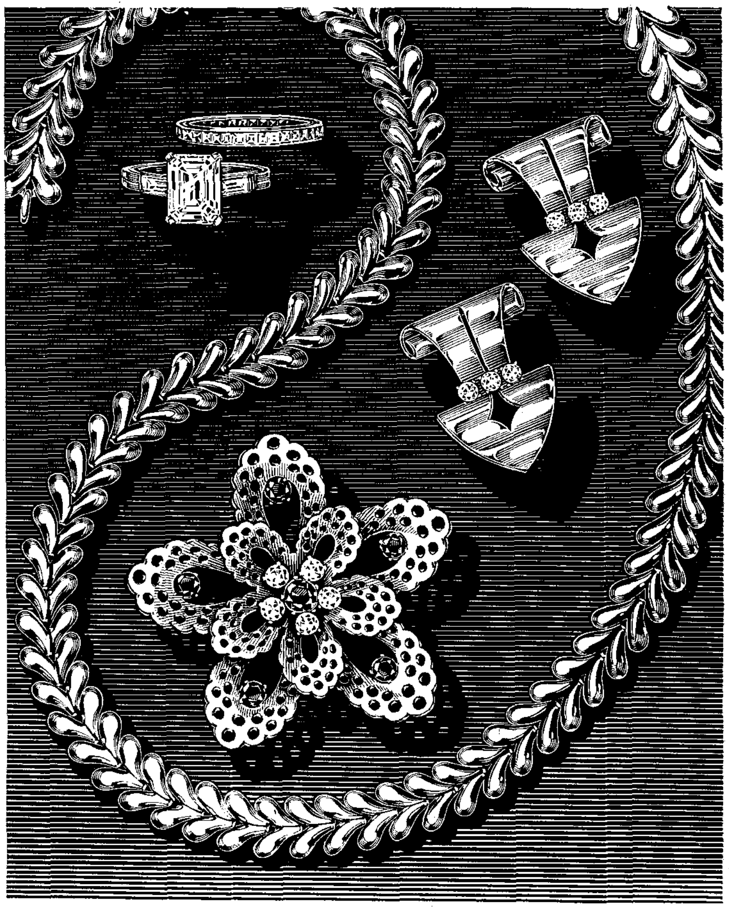

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Mechen, soprano; William Warfield, baritone; and John Knight, piano. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 6: Enrico Leide conducting an all-Tchaikowsky program, with Samuel Sorin, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Nightly at 8:30.)

CHAMBER ART SOCIETY—Robert Craft conducting. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 29, at 5:30.)

SOCIETY FOR FORGOTTEN MUSIC—Dean Dixon conducting a chamber orchestra, with Yves Tinayre, baritone; Maurice Bialkin, cello; and David Weber, clarinet. For the benefit of the American Fund for Israel Institutions. (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165 W. 57th St. PL 7-2027. Monday, May 1, at 8:30.)

MAX JACOBS' CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Max Jacobs conducting. (Town Hall. Tuesday, May 2, at 8:30.)

MANHATTAN COLLEGE GLEE CLUB—Brother Basilian directing. (Town Hall. Friday, April 28, at 8:30.)

CANTATA SINGERS—Arthur Mendel directing Bach's "St. Matthew Passion," with Barbara Troxell, soprano; William Hess, tenor; William Warfield, bass; and others. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, 2 E. 90th St. Saturday, April 29, at 2. For tickets, call MU 5-4171.)

CENTENARY JUNIOR COLLEGE SINGERS—Edgar H. Smith, directing, with Percy Grainger and W. Norman Grayson, duo piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, April 29, at 3.)

JOHN HARMS CHORUS—John Harms directing Mendelssohn's "Elijah," with Marjorie Lawrence, soprano, and Martial Singher, baritone. (Town Hall. Sunday, April 30, at 2:45.)

BRANSCOMBE CHORAL—Gena Branscombe directing. (Town Hall. Thursday, May 4, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

JUILLIARD CONCERT—Rosina Lhevinne, piano; Joseph Fuchs, violin; Felix Salmond, cello; Lillian Fuchs, viola; and Robert Koff, violin. A benefit for the Student Aid Fund. (Juilliard School, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. MO 3-7200, Ext. 33. Friday, April 28, at 8:30.)

JOSH WHITE—Folk singer. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, April 30, at 8:40.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At *YANKEE STADIUM:* Yankees vs. Boston, Thursday, April 27, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Chicago, Tuesday through Thursday, May 2-4, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Cleveland, Friday, May 5, at 2:30, and Saturday, May 6, at 2. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Philadelphia, Thursday, April 27, at 1:30. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. Dodgers, Friday, April 28, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, April 29-30, at 2:30.

CREW—Blackwell Cup Regatta (Yale's Derby Day): Columbia, Pennsylvania, and Yale. (Derby, Conn. Saturday, April 29.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., Princeton, and Rutgers. (Princeton. Saturday, April 29.) . . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Annapolis. Saturday, May 6.)

HORSE SHOW—Sugartown Horse Show. (Malvern, Pa. Saturday, May 6.)

HUNT RACING—Maryland Hunt Cup Association. (Glyndon, Md. Saturday, April 29.) . . . ¶ Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club. (Flourtown, Pa. Saturday, May 6.)

RACING—At JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15; through Friday, May 5. The Gallant Fox Handicap, Saturday, April 29, and the Youthful, Friday, May 5. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:10 and 1, and Saturday between 10:47 and 1:25.) . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 2. The Colonial Handicap, Saturday, April 29. (A train leaves Penn Station for the track daily at 10:30.) . . . PIMLICO-HAVRE DE GRACE, at Pimlico: Mondays, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, at 2:15, starting Saturday, April 29. . . . CHURCHILL DOWNS: The Kentucky Derby, Saturday, May 6. (A train will leave Penn Station for Louisville at 6:05 P.M., Thursday, May 4.) . . . BELMONT PARK: Weekdays at 1:15,

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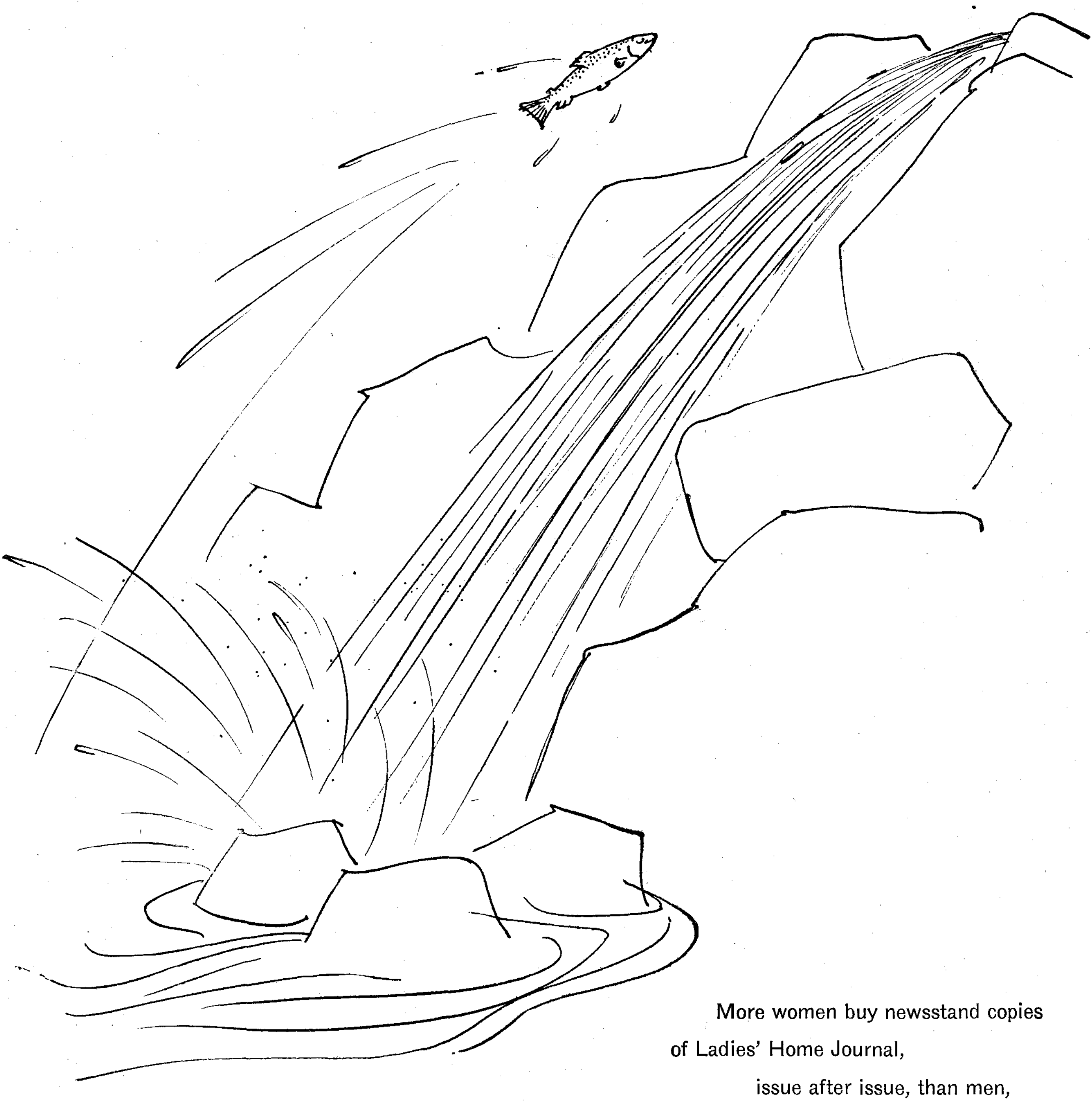

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

starting Saturday, May 6. The Toboggan Handicap, Saturday, May 6.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8:40. (A train leaves Grand Central Station for the track daily at 7:11.)

FOR CHILDREN

Young Thespians' Club—"Comics for Carter," a musical comedy. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, May 6, at 3. For tickets, call AT 9-8028.)

Red Gate Players—"The Magic Lantern" and "Elephant Gay," two Chinese shadow plays. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A. Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-9456. Sunday, April 30, at 8:40.)

Tibor Nagy Marionettes—"Fire Boy," based on a Pueblo Indian legend. (Grace House, 802 Broadway, at 10th St. Saturday, April 29, at 2:30. For tickets, call GR 7-5285. Sherry-Netherland, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. Saturday, May 6, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call AL 4-1075.)

Pied Piper Carnival—Marionettes, a pet show, pony rides, and a fishpond, among other attractions. (North Lawn, Barnard College, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, May 6, from 1 to 5.)

Children's Zoo—About twenty kinds of domestic or tame animals, most of which may be fed and petted by the small fry. Among them are a sweet-scented skunk and a village of mice, as well as a talking crow. (Bronx Park. Weather permitting: Weekdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 10:30 to 6. Adults are admitted only if accompanied by a child.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—At Lake Success, visitors are admitted Mondays through Fridays to meetings of the Security Council, the Interim Committee of the General Assembly, the Atomic Energy Commission, the Commission on Conventional Armaments, the Social Commission, and the Commission on Human Rights. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2156, the day before you want to go. Frequent trains leave Penn Station for Great Neck, where they connect with buses for Lake Success.

Amateur Needlework—An exhibition of purses, bellpulls, altar cloths, wall hangings, and other pieces. For the benefit of the Friendship Fund of the New York Association for the Blind. (French & Co., 210 E. 57th St. Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sunday, 2 to 5; through May 2.)

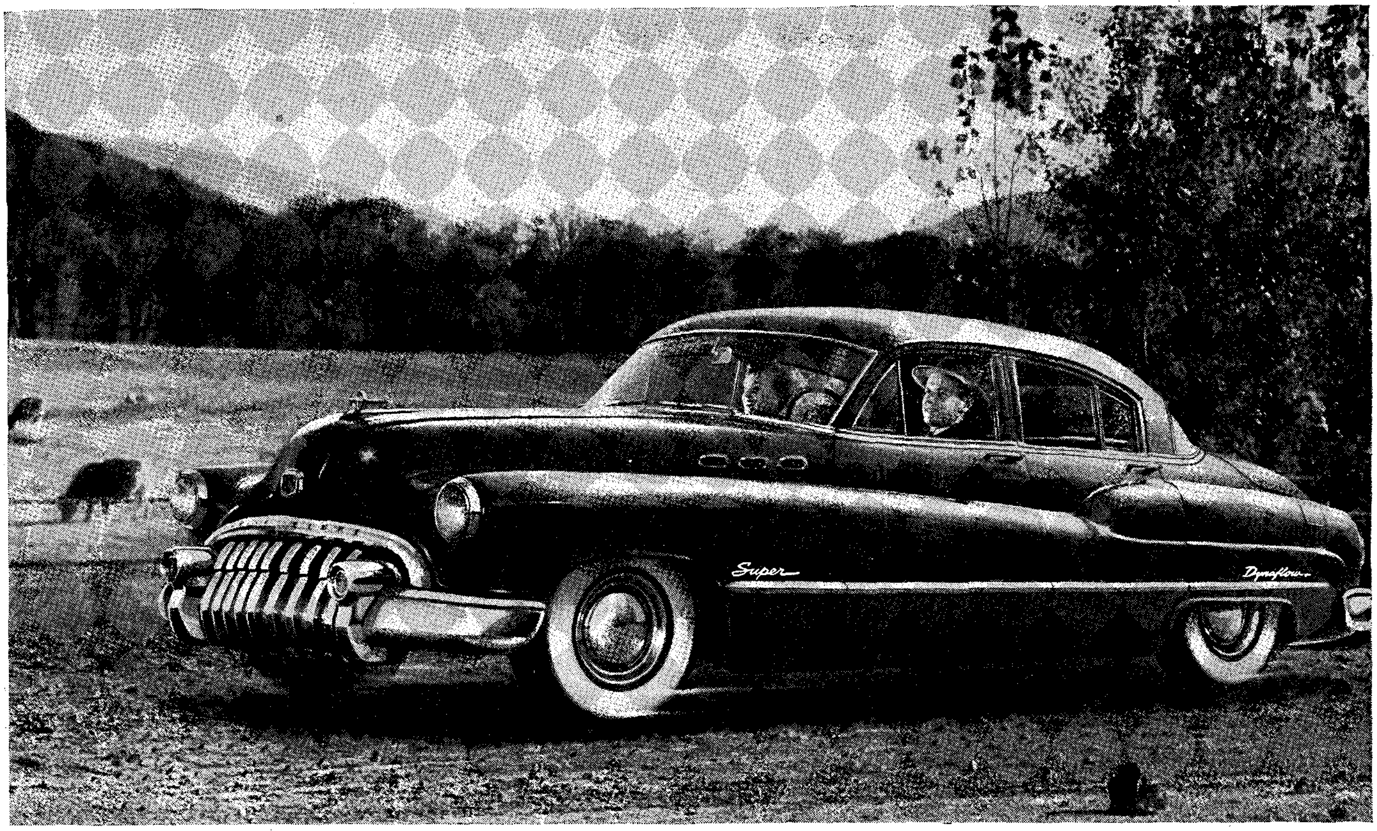
William Wordsworth Exhibit—About a hundred items pertaining to the English Romantic poet, among them manuscripts, autograph letters, a Max Beerbohm cartoon, and first editions. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Room 318. Mondays through Fridays, 9 to 5.)

Auctions—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.—Eighteenth-century French furniture and decorations, property of the late Eleonora F. Carr and others. (Thursday, April 27, at 2, and Friday, April 28, at 10:30 and 2.) . . . ¶ Early American furniture, silver, and samplers; Currier & Ives lithographs; and bird and flower prints; owned by Warren Ross and others. (Exhibition, Thursday and Friday, April 27-28, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Saturday, April 29, at 1:30.) . . . ¶ Nineteenth-century landscapes and genre paintings, as well as paintings by Gainsborough, Turner, and other English and French artists of the eighteenth century, property of Samuel Friedenberg and others. (Exhibition, Saturday, April 29, and Monday through Thursday, May 1-4, from 9:30 to 5; auction, Thursday, May 4, at 8.)

Hayden Planetarium—The show for the month of April is called "Conquest of Space." The May show, starting on Monday, May 1, is "Our Battle-Scarred Earth." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.)

Note—Daylight Saving Time will start on Sunday, April 30, at 2 A.M. Clocks should be turned ahead an hour.

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR, ABC Network, every Monday evening.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

All the King's Men—A fast-moving adaptation of the Robert Penn Warren novel about the life and times of a politician resembling the late Huey Long. Broderick Crawford plays the mock Kingfish to a turn. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; through April 28.)

The Amazing Mr. Beecham—A mild but genial satire on English politics. A. E. Matthews is its chief asset. A British film. (Normandie, 51 E. 53rd, PL 8-0040; April 28-30.)

Battleground—A Hollywood view of the Battle of the Bulge. A lot like every other movie epic about warfare, but stimulating at times. Our defenders include Van Johnson, Ricardo Montalban, George Murphy, and John Hodiak. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; April 27. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; April 30-May 2.)

The Bicycle Thief—The tragedy of a man who loses his bicycle, a necessary tool of his trade. An Italian film, made by Vittorio de Sica, that ranks with the finest ever to turn up. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

The Big Lift—How the Berlin blockade was broken, a film that includes a good deal of standard romantic stuff but has to its credit authentic scenes of the United States Air Force in action. The professional actors involved are led by Montgomery Clift and Paul Douglas. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633.)

Cinderella—The Charles Perrault story put through the Walt Disney mill. A picture that the children ought to like. (Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; April 27. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; April 28-May 1. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting April 30. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; starting May 3.)

The Fallen Idol—A small boy's introduction to a bewildering adult world in which illicit love and violent death figure prominently. A British picture, and a good one. Bobby Henrey, Sir Ralph Richardson, and Michèle Morgan participate. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

Fame Is the Spur—An excellent tracing of the career of a politician very similar to the late Ramsay MacDonald. An English picture, with Michael Redgrave. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 30-May 1.)

The Golden Twenties—A documentary about the Jazz Age made from a collection of features and newsreels shot during the period. A March of Time production, and well worth seeing. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

Riding High—Under Frank Capra's direction, this remake of "Broadway Bill," a picture about a man devoted to an underprivileged thoroughbred, is lively even when the corn gets to be shoulder high. Bing Crosby heads the cast. (Paramount, B'way at 43rd, LO 3-1100; through May 2.)

A Run for Your Money—Alec Guinness, the psychiatrist of "The Cocktail Party," functioning as a prim journalist specializing in gardening who suddenly has to chaperone a pair of excitable Welsh miners about London. An English film that is often quite amusing. (Park Avenue, Park at 59th, PL 9-7242.)

Saints and Sinners—The Abbey Theatre Players cutting capers in a modern Irish town, with results that are often very amusing. An English film, based on a script by Paul Vincent Carroll. (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; May 2-3.)

Samson and Delilah—DeMille on the rampage again in the Bible country. Ostentatiously simple-minded. With Victor Mature and Hedy Lamarr. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Olympia, B'way at 107th, AC 2-1019; starting May 3.)

Sands of Iwo Jima—Marines in the South Pacific. Love and verbiage occasionally interfere with the progress of the picture, but a good deal of it is commendable stuff. With John Wayne. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; April 27. . . . ¶ Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; through April 29. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; April 28-29. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting May 2.)

The Third Man—Orson Welles, as a racketeer in postwar Vienna, being pursued all over town by Joseph Cotten and several squads of cops. Directed by Carol Reed from a Graham Greene script, the film works up some lively scenes now and then. (Victoria, B'way at 46th, JU 6-0540.)

Tight Little Island—A comical English picture that demonstrates how some Scots in the Hebrides go about solving the problems presented by a whiskey shortage. With Basil Radford. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746; through April 30, tentative.)

The Walls of Malapaga—Jean Gabin as an aging French fugitive having a final romantic fling in Genoa. A French-Italian film that is first-rate all along the line. Isa Miranda assists Gabin. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

When Willie Comes Marching Home—Dan Dailey being pretty comical as a G.I. who is desperate to face the enemy but for a long time can't get any nearer the fighting front than an airbase five miles from his home town. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through April 28. . . . ¶ Plaza, 42 E. 58th, VO 5-3320; April 28-May 1. . . . ¶ Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; April 30-May 1. . . . ¶ Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; starting May 2. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5.)

The Woman of Dolwyn—Dame Edith Evans is outstanding in this Welsh tale, written and directed by Emlyn Williams, who also turns up—and quite frighteningly, too—in the cast. An English picture, formerly known as "Dolwyn." (Gracie Square, 1st Ave. at 89th, SA 2-2478; May 2-3.)

REVIVALS

Back Street (1941)—Fannie Hurst's familiar old tale of love and tears. Margaret Sullavan and Charles Boyer. (Normandie, 51 E. 53rd, PL 8-0040; starting May 3.)

Beau Geste (1939)—The Foreign Legion and Gary Cooper in the desert. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; April 30-May 1.)

City Lights (1931)—Charlie Chaplin hilariously on the loose in a big town. (Globe, B'way at 46th, JU 6-5555.)

Crime and Punishment (1935)—Harry Baur in a French screen version of Dostoevski's novel. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 28-May 1.)

Farrebique (1948)—A study of French farm life, with a cast of French peasants. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; starting May 2.)

A Foreign Affair (1948)—A congresswoman, a Nazi siren, and an Army captain in Occupied Berlin. Jean Arthur, Marlene Dietrich, and John Lund. (Embassy Cinema, Park at 42nd, MU 7-8723; April 29-May 1. Mondays through Fridays, features are shown only after 5.)

Gentleman's Agreement (1947)—A Hollywood assault on anti-Semitism. With Gregory Peck, Dorothy McGuire, and John Garfield. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through April 29.)

Hamlet (1948)—Sir Laurence Olivier as the melancholy Dane. An English picture. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through May 1.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—"The Front Page," warmed over. Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; April 30-May 1.)

The Idiot (1948)—A French interpretation of another Dostoevski novel. With Gérard Philipe. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 28-May 1.)

It Happened One Night (1934)—Love on a bus. Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365; through April 28.)

Torment (1947)—The machinations of a psychopathic teacher who attempts to frustrate a juvenile love affair. In Swedish. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; April 27.)

Tragic Hunt (1948)—An Italian film about a lady bandit and her gang. With Vivo Gioi. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; April 27.)

The Well Digger's Daughter (1946)—A French comedy having to do with a village seduction. With Raimu. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; April 27.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
"Scandals of Clochemerle" (in French).

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
THE GOLDEN TWENTIES.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Conspirator," Robert Taylor, Elizabeth Taylor.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (LU 2-1796)
Through April 28: "Love Happy," the Marx Brothers.
From April 29: "D.O.A.," Edmond O'Brien.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
CITY LIGHTS, revival.

Little CinéMet, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-1141)
"Border Street" (in Polish).

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through April 30: "Guilty of Treason," Charles Bickford.
From May 1: "House by the River," Louis Hayward, Jane Wyatt.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"No Sad Songs for Me," Margaret Sullavan, Wendell Corey.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
Through May 2: **RIDING HIGH.**
From May 3: "No Man of Her Own," Barbara Stanwyck, John Lund.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
THE BIG LIFT.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
April 27: "Cheaper by the Dozen," Clifton Webb, Myrna Loy.
From April 28: "Wabash Avenue," Betty Grable, Victor Mature.

State, B'way at 45th. (LU 2-5070)
Through April 3 (tentative): "Nancy Goes to Rio," Jane Powell, Ann Sothern.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
April 27: "The Damned Don't Cry," Joan Crawford, David Brian.
From April 28: "Destination, Tokyo," revival, Cary Grant, John Garfield; and "God Is My Co-Pilot," revival, Dennis Morgan, Raymond Massey.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
THE THIRD MAN.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
THE BICYCLE THIEF (in Italian).

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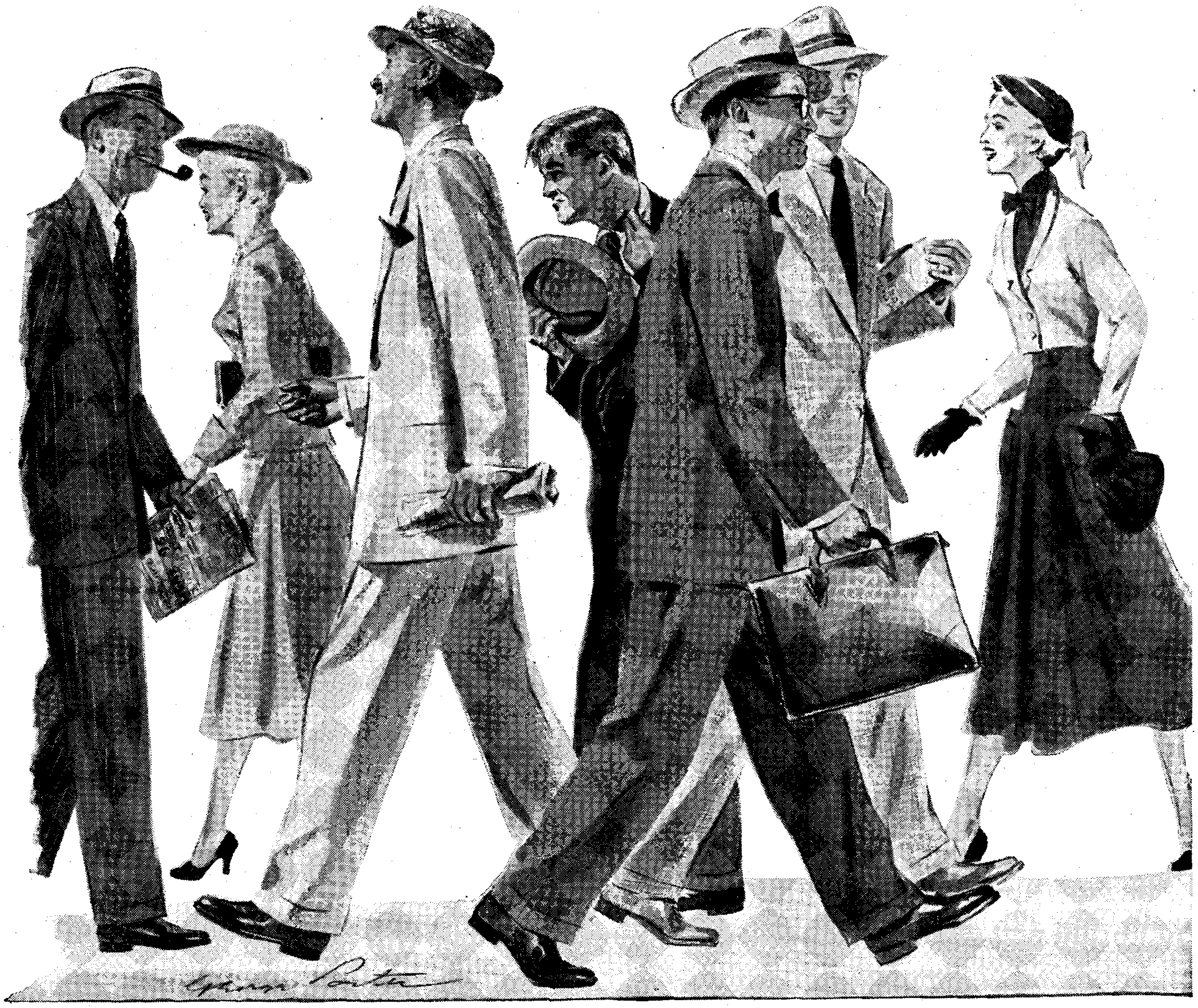

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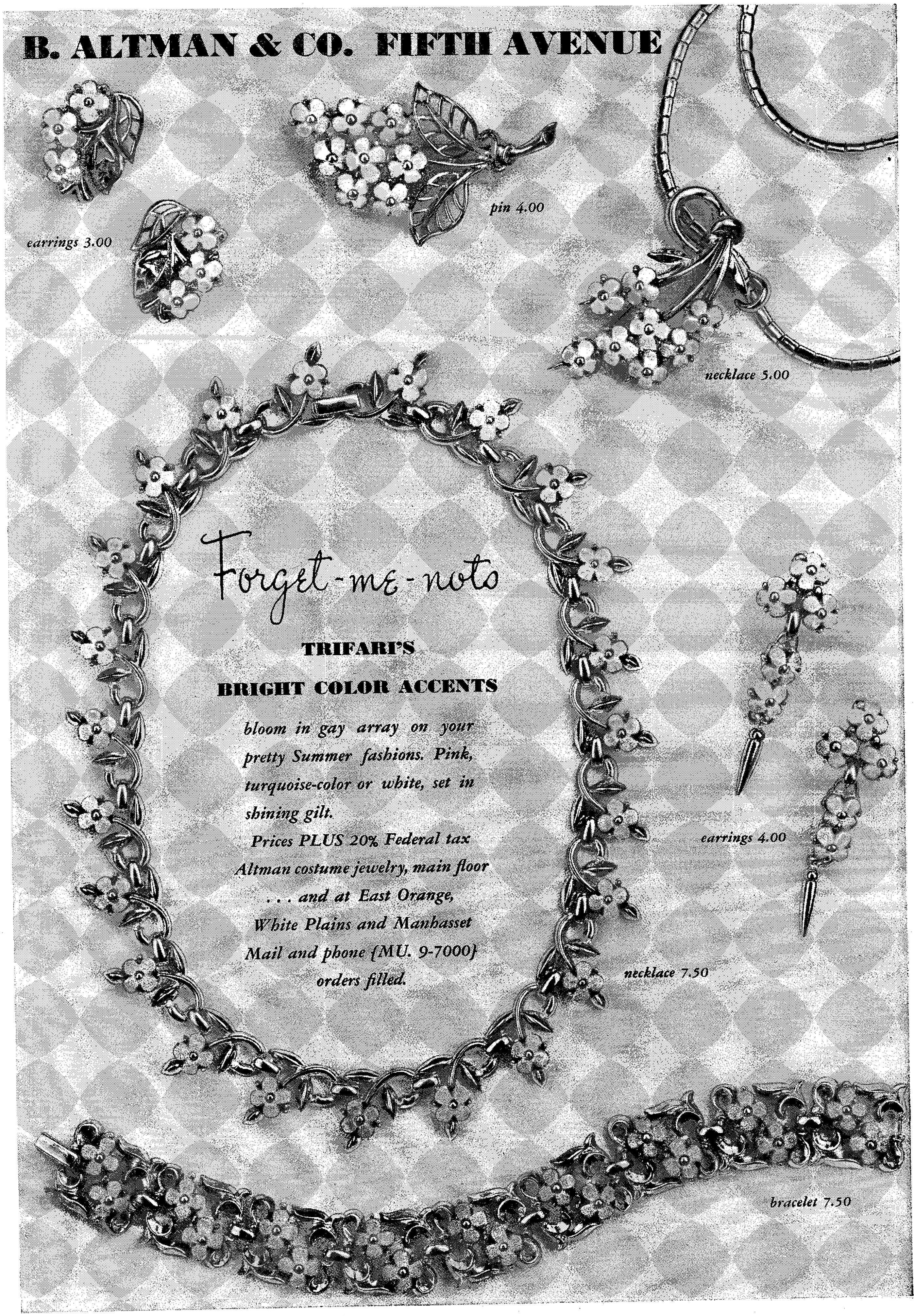

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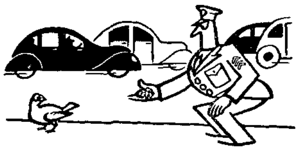
THE NEW YORKER

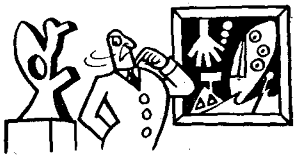
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

ON the eve of May Day, a once gay and juvenile holiday now annually violated by indignant, belligerent adults, we witnessed a symbolic drama on the sidewalk outside our office building. An Army sergeant was stooping near the curb, a handful of bread crumbs on one outstretched palm; a couple of feet away stood a pigeon, gazing intently and, it seemed to us, hungrily at the proffered feast. The soldier was clearly determined that the bird should eat the crumbs from his hand or not eat them at all; the pigeon was clearly reluctant to walk into what might be a trap. For fully a minute, the dove of peace and the man of war were poised there immobile, each evidently afraid to make a forward move—separated physically by no more than a handshake's span, separated for all practical purposes by a giant gulf of mutual misunderstanding. Then a big brute of a man with his eyes buried in a big black newspaper headline walked unwittingly between them, and the pigeon hopped into the gutter, was flushed out of there by a roaring taxicab, and fluttered, unfed, to the bare and chilly sanctuary of a second-story window ledge.



WE have never been to the Museum of Modern Art without being struck by the edginess of the attendants: the guard at the door shuffling his feet and looking at the tickets with suspicion, the girls in the checkroom very much on the defensive, the people behind the counter brooding, and everyone else in a state of general irritability. We know of no other museum in the city of which this is true. Since Museum of Modern Art employees are not notably worse paid or worse treated than other local museum employees, and since they undoubtedly weren't selected for their twitchiness when they were hired, we can only assume that being around the place has made them the way they are. There must be something about working among all those garish colors and jagged lines, those tortured sculptural forms, that eventually gets on the nerves. We are not, at the moment, prepared to take a stand on the livability of modern art in the home, but apparently a museum full of it is too much to endure every day. We think that at the first sign of battle fatigue Museum of Modern Art employees should be sent to a rest camp at the Cloisters for two weeks, to return tanned, fit, and cheery, their eyes on the Henry Moore sculpture, not on the hole.



With Homework

AS of the close of last week, ten of the twenty-five plays and musical shows in town had at least one child not over fifteen in the cast. The grand total of children in shows was twenty. Sixteen of them had speaking or singing roles, and of these seven were principal performers; to wit, Brandon De Wilde, in "The Member of the Wedding;" Iris Mann and David Cole, in "The Innocents;" Johnny Stewart and Marlene Cameron, in "The Happy Time;" Herbert Coleman, in "Lost in the Stars;" and Betty Lou Keim, in "Texas, Li'l Darlin'." These figures, supplied to us by an unofficial census-taker who got interested in the subject, have been verified. They don't include understudies and alternates, children in shows that closed earlier this season, and shows that were about to open, like "Peter Pan," which has a whole flock of tots in its cast, and they ignore the case of Miss Julie Harris, a grown-up who plays the part of a child in "The Member of the Wedding." The youngest actor on Broadway is Brandon De Wilde, who is seven. Johnny Stewart is thirteen, Marlene Cameron fifteen, Herbert Coleman ten, Betty Lou Keim ten, David Cole thirteen, and Iris Mann nine. Iris wishes she were ten. She thinks nine is silly.

Section 485A of the Penal Law of the State of New York provides that children under sixteen may appear in theatrical productions in New York City only with the approval of the mayor, and that this approval may not be granted unless the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children has been given forty-eight hours' notice and thus had a chance to object. The routine is that a producer who has cast a child in a play sends a request for a permit to the S.P.C.C., which looks into such questions as the health and scholastic standing of the child and the suitability of the play, and then sends the request on to the mayor, either approved or disapproved. In practice, no permit has been refused in recent years. After one is issued, it has to be renewed at intervals, each time with the approval of the S.P.C.C.

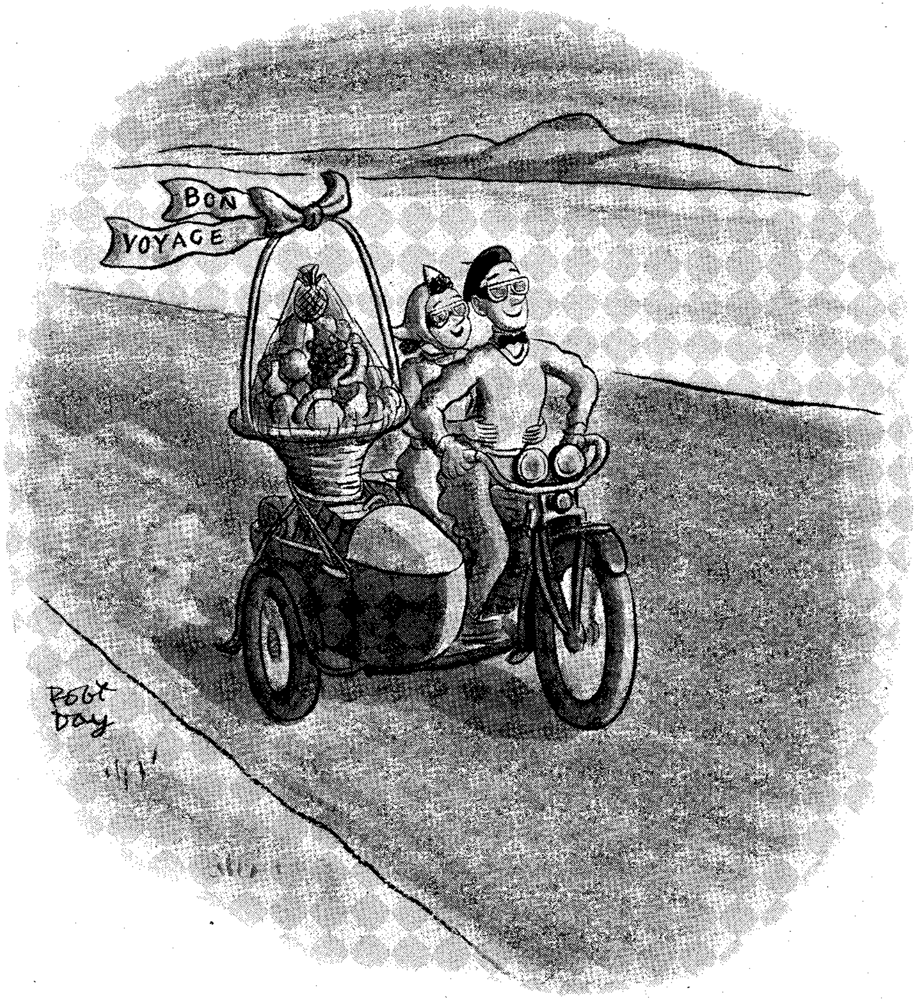
Actors under eighteen must have their parents' signatures on their contracts and, like all actors, of whatever age, must join Equity. They pay the usual dues, but those under fourteen are excused from the hundred-dollar initiation fee. Members under fourteen are known as juveniles and are not allowed to vote. This is undoubtedly taxation without representation, but so far the kiddies have staged no revolutions. Child actors are subject to the same school laws as other children in the state. They must attend classes until their sixteenth birthday. Because of their odd working hours, many of them go to one or another of the special schools for working children around the city. The best known of these is the Professional Children's School, at 1860 Broadway, where school hours are from 10 A.M. to 2:15 P.M. Matinée idols are excused early on Wednesdays or Thursdays. Regardless of what schools they attend, child actors are required to keep up their grades, on pain of having their permits revoked. Permits, however, rarely are revoked, because if the children weren't precocious to begin with, they wouldn't be on the stage. Producers are inclined to worry about the children's grades, however, and some shows provide facilities backstage for doing homework. David Cole has two dressing rooms—one for dressing, one for homework.

Some parents fear that special schools will make their children highfalutin and therefore send them to public schools. Herbert Coleman goes to one in the Bronx, making up on Thursdays the time he loses on Wednesdays, and Brandon De Wilde goes to one in Baldwin, Long Island. Parents accompanying their children on the road get their expenses paid, but parents don't get on producers' payrolls simply because they are parents. Brandon De Wilde's mother and father are understudies in "The Member of the Wedding," and are necessarily on hand every night. If a child actor's father or mother is unable to be with him at the theatre, the stage manager designates someone to keep an eye on him. Most of the children are home and in bed by midnight. Donny Harris, the twelve-year-old boy king in "Caesar and Cleopatra," has a sister who is an understudy to Betty Lou Keim. Donny isn't onstage after ten, so his mother picks him and his sister up shortly afterward and drives them home to Whitestone, Long Island, in a 1936 jalopy. It happens that the youngest actor this season is getting to bed latest; the De Wildes commute to and from Baldwin by way of the Long Island Railroad, and that takes time. Even so, Brandon is in bed by twelve-fifteen and is asleep two seconds later.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Gambarelli & Davitto, vintners, of Jersey City, have placed on the market the veritable Esperanto of wines, its name simply and plainly inscribed on the label: "Dinner Wine."

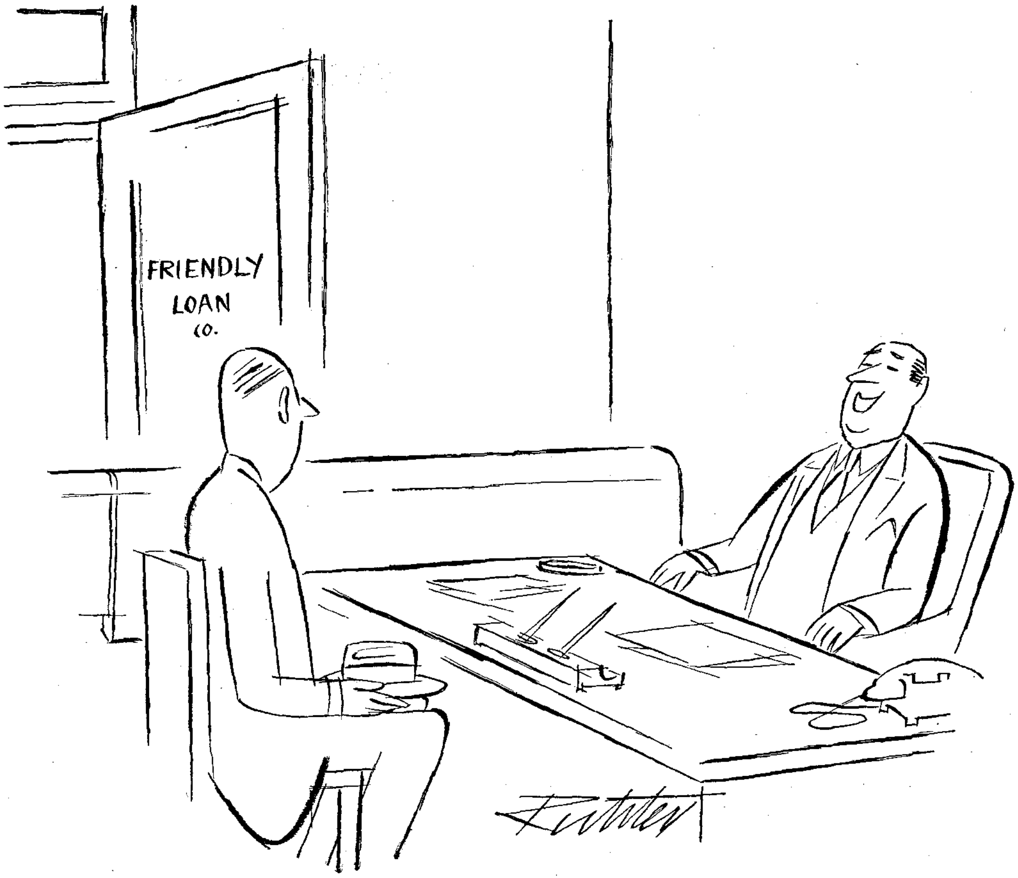
A station wagon owned by someone in the East Eighties bears on its doors the legend "Apartment 3A."



Race-Track Flora

BELMONT PARK opens for its first 1950 session next week, and we stopped by there the other day to look into the pre-meet horticultural operations, which, of course, are always extensive. This year's spring planting calls for a supply of thirty-two thousand assorted plants: sweet William, begonia, scarlet sage, lantana shrubs, butterfly flowers, yellow and white Boston daisies, hydrangeas, pelargoniums, standard geraniums, English ivy, petunias, nasturtiums, ageratum, lilies, stocks, snapdragons, Canterbury bells, and foxglove. We got the figure and the listing from Mr. William Grant, Belmont's head gardener, who led us through six balmy greenhouses, where the plants were comfortably maturing, mostly in pots; a good many of them will still be in their pots when they are set out. "We won't put all thirty-two thousand out at once," Mr. Grant said. "The meet lasts five weeks, and we'll need a lot of replacements. You get quite a few losses every day, after the first week. The geraniums should last all summer, but the hydrangeas will peter out the third or fourth week." We noted a black substance on the soil in some of the pots, and Mr. Grant explained that this puts extra color into the leaves of the plants. "It's produced by soft coal in chimneys in Scotland," he told us. "We import it."

Mr. Grant's biggest single flower project this year, an innovation, is a sweet-William bed fifteen hundred feet long, in the section of the infield opposite the grandstand. At one end of the grandstand, there will be an eighty-foot old-fashioned border of petunias, snapdragons, foxglove, etc. "We've had the old-fashioned border for five years," said Mr. Grant. "We've got a number of compliments on it. We keep the President's Room full of cut flowers—mostly snapdragons, lilies, and sweet peas—and change them every third day. It's a pleasure to smell that room. Our greatest problem is timing. We start the outdoor planting a few days before the opening, and from then on have to have replacements in varying stages ready all the time. We mix in budding plants with flowering ones, so as to provide a maximum of color for the duration of the meeting." Mr. Grant advised us that standard geraniums, which grow five or six feet tall, constitute the backbone of the planting in the flower boxes, some three hundred



"Sorry, chum."

feet long, that adorn the clubhouse and the Turf & Field Club; these plants take two or three years to mature. The sweet Williams that will be added to these boxes were started in the greenhouses last November. He showed us several thousand chrysanthemum cuttings in pots two and a half inches tall, and said that these were being started for the fall racing season, which opens September 15th. "Mums generally don't bloom until November," he said, "but we'll keep these covered with black cloth six hours a day during July and August, to create a situation conforming to the short daylight hours of late October and early November." This, we gathered, would trick the chrysanthemums into flowering ahead of time.

Mr. Grant, a pink-complexioned bachelor of thirty-four who lives with his mother in the gardener's cottage in the Park, inherited his job from his father, who came to Belmont from Wadley & Smythe ten or twelve years ago. The senior Grant died in 1948. His son, who worked under him, is responsible for all the flora in the square mile of the Park, so his duties take him all about. He whisked us around the grounds in his car, pointing out red, sugar, Norway, and Japanese maples, flowering chestnuts, yews, cypresses, flowering crab apples, lindens, purple beeches, sycamores, weeping willows, spruce, and the weeping beech near the Turf & Field Club, which is seventy-five feet tall and has a branch spread of a hundred feet. "The lower branches go right into the ground and take root," said Mr. Grant, and hanged if it didn't look as if that might be what they were doing. This notable tree requires annual doses of a ton and a half of fertilizer and twelve fifty-five-gallon drums of emulsified oil spray, the latter for—or, rather, against—scale insects. All in all, Mr. Grant, who has a staff of fifteen assistants, administers the application of sixty tons of fertilizer yearly. He takes no interest whatever in racing.

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OVERHEARD at the Harvard Club: "Very well. I shall tell the committee that we are uncertain as to the condition of one of the moose."

The Rounder's Name

THE Post Office Department is this week honoring American locomotive engineers, past and present, and glorifying the most famous of them all, John Luther Jones, more commonly known as Casey Jones. It is placing on sale a three-cent stamp bearing the likeness of this storied figure superimposed on a locomotive wheel flanked by a modern diesel locomotive and No. 382, the engine he drove on his farewell trip to the Promised Land. It will be fifty years ago this Sunday that Casey sent the Cannonball, pride of the Illinois Central Railroad, piling into a freight train near Vaughan, Mississippi, as recounted in the celebrated, although inaccurate, ballad that bears his name. Perhaps because of the number of versions of the song, many people have always assumed that Casey was a sort of folk hero, with no euhemeristic prototype, but as early as 1924 *Adventure* established that he was real by offering a prize for the best answer to the question "Did Casey Jones really exist?" The prize was won by one of Casey's fellow-engineers on the Illinois Central, but proof of Casey's existence could also have been given by his widow, his children, the fireman who jumped from the cab of No. 382 just before the fatal collision, and other surviving contemporaries.

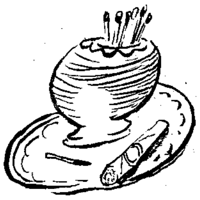
Jones was born in 1864 and grew up in Cayce, Tennessee, whence his nickname (which he always spelled "Cayce"). He early became one of the crack engineers on the Illinois Central and was famed as a "fast roller." He is said to have been able to get more mileage out of a tank of water than any other man on the railroad, and the distinctive tone of his engine's six-barrelled whistle, which he built himself, was recognized by every cotton-picker along his division. In those days, whistle-blowing, known to the profession as "quilling," was a fine art, and Casey is reputed to have made his whistle do everything but talk. In 1893, the Illinois Central permitted him to drive a new locomotive from the Columbian Exposition, held in Chicago, to his home base, in Mississippi, over five divisions of the railroad—a great distinction, since then, as now, engineers rarely went beyond their own divisions. His record up to his last trip was considered good: nine suspensions of from five to thirty days for minor infractions of the rules; no fatalities.

On January 1, 1900, partly because of his skill and partly because there were few others who would take the job, Casey was transferred to the most dangerous route on the road and given the toughest schedule; this was the run between Memphis, Tennessee, and Canton, Mississippi, of Train No. 1, the fast mail train between Chicago and New Orleans, called the Cannonball. Accidents were common along the route, and the Cannonball's time for the 188.5-mile run had been whittled down forty minutes in the preceding two years. The Cannonball, which made three stops, had to average forty miles an hour to keep its schedule. On the night of April 29th, when Casey pulled into Memphis on his return run from Canton, he was asked to double out again on the southward run, because the engineer assigned to the Cannonball had fallen sick. Doubling out was customary and a good way to pick up extra money, and Casey was glad to take the assignment. The Cannonball was an hour and thirty-five minutes late when it was turned over to him from the division to the north, and he was determined to get to Canton on schedule, which meant cutting his normal time by nearly a third. Approaching Vaughan, fourteen miles from the end of his run, he was only two minutes behind. Obviously, he had exceeded speed restrictions most of the way; at times, he certainly must have been hitting better than a hundred miles an hour. Two freight trains—one northbound and the other southbound—had orders to pull off the main line at Vaughan to let the Cannonball go through. The siding was too short for both of them—they totalled seventy-seven cars—and the crews planned to let Casey "saw by;" that is, the forward freight was to extend out over the south switch until Casey had passed the north switch, and then the trains were to back over the north switch to clear the south one. Unfortunately, while one train still blocked the north switch, an air hose broke and the trains couldn't move any farther. A flagman was sent back to warn Casey, but for some reason Casey didn't see him. The first warning he and Sim Webb, his fireman, had that something was wrong was when their engine detonated a torpedo. Then they saw the tail lights of a caboose. Casey told Webb to jump, and began to set the brakes. Webb jumped, landing in some bushes and bruising a shoulder. The Cannonball roared on into the caboose and the three freight cars still on the main line. One of the cars contained shelled corn, and a stand of wild corn marked the scene of the wreck for years afterward. The engine turned over, and Casey was found dead with his broken whistle cord in one hand and the brake helve in the other. No one else was killed or even seriously injured.

The origins of the song are obscure, but a headline in a Memphis newspaper the next day may have had inspirational influence. It read, "The Sad End of Engineer Casey Jones." According to one authority, the songwriting team of T. Lawrence Seibert (words) and Eddie Newton (music) published a "Casey Jones" song in 1902 and, although it was a best-seller by 1903, waited until 1909 to copyright it. The present publishers, Shapiro, Bernstein & Co., say that only the verse was written in 1902, to be recited in a vaudeville act; Newton added the music in 1907, and the resulting ballad was copyrighted two years later. A third school holds that the song was written by Wallace Saunders, a Negro engine wiper who knew and admired Casey Jones, and began singing a tribute to him shortly after his death. Shapiro, Bernstein, however, maintain that Saunders was merely singing a version of a much older railroad song, to which he had attached Casey's name. The Seibert-Newton song, at any rate, unquestionably echoes several earlier railroad ballads, among them "Jimmie Jones; or, On De Cholly So Long," "The Wreck of the Six-Wheel Driver," "Ol' John Brown," "Jay Gould's Daughter," and "Brady, Why Didn't You Run?" Casey's widow, who still survives him, and lives in Jackson, Tennessee, has always objected strongly, though in vain, to the last line of the song—"Go to bed, children, and hush your cry'n', 'cause you got another papa on the Salt Lake Line."

Carnivorous

A RATHER shaken census-taker (female, single, thirty-eight at last birthday), whom we encountered the other evening, told us that she'd just been down to the Village to count three noses in a small apartment. These belonged to a father, twenty-six; a mother, twenty-four; and a son, two. In the midst of her tabulating, she reported, the child, who had been crawling about on the floor, made a beeline for her ankles, his teeth gnashing. As the government representative was about to fold her big book and sit on her feet, the mother reassured her with a calm statement: "Don't be afraid. He *used* to bite, but we've taught him just to munch."



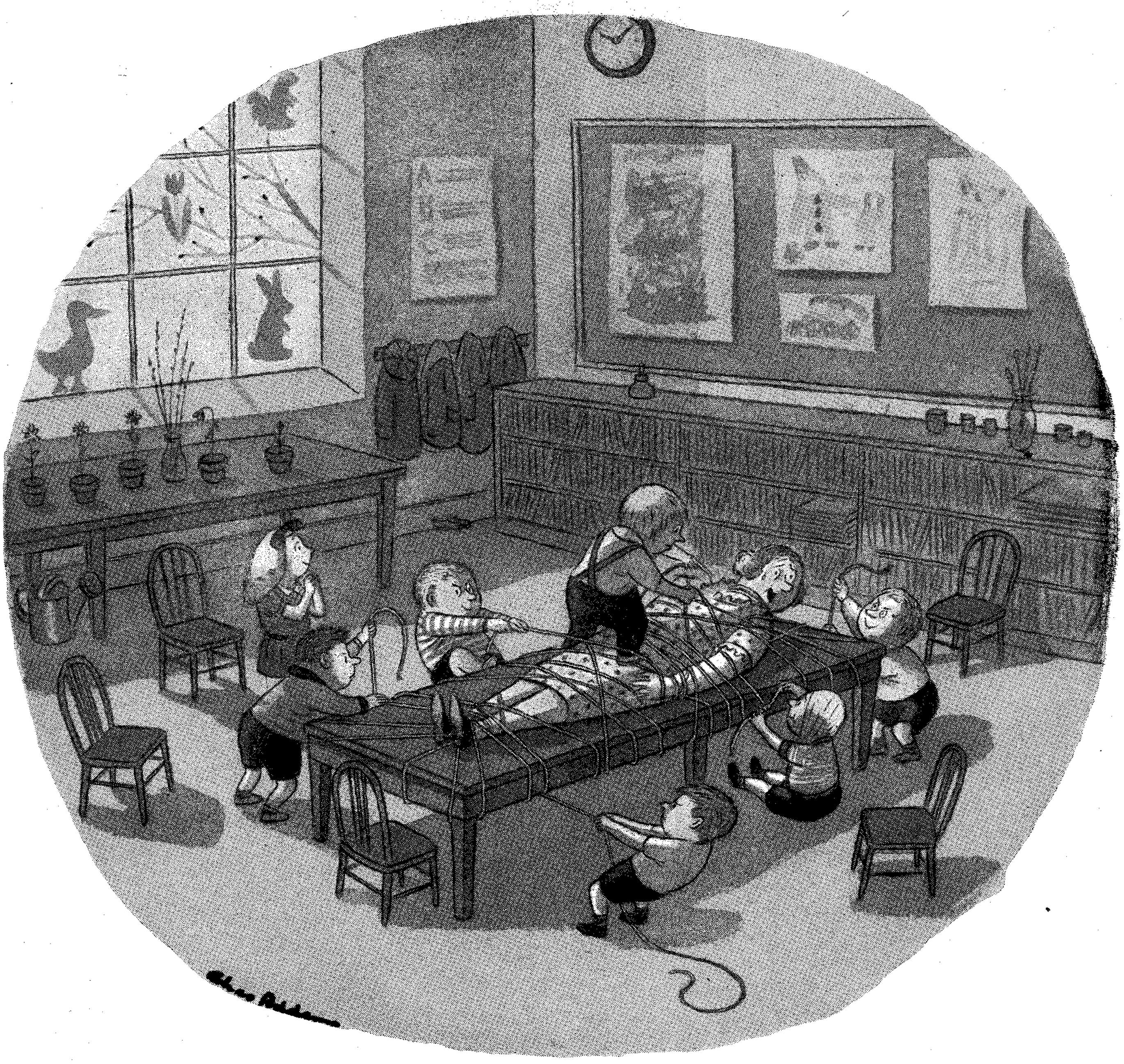
New Broom

"HEADS are rolling in Brentano's!" This terrible cry, raised by a bookish friend of ours, sent us over to the main store of this ninety-seven-year-old company. Several trucks, but nary a tumbril, stood near the entrance. We found President Nixon Griffis, a low-voiced, serious-faced man who succeeded Arthur Brentano, Jr., as president last November, seated in a room full of nautical paintings, which appeared to us to bespeak tradition. He introduced us to his assistant, Leonard Schwartz, and explained that the pictures had been inherited from his predecessor, now chairman of the board; that they had been left, on consignment, by a customer whose name everyone had forgotten; and that he proposed to get rid of them. "I don't know whether this is good publicity," he said, electrifying us with the phrase, "but we've recently changed three major managers in various stores—we have branches in California, Honolulu, Hartford, Philadelphia, and Washington, as well as an interest in the Paris store, and bookshop concessions in Gimbel's in Pittsburgh and in the City of Paris in San Francisco—and we've disposed of the comptroller's office. Moreover, we've closed our Beverly Hills and San Mateo branches, which were losing outlets; changed from hand bookkeeping to machine bookkeeping; inaugurated central buying, from New York; shifted our Juvenile Department in this store from the balcony to the first floor and moved Old, Rare—you know, fine bindings and so forth—from the street floor to the balcony; and put in a stamp collectors' department and a sixteen-millimetre-film sale and rental section; and we plan, beginning next month, to keep part of the store open until ten every night. The carriage trade used to be the thing, but today we must consider the salesgirl. Also, we've made a number of personnel changes. We've—" Mr. Schwartz cleared his throat. "People are afraid I'll streamline the place," said Mr. Griffis. "Not at all. I just want to make the service stand up under today's conditions. For example, we have a man in the balcony selling shells, on a concession basis."

"We hope to carry everything the average book buyer would want to buy," said Mr. Schwartz. We asked whether this mightn't include cigars, toothpaste, and government bonds, as well as shells and stamps, and Mr. Schwartz gazed at us in admiration.

"We hope to run bookstore concessions on the Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth," said Mr. Griffis. "Ships' libraries are never very up-to-date, you know."

Mr. Griffis got into the book game via a brokerage firm, Hemphill Noyes,



"All right, children—creative-play period is over."

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in which he became a partner after the war, and via his father, Stanton Griffis, an earlier Hemphill Noyes partner, who is now Ambassador to the Argentine. In 1934, Griffis *père* bought Brentano's, which was in bankruptcy, out of friendship for Arthur Brentano, Sr. He ran it for a few years, expanding it profitably, and then, during the war, in which he had a number of important O.S.S. and O.W.I. assignments, became an absentee owner. His son, Cornell 1940 and a former first lieutenant, forsook brokerage for his father's bookish property a couple of years ago, starting out as assistant to the president. He is delighted with his change of occupation. "I did a lot of statistical analysis in Wall Street," he said. "I'd make up pages and pages of these figures, then someone else would make the decisions. Here, I make the decisions. It's a good business. We're the supply house for most of the intellectuals in the country."

"The Duke of Windsor made some purchases here one day," said Mr. Schwartz, apparently operating on some free-associational basis of his own, "and a salesman said, 'Your Highness, may I carry your books to your car?' 'Sorry, haven't got a car,' said the Duke."

"One of our biggest preferred-stock holders is the American Bible Society," said Mr. Griffis.

"A customer asked for the book the movie 'Samson and Delilah' was taken from," said Mr. Schwartz. "We offered him the Bible, but he said he *had* a Bible."

Mr. Griffis advised us that at Cornell he majored in astronomy. "I wanted to find out whether there was life on Mars," he said. "At the time, that seemed exciting."

"Tommy Manville came in one day a few years ago, when I was a salesman," said Mr. Schwartz, "and asked where we kept our Westerns. I pointed to a shelf twenty feet long, and he said, 'O.K., I'll take them.' "

Mr. Griffis winced.

Backfire

"HER husband stayed out every night till all hours," said this lady on a Lexington Avenue bus, "so she bought a television set to try to keep him home. Well, he hates television, and now he *never* comes home."

LA SPÉCIALITÉ DE M. DUCLOS

THE jurists of Paris were surprised when Maître Béchamil, the famous advocate, undertook the defense of Pierre Duclos. The United States had asked for Duclos's extradition to the province of Connecticut to be tried for a homicide that he himself admitted he had committed. His extradition seemed certain. Moreover, Duclos was an Auvergnat, and Maître Béchamil, a Norman, had often and openly expressed his dislike for the people of Auvergne. He detested their accent. He distrusted their smallness, their darkness, their ferocity. He said that they were emotional primitives in a country founded upon civilization and pure reason, more Spanish than French, more Latin than Gallic, and that they used too much garlic.

Maître Béchamil was an effective trial lawyer, a brilliant legal thinker, a gourmet, and a man of sound common sense. His taking of the case attracted attention that was further heightened when he exercised great ingenuity to have the case put over from the winter to the spring sessions. He did nothing without cause. The delay was essential, for the whole matter hung upon a proper understanding of the *haute cuisine française*. The later sessions would insure that the presiding judge would be no less a person than the president of the Société Gastronomique des Légistes, that famous organization of jurist-connoisseurs, with two other members of the society as his associates. The winter sessions, Béchamil confided to his client, would be presided over by a man who had been seen—here he lowered his voice—sprinkling vinegar upon *rognons sautés madère*. They shuddered together.

Maître Béchamil had equally good reasons for taking the case to begin with. In the privacy of the advocate's bachelor apartment, Duclos had amply proven that he was a *maître chef*. Above all, his amazing variation upon ordinary *sauce blanche*, which was the very heart of the case, was one of those great innovations that enshrine an artist's name in history. The advocate saw a dramatic and striking defense with good chance of success. He also thought he saw the means of at last winning membership in the Société Gastronomique, which was not only a constellation of gourmets but the controlling inner circle of his profession.

Duclos planned, if he was set free, to proceed immediately to Auvergne, where he would visit his relatives and marry his fiancée. With her and her dowry he would return to Paris and open a restaurant. Maître Béchamil found this plan commendable. He asked how long the master chef would stay in Auvergne. Duclos said about a month. The advocate nodded. Inwardly, he smiled. A month would do nicely, he thought.

THE case was heard by the panel of three judges for which Béchamil had hoped. The courtroom was well filled, and the presence of an American attaché testified to the importance of the matter. The prosecution put its case bluntly. The evidence was inescapable. The accused had run a restaurant in Connecticut. One evening he invited a group of his patrons to a dinner. In the course of the meal, for no apparent reason, the accused stabbed one of them, a M. Hathaway, through the heart with a carving knife. (The pronunciation of the names "Hathaway" and "Connecticut" caused the prosecutor no slight difficulty.) It was not for the present court to find the named Duclos innocent or guilty, but merely to determine, as it could not help but determine, that there existed a sufficient shadow of guilt to require him to return to the suburb or province of Connecticut, where he would receive a fair trial under American law.

When Maître Béchamil rose, the audience felt that his case was already lost. The great advocate surveyed the bench. He shook back the sleeves of his robe and adjusted his cravat. He would not, he said, deny the facts set forth by his learned colleague. His client had indeed stabbed one of his guests and patrons through the heart as he sat at the table. He would, however, show the court that this act had been honorable and completely justified. He would further show that it would be a travesty upon justice to deliver a man who was in effect a hero to the jurisdiction of a people incapable of grasping the principles involved.

"I must give you," he said, "some little idea of the populace of that province of Connecticut, adjoining the metropolis of New-York. I must describe them from the point of view of a *maître de cuisine*, a gastronome, and an artist, such as my client."

He described how these people daily wolfed a hurried breakfast, sped to New-York by train or automobile, and, after a day of the intensely sustained work characteristic of American energy, hastened home, to arrive exhausted, in time only to numb themselves against their fatigue with an excess of cocktails before approaching the pleasures of the table. From this point, by an interesting transition, he reached the subject of clam chowder.

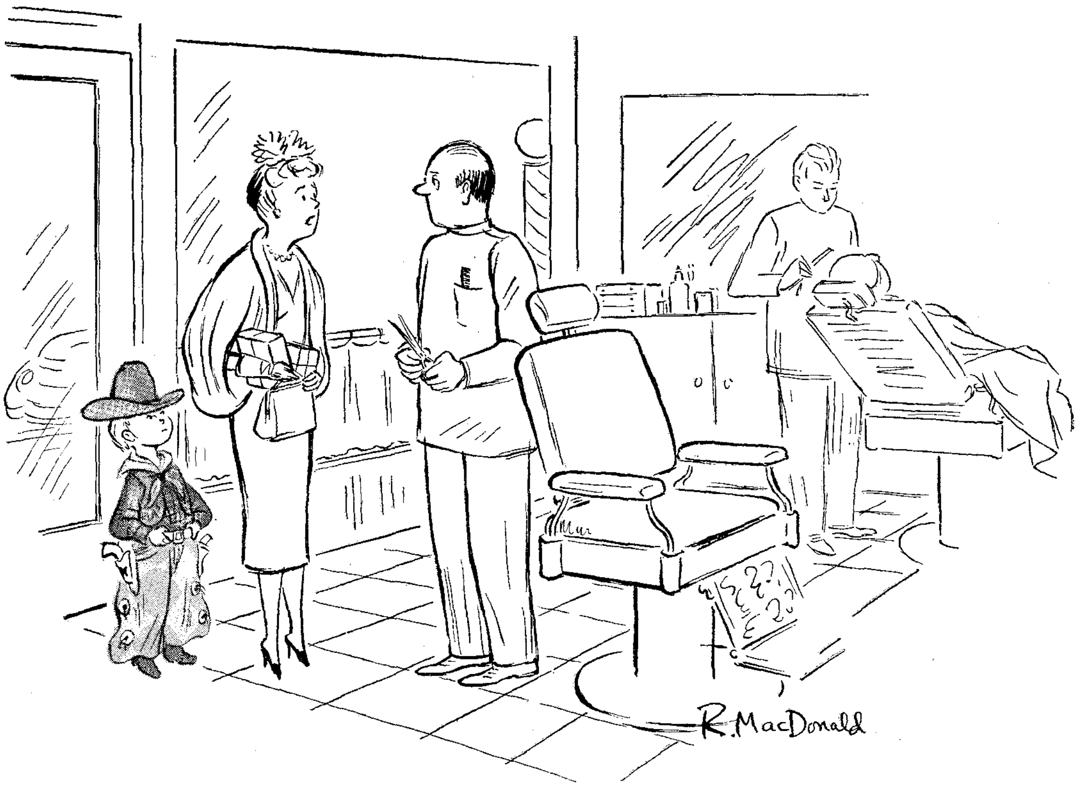
Maître Béchamil described that bivalve, paler than a mussel, tougher than a scallop, less succulent than an oyster, mere leather when cooked. He described the process of the chowder from the crude salt pork smoking in the pan to the completed dish with spots of grease floating in the milk. The bench was impressed, but it was apparent that the judges were wondering what this description of monstrosities had to do with the case.

"Among these people," he went on, "there is a certain affectation of epicureanism. There is also an affectation of the *cuisine*, with a creditable desire to emulate *la cuisine française*. But the mastery of great art requires generations. Just as that great nation leads all others in questions of the machine, so has it a long way to go before its members have absorbed a true sense of gastronomy. Many among them have formed some palate—enough so that they patronized my client's little restaurant. They have not, however, learned to cook. They may produce their chowders, and they are fairly good with a simple beefsteak, but when they step beyond that point, they err.

"It is impossible to persuade them that very little of anything is enough. If one pinch of sweet basil is good, they think, then two are better. In their cooking they seek to taste not the influence of the ingredients but the ingredients themselves. One of those gentlemen concocting a dish in his kitchen and finding that the receipt calls for a teaspoonful of dry Sauternes will unhesitatingly substitute for it a tablespoon of one of their wines of California."

Maître Béchamil paused dramatically. The judges looked profoundly shocked. Everyone glanced toward the representative of the American Embassy, who was staring at his clasped hands and blushing. Nothing had yet been brought out to prevent Duclos's extradition, but the atmosphere in the court was now strongly in his favor.

"Among my client's patrons was that M. Hathaway," the advocate resumed, "a man blindly pleased with his own cookery. A man who prided himself upon his omelets, and yet insisted publicly that oleomargarine was just as good as butter." His eyes flickered toward the judge on the right, who was internationally famous for his omelets.



"Do you happen to know how Hopalong Cassidy cuts his hair?"

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"Now, Messieurs, I have set the stage. We approach the day and hour of the act, an act far more deserving of reward than of punishment. My client, ever improving his art, discovered an amazing variation upon one of the simplest of all elements of cookery—white sauce—that elevated it to a celestial plane. I shall not elaborate, as the court will have the opportunity to judge for itself the deliciousness of this compound, a product of the purest essentials of French cookery, of simplicity, perfect timing, and restraint.

"This sauce, my client realized, would become his chiefest *spécialité de la maison*. It would become famous as *sauce blanche Duclos*. It assured at last his successful return to his native land. Launched in Connecticut, then transferred to France, where it belonged, it would be a magnet to Americans, a source of dollar exchange, an aid to his country in her restoration of herself under the Marshall Plan. To introduce this sauce, he invited a select group of patrons to dinner. Among them was the individual Hathaway, included not for his personal character or for his palate but because of his wealth and position, which dictated even that he be seated upon my client's left.

"The sauce was served with the *entrée* exactly as it will shortly be served to the court. Everyone exclaimed over it. The guests toasted their host and *sauce blanche Duclos*. They asked for the receipt, but my client only smiled. They tasted, they guessed, but the new elements—the secret—were beyond them.

"Supremely happy, my client went into the kitchen to supervise the final moments of the *pièce de résistance*. This named Hathaway, pretending good-fellowship, followed him. Before my client knew what was happening, the man had stepped quickly to the small stove at which my client prepared his personal creations. There was the saucepan with remnants of *sauce blanche Duclos* in it, and there, on the shelf, were all the ingredients. Hathaway scanned the shelf, chuckled, and returned to the table. Shaken, but ever courtly, my client saw the main course made ready and returned to his seat.

"The individual Hathaway sat at his left. He had prepared himself for the feast in the usual manner, with an excess of cocktails. Now he leaned over and in my client's ear he said these terrible words: 'Come to dinner next Wednesday, old boy.' And then he named three names, the secret of *sauce blanche Duclos*, and again he chuckled."

Maître Béchamil was silent long enough to let the full horror of the situation sink in. "My client's years in the Resistance had taught him speed of thought and action. Instantly, as fast as ever in a crisis confronting the Gestapo, he grasped the situation. With heavy hand, this individual would prepare a travesty that from then on he would serve under the name of *sauce blanche Duclos*. Before ever the creation was launched, a counterfeit would be in circulation, its reputation would be destroyed, and not only its creator but the French Republic would have been robbed.

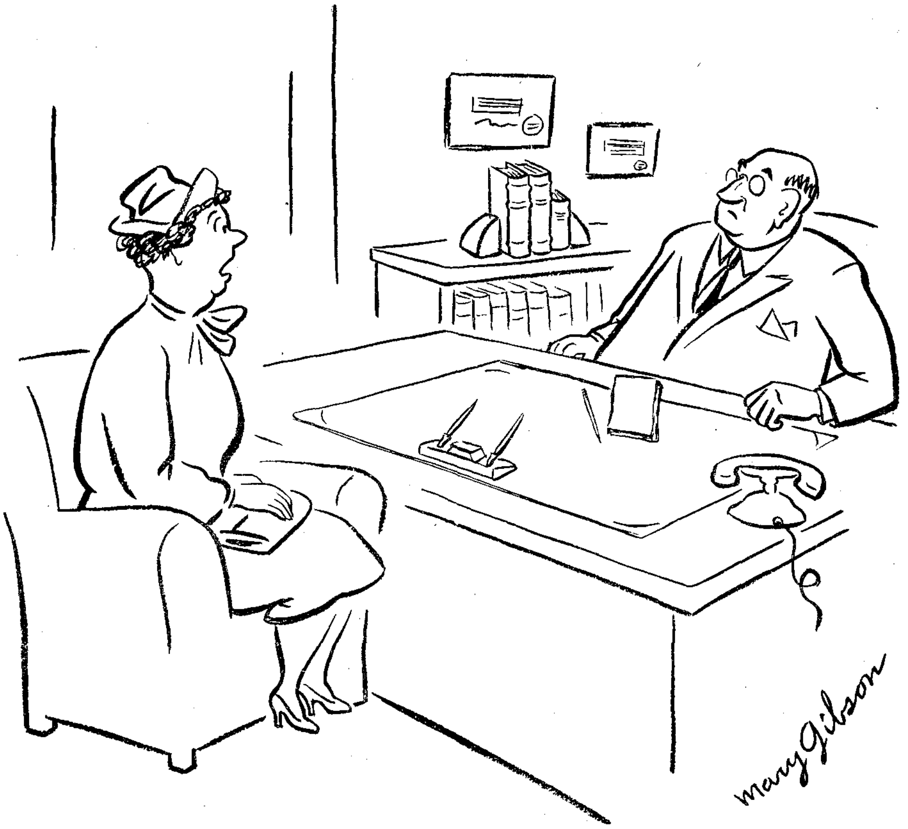
"What could be done? How can knowledge be removed from a mind? There was only one thing to do, and my client did it, knowing full well that thus once more he offered the sacrifice of his life if the Good God so willed. The essence of what followed you already know. He miraculously made good his escape. I shall not waste the court's time with details of his voyage to Mexico or of his embarkation from there. Suffice it that, having set foot once more upon the soil of his beloved France, this patriot openly assumed his own name, conscious of the correctness of his position, desiring only his vindication."

Maître Béchamil fell silent. The President of the Court said that it was indeed essential that the court examine this *spécialité de M. Duclos*. A table was wheeled in, bearing cooking equipment and ingredients. M. Duclos stepped forward, bowed to the court, and went to work without speaking.

While he made his preparations, the advocate explained that the *entrée* consisted simply of slices of breast of chicken, broiled, and seethed in white Burgundy. That the court might be sure what was the contribution of the sauce to the whole, a plate with slices of the meat was passed to them. The judges entertained themselves determining the wine and vintage used.

At a certain point, the little chef took three phials from an envelope and emptied them into his saucepan. He then dropped them into the trash receptacle. The sauce was poured over the warmed meat. The combination was allowed to simmer briefly. Then it was placed on dishes and served, with thin slices of good bread and a well-chosen Graves. As the judges tasted, it could be seen that the effect upon them was electric. It began to seem that Maître Béchamil was winning one of his most unusual and brilliant cases.

The judges withdrew to consider. Maître Béchamil waited calmly. He



"You mean all these years I just thought I had a happy childhood?"

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was sure he had made and sustained all his points. He was confident, too, that no member of the Société Gastronomique could permit the secret of such a sauce to be eliminated from the world. He was inwardly pleased, in addition, because he had obtained possession of the three phials as the table had been wheeled out, and already had identified the contents of one of them.

The judges returned. The President of the Court spoke well of the Marshall Plan, and with deep feeling of the liberation of France. He pointed out that these matters, however, were not on trial in his court. It was the specific act of the defendant, which must be considered in its context. There was a man's inherent right to protect his livelihood. There was the sacredness of art. There were questions of national interest. There was the matter of delivering a man for trial under circumstances such that, with all admiration for American jurisprudence, it must be assumed that true justice would not be done, because of a fundamental conflict of mores and of cultures. One must doubt that any court in a land of chowder and oleomargarine could understand the values involved.

"Finally," he said, "the theft of a receipt of this order, aggravated by the incompetence of the thief, is an especially despicable form of larceny. The killing of the thief in the very act is legally identical with, but far more noble than, the shooting of a common burglar as he enters one's window. Extradition is denied."

The courtroom cheered. The American attaché departed furtively. M. Duclos embraced Maître Béchamil. The victory was tremendous.

At eleven o'clock the following morning, the advocate told his staff that he would be absent for several hours on personal business. He then repaired to his apartment, proceeding directly to the kitchen. With precise, delicate motions he laid out the publicly known ingredients of *sauce blanche Duclos.* From a locked drawer he took out the three secret elements, identified by him the night before. The crucial question now was: How much of each?

He did not expect truly to duplicate the sauce. Connoisseur that he was, he knew he was a mediocre cook. Duclos would be a month in Auvergne. Time enough to come so close to the real thing that even the fine palate of the president of the society, after the lapse of a few weeks, would believe that he had indeed duplicated *sauce blanche Duclos* simply from having tasted it once before the trial. Election to the Société Gastronomique would then be certain.

He removed his frock coat, put on a large apron, and went to work. A very little of this, he suspected, rather more of that, and of the third—barely a drop? Or was that merely his timidity? Perhaps, in his greatness, M. Duclos had dared use as much as half a teaspoonful. One must experiment, that was all. This time, one-quarter of a teaspoonful. He worked in complete absorption.

The result was not right. It missed being very good—probably by some indefinable yet disagreeable imbalance of the elements. Béchamil sighed and started again. As he stirred and meditated, lost to the world, he was startled into dropping the spoon with a clatter by the sound of a step behind him and a familiar Auvergnat voice saying, "Good day, Maître Béchamil."

He whirled about. Duclos, who should have been in Auvergne by now, walked toward him. He wore a black suit, a white shirt with stiff collar, and a sober tie. Maître Béchamil noticed that his shoes squeaked slightly. He laid his bowler hat on a chair, and took from under his arm a case about half a metre long, covered with purplish plush.

"I am on my way to the station," he said. "I just stopped by to show you the bargain I picked up. Look." He opened the case. In it lay a carving knife of fine steel, moderately worn and very sharp. M. Duclos placed the case on the table and took out the knife. "Believe you, Monsieur, this is almost the exact duplicate of the fine knife I sacrificed when I eliminated the individual Hathaway."

Maître Béchamil said something vague.

The little man glanced at the articles on the table. "You experiment, Monsieur l'Avocat? You encounter trouble?" The Auvergnat accent was stronger than ever. "Incompetence, I fear. No good cook would think that I ever put that"—he pointed at one ingredient—"in a sauce. I had a phial of it along as a blind. Incompetent."

He smiled. He was dark, small, ferocious, the light in his eyes was primitive, he was more Spanish than French, more Latin than Gallic. He caressed the blade of the knife with the fingers of his left hand. Softly, in that detestable accent, he quoted, " 'The killing of the thief in the very act is legally identical with, but far more noble than . . .' "

—Oliver La Farge

•

Mr. and Mrs. Clark left on a motor trip which will end in Nassau.—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

If not in grief.

INLAND, WESTERN SEA

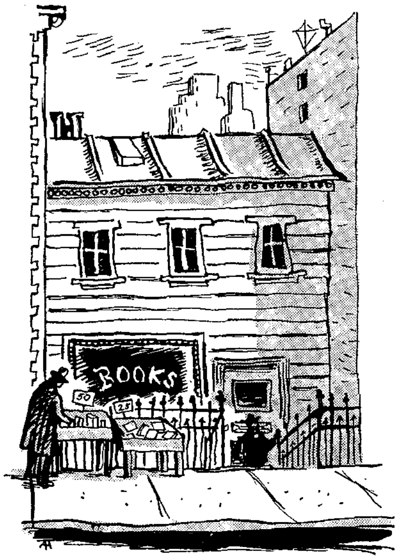
WHEN the passengers who had settled themselves in the warm outbound bus saw Marge and her little brood approaching from the waiting room of the terminal, they became uneasy and looked at the vacant seats beside them. Mr. Purcell was particularly disturbed. He had arrived early and picked a seat in the rear of the bus. The night before, he and his wife had received a telegram from their son at the state university informing them that he had just married someone they had never seen. Mr. Purcell, on his way to his son, saw Marge and her three children and was afraid they would sit next to him and prevent him from solving his unhappy problem.

Miss Bama, six seats in front of him, was still shaky from the effects of a testimonial dinner given her the night before by hundreds of her former pupils, many of whom she had forgotten, who had gathered to do her homage upon her retirement and to present her with a travelling case. This most magnificent present lay in the luggage rack above her. Another, plainer case was in the luggage compartment of the bus. These, together with her person, represented all she was and had in the world. The night before, men and women, beaming at her, had assured her that they carried parts of her with them: phrases she had used, the sight of her walking up and down the classroom, her little absent-minded gestures. The memory of these they would hold precious, they had declared. Miss Bama lifted her shoulders slightly. She couldn't recall anything she had ever accomplished. What happened to teachers when they stopped teaching? The image came to her of a ship that for years had plied small and familiar waters, knowing each promontory, each indentation of the surrounding shores, now sailing out into a vast and unfamiliar sea and already meeting strange, outlandish craft.

Mrs. Arthur Berryman, who, with her Laura, occupied the front seat nearest to the door, drew her new spring coat closer about her. In the excitement following Laura's winning of a scholarship at a ballet school there in the city, Mrs. Berryman had indulged in a splurge of buying and had reoutfitted both Laura and herself. Now, with the whole future course of their lives at stake, she was afraid that she had foolishly weakened her position, for it was her plan that she and Laura would return to the city after a visit with Arthur, and that he would stay home and earn what was needed to give the child her start. Laura was a genius and must have her chance. It was their sacred duty to skimp and save and sacrifice so that she could become a great dancer. But how to convince Arthur of this while his eyes were roving over the new spring clothes and his mind was speculating on how much they had cost? Mrs. Berryman watched Marge and her children approach and became frightened. Here was the result of someone's irresponsibility. She moved a little closer to Laura, as if to shield her, as if to assure both Laura and herself that they would never be the victims of such folly.

Pete Daly sat not only on his nice, soft seat in the rear of the bus but on top of the entire world, and through his head went all the dance music he had ever heard. One of his hands was in his pocket, clutching his lucky silver dollar. The back of this hand was pressed against a magnificent roll, containing one hundred and fifteen bucks. When Pete saw Marge and her kids as they crossed the platform of the terminal, the music stopped for a moment and his free arm rose and went across the empty seat beside him. The night before, he had gone into the back room of a bar and stopped to watch a dice game. Now he was the possessor not only of the roll but—here was a laugh—of a bus ticket. He looked hopefully toward the waiting-room door. At any moment now, some trim number in skirts might come tripping into the bus, someone for whom he could start peeling off the bank roll and for whom he was saving the other half of his seat.

Mr. Horace Coy, who with two small sample cases occupied the seat across the aisle, was figuring in his expense book. Absent-mindedly, he looked out and saw Marge. His eyes went to her ankles and registered the fact that she was not wearing his brand of hose.



Virginia Gowanus was staring at Pete Daly and didn't notice Marge and her children until they got on the bus. Virginia had sat down behind the driver's seat, hoping to begin a conversation with him, but while twisting about she had noticed Pete, with the bring-on-the-cockeyed-world look in his eyes, and she was sorry she had taken a chance on the driver.

There were still other people in the bus at the time the little family came to board it. There was a Mrs. Frazer, who had so many bundles she didn't have to worry about anyone's taking the seat next to her, and a Miss Tate, who was on the wrong bus and whom the driver was to let out, very indignant, just before it started.

And now there were Marge, Joey, Jerusalem Belle, and Baby. On this chilly spring day, Marge wore sneakers, torn cotton stockings, a wrinkled cotton dress, and no hat. The baby she carried in her arms. Joey and Jerusalem Belle were barefoot. Joey had patched trousers and a broken derby hat. Jerusalem Belle wore overalls, and a bright-red ribbon in her sandy hair. When the family was about ten feet from the bus, these two broke and rushed aboard. Jerusalem Belle was first. She pounded down the aisle, saw an empty seat beside a window, and threw herself into it. Joey sat down beside her and, in a loud voice, said, "I'll murder you."

THE bus rode on the highway like a ship upon the sea, rising and falling on hills that were like waves. Inside, it was crowded with rows of green plush seats, each having a white headrest; with handles to hold on to when you were walking down the aisle, curtains, shades; with lamps, cords for signalling the driver, straps to grab when there was a sudden lurch; with warnings, advertising signs; with a shining fire extinguisher and a water cooler. It was made doubly crowded by the mirror that spread its reflection of the interior above the windshield. It was also crowded by the ever changing outside scene—telegraph poles and wires, houses, fields; by filling stations and by villages come to and passed.

Charlie Farrell, the driver (company classification B-1—having had one warning—married, one child), glanced up at the rack behind him, where rested three dozen eggs, then took one hand off the wheel and felt the knot in his

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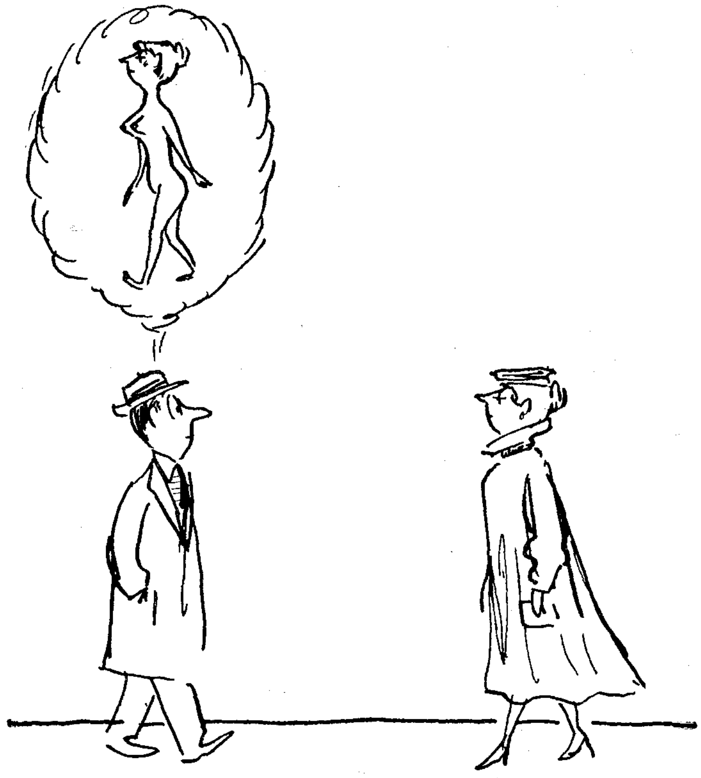

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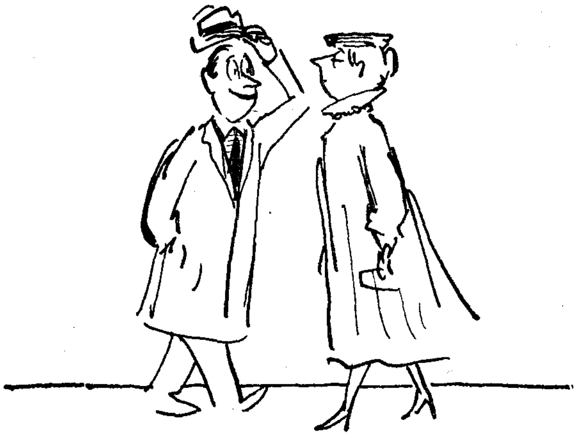

tie. His eyes went for a moment toward the mirror and took in the positions of his passengers. He pressed his foot lightly on the accelerator, making the road recede faster underneath and the increased vibration teem up into his leg. He looked again in the mirror at the fellow with the blond hair falling over his eyes, to make sure he was just grin-silly and not getting a bun on from a bottle he was hiding. Charlie heard a movement behind him and decided that the plain-puss was about to begin shooting questions at him. He hunched his shoulders forward and leaned over the wheel.

The seat beside Mr. Purcell remained empty. In his imagination, he was standing over his son, pointing a finger at his son's painted, bedizened wife, and saying, "Think of your mother, who is weeping her heart out." Miss Bama's eyes were closed. She again heard Dr. Cowley exclaim, "You've gone plumb crazy—you who have been a sensible woman for more than sixty years." Pete Daly suddenly realized that he was hungry; in all the excitement, he hadn't even broken into the bank roll to buy himself a meal. Virginia Gowanus was about to ask the driver if he didn't get tired driving the bus all day long when from the rear came Pete Daly's clear laugh. She turned around, then jerked her head back, furious. He had winked at her. Jerusalem Belle, her nose pressed against the cool window, counted the trees along the highway—"One, two, three, four, five, six, seveneigh"—until in a rush she lost them all behind her. She became aware of the weight of Joey against her side and pushed him away from her. She drew her hand down the center of the green plush between them. "You stay there," she said. "This side of the line is mine."

On the seat behind Joey and Jerusalem Belle, Marge and Baby, who was relaxed and warm upon his mother's arm, were both gazing at the old lady with the lovely snow-white hair. Miss Bama opened her eyes and smiled at Marge and Baby. She asked, "Isn't he heavy?" Marge shook her head. "He's awfully big," Miss Bama said.

Mrs. Berryman stood in the wings of the Metropolitan Opera House, the strains of a full orchestra rising from the pit. She held a silk wrapper in her trembling hands, and her heart fluttered as the divine Laura Berryman floated out on the stage. Mrs. Berryman began to shake her head vehemently. To be away from Arthur would be a sacrifice, not a relief. She tried to forget the irritating sound he made when he cleared his throat, and how, in the late afternoons, she always began to feel tired and cross the moment she heard his footsteps on the front porch. Nervously, she glanced down at Laura and said, "Would you like a stick of chewing gum, dear?" Laura nodded.

Mr. Purcell said sternly to his son, "I assume that, now that you've taken off my shoulders the burden of your support, you have, of course, found yourself a job." Mr. Coy looked at his sample cases and decided that taking a taxi to the bus terminal would have been justified. He entered an item of eighty-five cents and added a fifteen-cent tip. Pete Daly reconsidered; the thick steak would be smothered with mushrooms, not with onions. Miss Bama became aware of the two older children, kneeling on the seats in front of Marge. Their heads turned toward her. The little girl said in a singsong voice, "We didn't have no breakfast this morning."

"What!" exclaimed Miss Bama.

Jerusalem Belle and Joey shook their heads. Marge nodded hers. Baby remained almost unnaturally still.

Virginia Gowanus leaned forward and said to the driver's back, "Do you think further in the rear it shakes as much as this?"

"It's all about the same," Charlie said.

Virginia giggled. "You know, I'm very funny," she said. "But this is the first time I've ever been on a bus. I feel the vibration so."

"I'll move you at the rest stop," Charlie said.

The bus descended into a valley, came to a stream, crossed a bridge, hummed as it began to climb, then strained. It eased up as Charlie shifted gears, and at first with a faint and then with an increased roar, it rolled toward the top, reached it, hovered an instant

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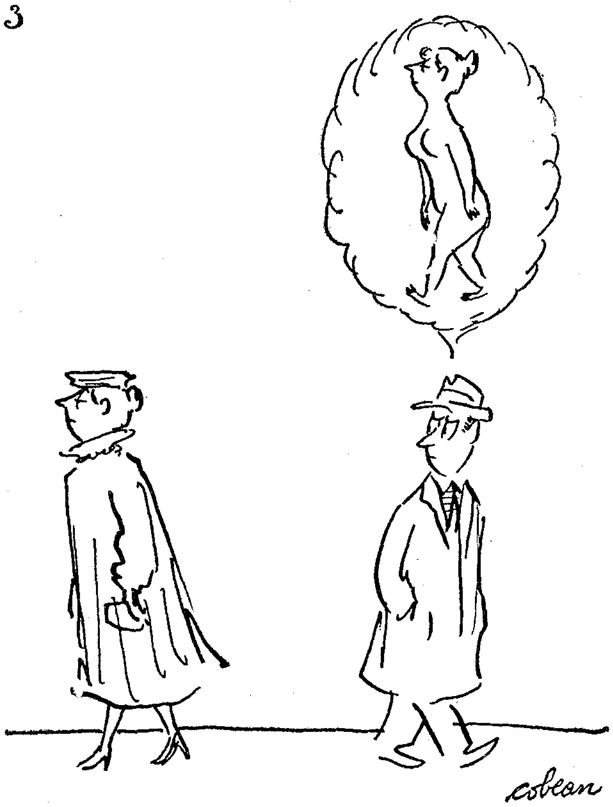


over an expanse of undulating country, and slid down. Inside, heads swayed.

THE bus stopped with its nose against a sign: "Joe's Barbecue." Charlie pulled a cigarette out of his breast pocket, swung the door lever toward him, stood up between the steering wheel and seat, and said, "Ten minutes' rest stop. You'll find ladies' room inside, gents' in the rear." Cigarette in his mouth, he helped Miss Bama down. She thanked him and walked through a broken screen door into the ramshackle building. A man was pouring boiling water into a coffee urn. "Do you have two quarts of milk?" she asked.

The man turned his head. "I don't know. I guess maybe we have."

"I want four chocolate bars also," Miss Bama said, "and some doughnuts."

The screen door squeaked open and Pete Daly appeared in the entrance. "What you got to eat?" he said.

"We don't get much call for food," the man said. "We got coffee. We got doughnuts. We got cigarettes."

"Don't that barbecue sign mean you got something else?"

The man had poked his head inside the icebox, looking for milk, and didn't answer.

Inside the bus, Mrs. Berryman and Laura looked on coldly as Charlie moved Virginia Gowanus two-thirds of the way to the rear. Virginia was being conspicuously genteel. "Did I push the little girl?" she exclaimed as she passed them. "I'm sure I'm sorry." Neither Mrs. Berryman nor Laura said anything or stirred.

Mrs. Frazer, with the many bundles, beckoned to Charlie. "Oh, driver," she said, "can you get these up on the rack for me?"

"Sure can," Charlie said, and left Virginia's suitcase, abandoned, in the aisle. When he had arranged Mrs. Frazer's bundles, he went outside. Virginia saw Pete come into the bus. She seized her suitcase and stood there, weighed down, forlorn, until he came up to her. "You want me to get this up there for you?" Pete asked.

"Why, aren't you the perfect gentleman!" she exclaimed. Pete swung the suitcase into the rack and went on up the aisle to his seat. There she was, sitting beside him. "I always say there are some people you can trust the minute you lay your eyes on them," she said. Pete tried not to listen, tried to push himself against the window.

Charlie stepped into the bus and called, "All aboard!" He helped Miss Bama, laden with two paper bags, up the steps and waited until she sat down. Then he slipped into his seat, pushed the lever to shut the door, and stared back of him down the road.

Mr. Purcell smiled. "I knew you'd come around to my way of thinking," he said, now that he had got his son away from that woman and could talk to him privately. "Some people have trouble with their children, but your mother and I never had any trouble with you. We'll go back together and we'll surprise her. She's worrying about you now."

Mrs. Berryman said to Laura, "Now, remember, you let me do the talking. You're not to say a word."

Miss Bama drew four paper cups from one of her bags and took the cap off a milk bottle. "The little boy will have his first," she said. "He *is* a little boy, isn't he?" Marge nodded. Baby waited, face expressionless, lips moving. When the edge of the cup reached his lips, his eyes shut and his mouth continued moving.

Now that there was no one in the seat behind him, Charlie pushed back his shoulders and relaxed. He looked up into the mirror and grinned. That sourpuss dame certainly knew her stuff. She had that happy-go-lucky kid backed up against the corner of his seat and she was giving him the works.

Miss Bama offered chocolate bars to the two older children. They hesitated. "Take them," she said. Two hands came forth slowly and then snatched the bars from her. Twisting, the children fell back on their haunches. Their bare feet curled under them. Their heads bent. They unwrapped the silver foil. "Would you like a doughnut?" Miss Bama asked Marge.

Virginia Gowanus said, "I'm very funny. It doesn't make any difference what a fellow does. If I like him, I just like him. I'm not like some other girls, who won't give you a tumble unless they know exactly what you've got."

Mr. Purcell's smile faded. He took out his watch, glanced at it, and put it back in his pocket. He stared out of the window, his gaze travelling over country he did not see. Deep lines appeared in his face. "All right, young man," he said. "You've made your bed. Now you lie in it."

"No," Miss Bama said to the two older children. "Perhaps you'd better not have any more. Not for a little while. Not on an empty stomach. Wouldn't you like some milk?" The children shook their heads. Their eyes were not on her face but on her hands and on the bag in her lap. Breathless, they watched her search inside the bag, find more chocolate bars, and take them out.

Laura's little tongue appeared and wet her lips. She said, "Mother."

"What, dear?"

"Mr. Burns is very nice."

Mrs. Berryman felt something cold strike her. She moved her head down to see Laura's eyes, but Laura's new hat obscured them.

"Is he going to meet us when we go back to the city again?" Laura asked.

Mrs. Berryman waited a moment before she said, "I think so."

"Will he find an apartment for us?"

Mrs. Berryman looked down on Laura's thin shoulders for a few moments. Then she became terrified of her own silence and said, "I suppose so, dear."

As if to music, the bus swung on.

"STOP the bus!" yelled Joey. From all sides, heads jerked in his direction. "Stop it! Stop it!" Charlie swung the wheel and came to a stop on the shoulder of the road. He went back to where Miss Bama was bending over the boy.

"Too many chocolate bars," somebody said.

Miss Bama could scarcely speak. "He needs fresh air," she said. "We had better take him outside for a moment."

Charlie saw her wrinkled, agonized face. "You sit down, lady," he said. "I'll take him outside."

Baby watched the commotion, became frightened, and began to scream. Marge rocked him on her arm. Miss Bama fell back into her seat. She heard Dr. Cowley's voice saying clearly, "I told you." She felt the compressing, restricting pain under her breastbone. It shot up to her shoulder and ran down her left arm. The world about her was disappearing, dissolving. Somewhere, a million miles from her agony, never to be reached, was the little box containing the tablets Dr. Cowley had given her.

Pete was looking through the window at Charlie, standing below the door with the little tramp, who was trying to vomit. "Go on," the driver said. "*Hurry up and be sick.*" Pete became aware of Virginia's breath on the back of his neck. When he turned his head sidewise, he saw that she was not looking outside but at him.

Joey strained and strained again. He began to weep. "I can't!" he wailed.

Laura did not see or hear anything of what was happening. She was waiting for her mother, rigid beside her, to relax, so she could strike at her again.

"O.K., then," Charlie said. "You hop in." He followed the kid inside, past the two with the new duds on, past the one with the bundles, past a couple of others. "Sit there and stop twisting about," he said. Joey, his face drawn, sat down beside Jerusalem Belle, who looked at him, awed. Marge, swinging Baby up and down as hard as she could, also watched. Charlie asked Miss Bama, "Can I do anything for you, lady?" From somewhere far away, Miss Bama was able to shake her head. "Anything at all is the matter, you just pull the cord," he said.

Charlie started the bus, and a smile came on his face. He didn't know whether to surprise his wife first with the bargain in eggs or tell her what had happened that day. In a way, he was sorry that all this had happened when he had the eggs. Other days he went home, the kid was playing in the yard and Helen would come out and say, "Oh, hello," and there was nothing to tell. Now there would be two things to talk about, both on the same day. He looked up into the mirror and his smile disappeared. The old lady must have slipped down in her seat. He couldn't see her.

Mrs. Berryman shook her head. Sacrifice your life for a child, give her your best years, stay awake nights, worry . . . Into her mind came Jack Burns' eyes and the weak-kneed feeling that looking into them gave her, but righteously she thrust aside the fascinating gaze and began to carry on an imaginary conversation with Laura. "Great dancer, indeed! What you need, young lady, is a spanking, the kind you don't forget."

Miss Bama came out of the heart attack feeling smaller, not really herself at all. She was afraid she couldn't move her head, but she could move it. She looked at the strangers beside and beyond her, saw the two children, the mother with the extraordinary baby. The baby was smiling at her, and Miss Bama was surprised at how indifferent she felt toward it.

Pete said, "I guess not. I'm going straight through."

"What do you mean, straight through?" Virginia asked. "You need rest, don't you?"

He shook his head and stole a look at her, trying to find something about her that he liked. He began to worry. What had he done to deserve her? Had he been pressing his luck too hard?

"If you think you would be imposing," Virginia said, "you just forget it. I'm the friendliest person. I always say a smile here and a smile there is no trouble at all, and it makes people happy."

The bus came to the end of a broad highway. Charlie slowed it down and bounced it easily onto a narrower macadam road. It was late afternoon and the sun was touching his eyes. He pulled down the sun visor.

THERE had been a meal stop. Charlie had taken the bus into the midway depot, had announced, "Twenty minutes for dinner," and had started home with the eggs and the story of the tramp family and the sick old lady who had fed them. Motionless, the bus had looked abandoned. Mrs. Berryman and Laura had eaten at a table in silence. Mr.

STAND DOWN, YE PUSILLANIMOUS RASCALS!

Fiction is a cowardly medium.—*Westbrook Pegler in the Journal-American.*

Begone, dull scribes and snivelling asses
Who wear the storyteller's glasses!
Ye craven hacks, ye weak-kneed harpers,
Ye rogues and literary sharpers,
Your tales are spun from fear and tedium,
For fiction is a cowardly medium.

Clemens! Dumas! Ye fancy-panties!
Tolstoy! Meredith! Cervantes!
Fainthearted Jane! Timid Louisa!
Slanting your stuff like a leaning Pisa!
Cowardly Conrad! Flibberty Ibsen!
Dostoevski, sipping a Gibson!
Disperse, ye sickly story weavers,
Make way for Fact and men with cleavers!
Your work arouses utter tedium,
For fiction is a cowardly medium.

Make way for one whose breath is strong,
Whose sword is quick to right the wrong,
Who drinks from Hearst's unfailing flagon
And daily slays his chocolate dragon
(Which rises, in a curious way,
So all's to do again next day)!
Make way, ye frightened fools, for Fact,
And him who's caught it in the act.
His blood is strong, his heartbeat regular.
His name? His name is Westbrook Pegular.

—E. B. WHITE

• •

Coy had sat at the counter and ordered soup. Faint, famished, Pete had perversely announced that he wasn't hungry, and Virginia had thought it was very strange but she didn't feel like food, either. Miss Bama had lain exhausted on her seat, searching her mind for links with the outside she could attach herself to. There came to her faint stirrings of the past, roofs she had seen for forty years outside her classroom windows, the pockmarked face of the janitor at the school.

Now the bus was again rolling, driven by John Joseph Toohey, senior driver of the company, with not a black mark against him. Toohey could have had any run he wanted, but he had chosen a night run, because he didn't like to stay home evenings now that his children were married and had gone away. The road led west, alongside woods. The bus seemed to be riding straight into the sun. Miss Bama sat up a little, felt stronger, and even became aware of a slight pang of hunger. As she turned to pull out the second bottle of milk, the bus entered a small town, hovered at a traffic light, came to a sign, "Bus Depot," and stopped. Toohey opened the door, pointed his thumb toward Marge, and said, "This is your stop." When she didn't move, he walked back to her. "Isn't this where you're going?" he asked. She shook her head. "But this is where your ticket reads to," he said. "Where did you get your ticket?"

"She bought it," Jerusalem Belle said.

The driver turned to her. "Can't she talk?" he asked.

Both older children nodded their heads and said, "Sure she can."

Virginia Gowanus leaned from her place and called to the driver, "I don't think they have any luggage!"

Toohey asked again, "Where did you get your ticket?"

"She signed for it," Jerusalem Belle said. "The man said we got to go to Grandpop's."

"What man?" the driver asked.

"The complaint man," Joey said. "The man from the insurance company."

There was the blast of a horn outside as a car approached the standing bus.

Miss Bama asked, "Where does your grandfather live?"

For the first time, they all heard Marge's voice. "At the end of the line."

"What is the difference in the amount they would have to pay?" Miss Bama said to the driver.

"We're going to have to ask you to overlook a badly bent hoop skirt."

• •

"Well," Toohey said, "the baby rides for nothing and the two children are half price. It will be eight dollars and thirty cents."

"I'd like to share that." Pete Daly pushed by Virginia and took the roll of bills out of his pocket. "Or I'll pay the whole business," he said.

"I'll pay half of it," Miss Bama said.

"I'm glad you're doing it," Toohey said. He took the money they held out to him and gave them change. "You know, I don't make the rules."

"Forget it," Pete said. Then, winking at Miss Bama, "Hey, lady, easy come, easy go?"

Miss Bama smiled at him. He walked back, pushing the roll into his pocket.

"Can you imagine that!" Virginia said. "She didn't even say thank you." She turned aggressively on Pete. "You shouldn't be so careless with your money."

He sat down, feeling good. Then he looked anxiously at this dame beside him. My God, she was already spending his money for him!

Mr. Purcell said, "Now, you listen to me, boy. I had a terrible object lesson coming up here. There was a poor family on the bus. The children were barefoot and had had nothing to eat since the night before. The father evidently had just died, perhaps in an accident, because they said something about an insurance man giving them money for the trip. They didn't even have enough to go all the way and a collection had to be taken up for them on the bus. They were going to their grandparents, destitute, to live off relatives' charity, because once, in a weak moment, a young man and a young woman did something foolish, something they should not have done, just like you."

To herself, Laura said, I guess I can have anything in the world now. And I can do anything I want to, because if she won't let me, I'll tell her I'll write a letter to Daddy.

THE bus rode through the evening and came into the night. In the front, two bright, searching eyes shone out, but the interior was dark. Trying to relax, the passengers turned, twisted, adjusted their bodies to unfamiliar angles, and waited for sleep. After a time, some gave up trying, opened their eyes, sat up, peered through the windows at the night, turned their heads, and saw each other's unquiet forms, saw the driver's back against the sheen of the headlights.

Mrs. Berryman decided she had never had a chance, remembered her last year in high school, her courting days, Arthur's expensive wooing. Why did people have to make life's most important decision at a time when they were least experienced? No instinct had warned her that the reason Arthur had been able to send her chrysanthemums and to drive her to roadhouses for dinner, while high-school kids could only take their girls out for a soda, was that he had had an earlier start, was of a previous generation and settled. Now the kids who had paired off in high school had caught up financially with Arthur and her, or had even passed them. Arthur was an old man and she had been about to be laid away on the shelf beside him, though she was still young, with normal desires for laughter, for fun. She began to smile. She was again in the restaurant of the night before, a little drunk and a little frightened, listening to Jack Burns tell her about herself.

Laura was afraid of the dark. She edged toward her mother and said silently, "I didn't mean it, Mother dear. I wasn't going to write a letter to Daddy at all." She was afraid to say it out loud, because maybe she was lying and if she was her mother would know it. Her mother always knew when she was lying.

Jerusalem Belle and Joey lay sprawled across their seat, arms and legs intertwined. Baby was restless. A complaining whimper issued from him.

Miss Bama said, "Will you let me hold him?" She leaned over and took the warm, heavy child. In the darkness, she felt his eyes fastened on her, and she searched her mind for ways to make a baby sleep. "Sweet and low," she sang, "sweet and low, wind of the western sea . . ."

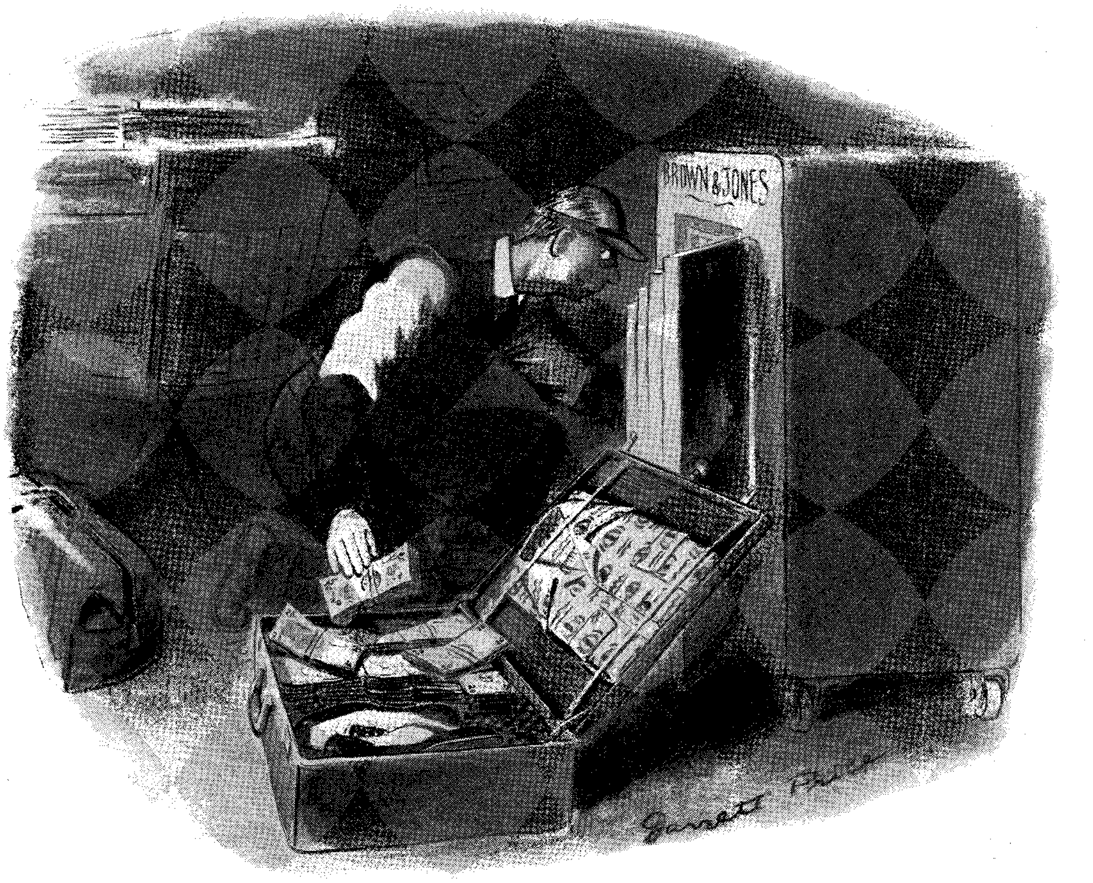
Mr. Purcell thought he heard someone singing a song his wife used to sing when the boy was only a baby. The boy had been a sickly child, and sometimes, when Mr. Purcell had awakened late at night and found the other side of the bed empty, he had gone into the baby's room and found his wife bent over the crib, singing "Wind of the western s-e-a-ee . . ."

Inside his hunger, Pete felt himself rolling, rolling. Where had he been yesterday? Where would he be tomorrow? When would he ever stop, hook on to, take hold of something? Why had he taken this bus? What was he doing on it? What did this anxious dame *want* from him? He had nothing for her. He was alone, free, falling down head over heels, rolling, rolling.

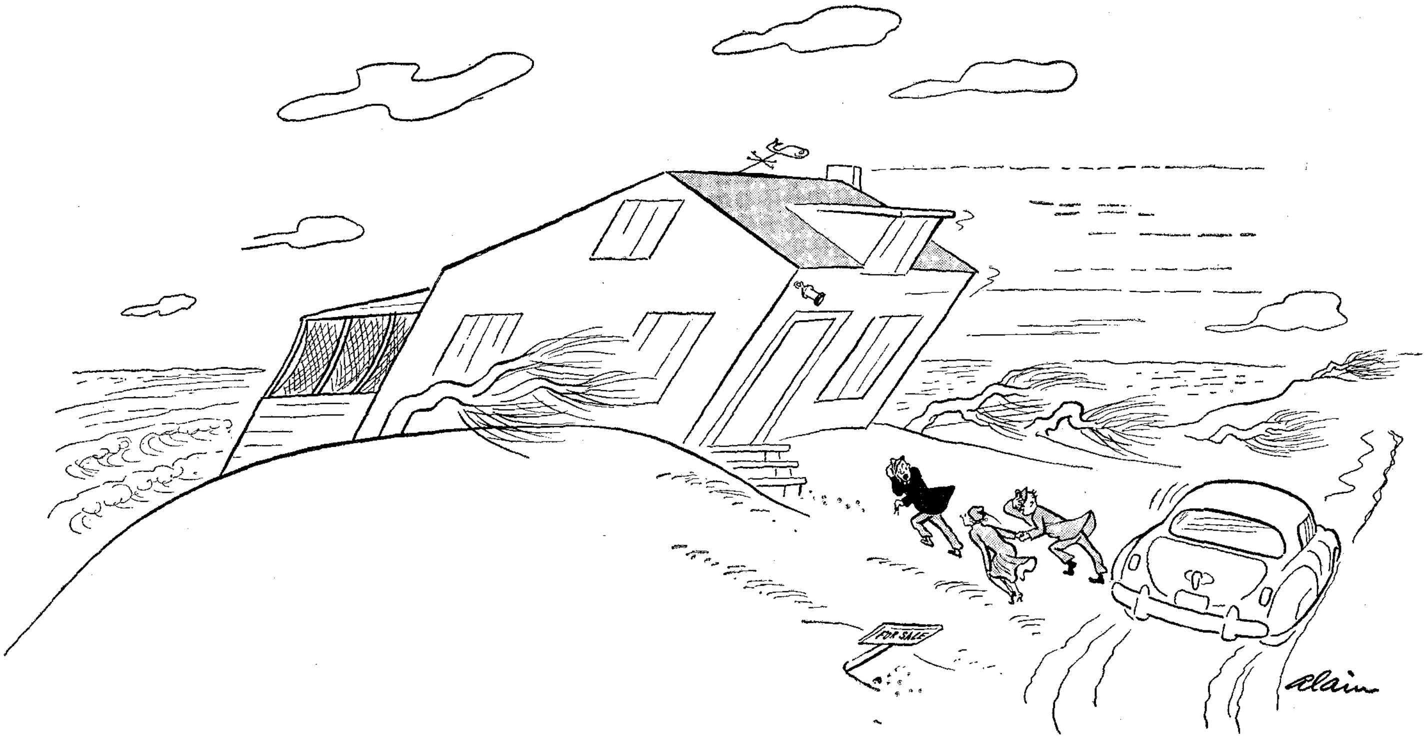
Virginia saw *him* coming out of a cloud, or the moon, or somewhere, shining in magnificent armor on that tall white horse of his. *He* was not like this crazy fellow next to her, whom she didn't want and didn't know why she was so anxious about. *He* was smiling and easy, and *he* said, "Give me your hand and let us go." *His* hand was cool and strong, and they went into a cloud somewhere.

Mr. Coy was nodding, his head falling forward. There was an item that he couldn't remember very well. He had just noted it down in the darkness and he was afraid he wouldn't be able to decipher it tomorrow.

". . . While my pretty one . . ." Miss Bama lingered through the last words of her song and with them through her whole long life, which was coming to a final, summed-up conclusion. Mrs. Berryman felt Laura move closer to her. Virginia and her knight were rising higher and higher, her head on Pete's shoulder, her arms wound around him. Mr. Purcell was dropping off into tomorrow. Miss Bama finished her song and lifted a sleeping baby back to his mother. Then she sat up and waited.



IT was morning. The bus came to a sign, "City Limits—State Maintenance Ends," to filling stations and garages, to houses gathering into a town, to a red traffic light. Toohey retained the position he had held through the night. When the light showed green, his foot and hand touched the clutch and the gearshift, and the bus moved again. The passengers stirred behind him. Mrs. Berryman looked at her face in a small hand mirror in the harsh, gray light, and saw wrinkles. Laura was asleep, her head in her mother's lap. Miss Bama sat



“. . . and there’s always a nice breeze off the ocean.”

quite still. Ahead of her, Joey and Jerusalem Belle had their noses against the window. Marge was still holding her heavy baby. Mrs. Frazer called from her seat, “Driver, you be sure to get these bundles down for me!”

Mr. Coy hoped the bus depot would be clean enough for him to shave and wash in, so that he would look like someone just off a Pullman sleeper. Mr. Purcell had opened his collar during the night and was now trying dejectedly to button it. Virginia was fixing her hair. Her mouth was full of pins and she was talking through them. “Of course you’ll get a room here,” she insisted. “This is a lovely town.”

“What will I live on?”

“The trouble with you,” Virginia said, “is that you don’t know the value of money. You ought to get someone to take care of it for you.”

At this early hour, the town looked exactly the same as it had always looked to Mrs. Berryman. She was no longer stirred by the fantastic plans of yesterday. She wanted home, a hot bath, a wrapper, and a pair of slippers. There was in her even an unaccountable desire to see Arthur’s familiar face. She felt Laura’s head move upon her lap and asked, “How did you sleep, dear?” Laura’s puckered eyes and lips opened into a smile.

So hungry that he was lightheaded, Pete looked out the window beside him. If he stayed here, he would come to know every stone and every brick on every building, every store front they were passing, every face that was going by.

Mr. Purcell saw a sign: “University 1½ Miles.” He wondered whether he could get a taxi, whether he would find his son on the campus or somewhere in town with the woman. The bus stopped. Virginia watched Pete swing down her suitcase. She wanted to take him by the arm, hold on to him, make sure he came with her. Mr. Coy, happy because he was earning a porter’s tip, was moving toward the exit with his bags.

“There’s Daddy!” Laura cried.

Mrs. Berryman said, “The first thing you’ll do, young lady, is go straight to bed.”

Everyone but Miss Bama had risen. Only she still sat, her eyes closed, a smile on her face. Mrs. Frazer waited for the driver to take down her bundles, Marge and her children for the other passengers to leave. Pete was following close behind this dame that he might as well be married to already. When he came to the down-and-out family, something made him stop and put down Virginia’s suitcase. He reached into his pocket and pulled out the roll. “Here,” he said to Joey, “give this to your mom.” He turned to Virginia. “It’s no go, sister. I’m a rolling stone.” She gasped. Her face became the face of a stranger.

The driver called out, “This is the end of the line!”

Laura ran out, crying, “Daddy! Daddy!” Mrs. Berryman sedately descended. Mr. Coy followed. Mr. Purcell was amazed to see his son’s face through the bus window, and waved to him. How had the boy known he was coming? Had his mother wired to him the night before? Mr. Purcell was as excited as if something wonderful had happened to him. His son waved back and then motioned to someone. Mr. Purcell saw a girl looking shyly in his direction. Why, she’s just a child, Mr. Purcell thought.

Marge moved, clutching Baby and the miraculous money. Jerusalem Belle and Joey followed. Mrs. Frazer called out, “Driver, I’m still waiting!”

Toohey looked up into the mirror. The only ones he saw were this impatient woman and the old lady, who was still asleep. She looked something like his wife, Martha, and he was sorry to have to wake her. She probably had nothing to wake up for anyway. He disposed of Mrs. Frazer and her bundles first and then went back down the aisle. As he bent over Miss Bama, she opened her eyes. —Nathan Asch

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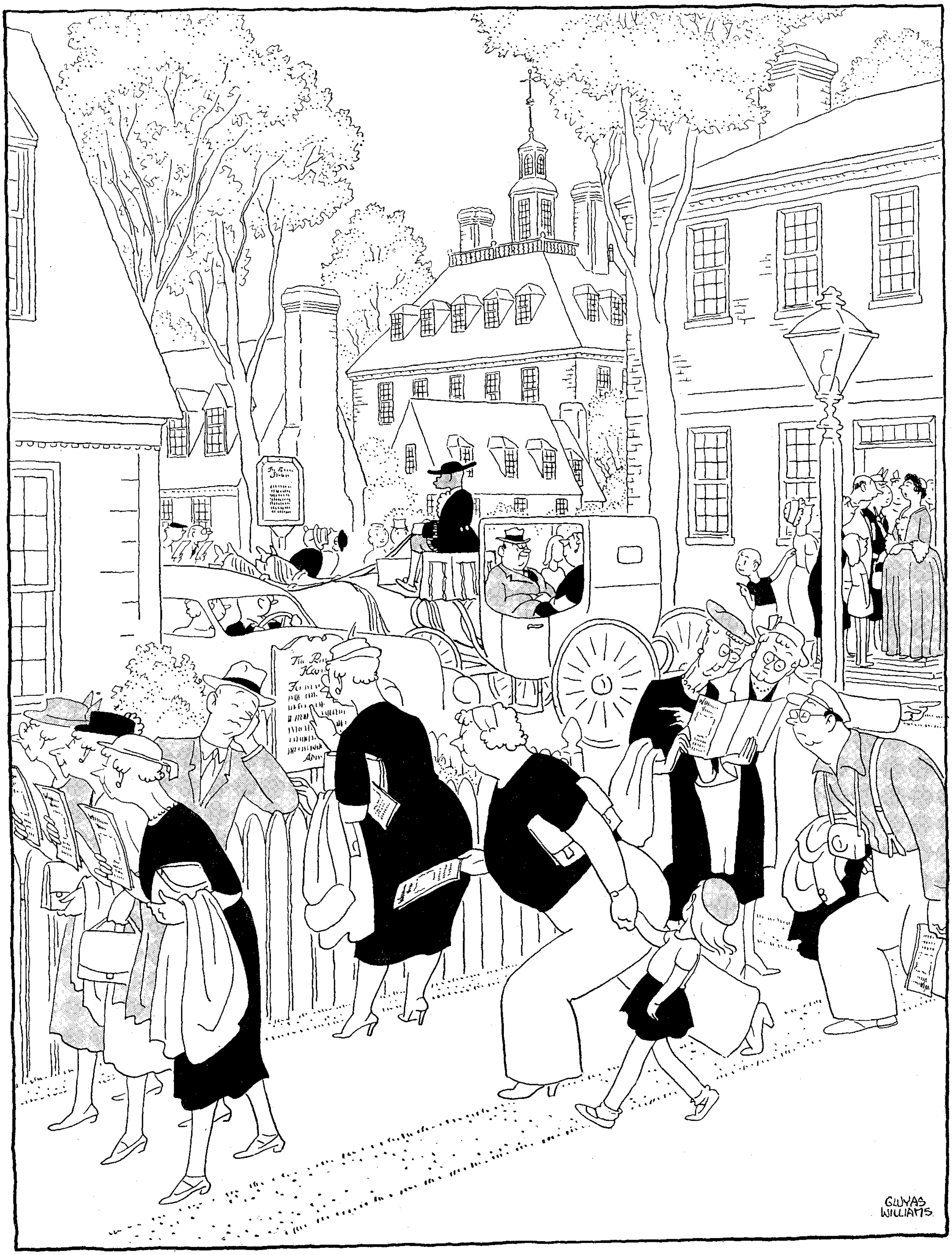
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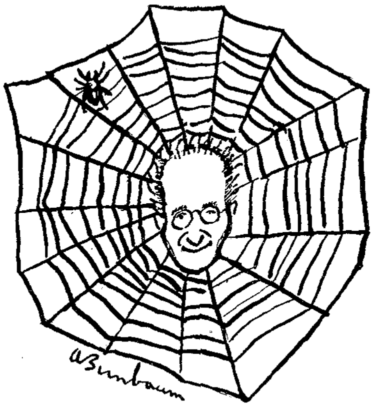
ARACHNOLOGIST~II

THE world's foremost authority on spiders and other Arachnida is Dr. Alexander Ivanovitch Petrunkevitch, a tall, bespectacled, distinguished-looking scientist who was born in Russia seventy-four years ago and is an emeritus professor of zoology at Yale University. He retired from teaching six years ago, but this has made little difference in his life. He still occupies, as he has done for nearly four decades, an office in the university's Osborn Zoological Laboratory, and there he still pursues his arachnidan labors. He has always been vastly industrious. Since he was twenty, he estimates, he has worked at least a hundred and seventy-four thousand hours, mostly on spiders—a figure based, conservatively, on a sixty-two-hour week. This time has gone into writing, teaching, research, collecting in the field, and laboratory activity. Petrunkevitch is a spasmodic but intense author. When he is in one of his writing spells, he works all day and late into the night on a noiseless typewriter, then puts aside what he has written, to be picked up again when he is in the mood to revise it. He is the author of the article on spiders in the new edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica. His enthusiasm for the assignment caused the publishers some difficulty. The subject had been covered in two pages in the previous edition. Petrunkevitch, however, turned in over triple his predecessor's number of words, and the dazed editors finally decided not to abridge the article, although the decision meant running all but the first few sentences in very small type and the unconventional addition of two unplanned-for pages, 215A and 215B, to Volume 21. Petrunkevitch is also the author of the world's standard encyclopedia on American spiders, "Catalogue of American Spiders," a tome of seven hundred and ninety pages that was printed in 1911. More than a hundred of his works have been published—books, scientific papers, and articles, written in English, Russian, or German. Most of them are, of course, on arachnological subjects, such as "The Circulatory System and Segmentation in Arachnida" and "An Inquiry Into the Natural Classification of Spiders" (an eminent zoologist has called this "one of the most remarkable contributions to the classification and comparative anatomy of any group of animals"), but he is a many-sided man, and has written on more than a score of other subjects, such as history, poetry, photography, and philosophy, under such titles as "The Russian Revolution," "Songs of Love and Sorrow," "Standardized Microphotography," and "The Freedom of the Will."

Since 1912, shortly after Petrunkevitch joined the Yale faculty, most of his writing and research have been done in his office, a chamber twenty-four by twenty-one feet with a sixteen-foot ceiling. It has seven high windows, a wide stone sink with five taps, and a chemical hood—a large concrete niche equipped with a sliding glass cover to permit observation of an experiment, and a chimney to carry off fumes. The rest of the room is crammed with bookcases, tables, desks, shelves, filing cabinets, and the bric-a-brac and gear of a scientific lifetime. Petrunkevitch doesn't consider the place crowded, however. "Why, when I retired, I gave away three-quarters of my library," he says. Nevertheless, there are still more than sixty shelves filled with books, not to mention a hundred and fifty wooden filing cases of pamphlets. Also in the room are a small chemical laboratory, several microscopes, a lot of complex mechanical dissecting and histological apparatus, a motion-picture projector, a film splicer, floodlights, half a dozen still and motion-picture cameras, an extensive array of jars and cans for specimens, an apothecary's glass-enclosed balance, machine tools, almost a score of terraria and aquaria that accommodate land-dwelling and water-dwelling spiders, a small electric pump that aerates the tanks, drawing boards (including a translucent one illuminated from underneath), a stepladder, large wall maps of Jamaica, Puerto Rico, Central America, and Africa, a canvas-covered life-size bust of Petrunkevitch by an American sculptress, a life-size bronze model of a tarantula by a Russian sculptor, a pair of rubber hip boots, teacups and saucers, a pile of back numbers of the New York Russian-language newspaper *Novoye Russkoye Slovo*, a clothes tree, an eight-foot-high steel locker, a number of suitcases, a sheathed hunting knife, and a large fire extinguisher. Petrunkevitch maintains a rigid schedule amid this scholarly chaos, arriving, six days a week, at eight-thirty in the morning, leaving at twelve-thirty for lunch, which usually lasts an hour and a half, and then working at least until nightfall and often until after midnight.



Dr. Alexander Petrunkevitch

In a cabinet near the middle of the room is, at the moment, the bulk of the British Museum's irreplaceable collection of fossil arachnids—the finest in the world—now on loan to Petrunkevitch. This part of the collection consists of over two hundred and fifty specimens, preserved in gray ironstone or red sandstone, whose age is estimated at between two and three hundred million years. The most ancient examples came from a stratum of red sandstone in England. "That's as far back as arachnology goes," says Petrunkevitch. Most of the items are scorpions, harvestmen, and members of extinct orders from the Carboniferous Period of the Paleozoic Era; there are only three fossil spiders. (Fossil spiders of such antiquity are very rare.) These three are clearly discernible to the naked eye as spiders, resembling slightly distorted intaglio engravings of spiders. In order to study the fossils for subtle scientific points under a microscope, Petrunkevitch uses a fine engraver's tool to chip away bits of stone that obscure their outline.

Petrunkevitch has been working off and on for two and a half years with the British Museum collection, and it has given him his share of professional troubles. For instance, he found that a couple of orders of extinct arachnids had an unaccounted-for pair of appendages lying in front of the coxae of the palpi. "I was almost distracted," he recently said. "I worked from morning till night for two and a half months trying to understand it. Now I have it. I now realize that these orders, previously thought to belong under one subclass, had to be moved under two new subclasses, hitherto unrecognized. All because of that little thing. This is a fair example of the tediousness and slowness of modern scientific work." Petrunkevitch is feeling especially good about another discovery he made while studying the collection. A while back, a fellow-scientist claimed that fossil arachnids did not have claws, as all modern arachnids have. "It was ridiculous!" Petrunkevitch says. "Fossil arachnids have claws, just as fossil cats do. Imagine a fossil cat without a claw and you have a comparable situation. But now I have my proof. I have now seen clearly what has never been seen before by the human eye. A fossil arachnid claw! A claw at the end of the leg! It shows that two hundred and fifty million years ago spiders had the same basic leg structure as today."

Whether spiders produced silk that far back is not known, but presumably they did, since some of the early fossil spiders have spinnerets. A great mystery of arachnology is how the silk-spinning habit began. One widely accepted theory is that in some as yet unexplained manner, ages ago, spider excrement was altered into silk. Petrunkevitch himself will go as far along this line of reasoning as to agree that the excretions of the body are not uniform, pointing out that our own saliva can, on occasion, become thick and stringlike, but he stops there. When in geologic time spiders began to spin webs to trap prey is also unknown. The webs of the most primitive spiders of today indicate that probably the early webs were merely guy lines outside a spider's hideaway, over which wandering insects might trip. The most highly developed spiders, the orb weavers, make the most highly developed webs—the circular, strikingly symmetrical ones of intersecting radii and spirals, found in every field and garden. These are the only webs produced in a single, sustained operation; other spider webs just grow. The whole seemingly complicated process of orb weaving is performed instinctively; baby orb weavers turn out tiny, well-constructed editions of their elders' large webs. In spinning the web, the orb weaver usually walks from point to point, paying out the silk behind and holding it aloft with a rear leg until ready to connect it to the rest of the web. The procedure, as Petrunkevitch has often witnessed, is always the same. First, the foundation lines, generally in the shape of a quadrangle, are laid down; then the radii, the first two running from opposite corners of the quadrangle, are attached; and finally the spirals, up to thirty or more, are put in. To the eye, the finished web appears geometrically perfect. Actually, it is not. "The angles at the center are never mathematically equal," Petrunkevitch says. "Nature is not that much of a perfectionist."

Petrunkevitch is the only arachnologist alive who has thoroughly studied every kind of Arachnida; besides spiders, Arachnida include king crabs, scorpions, false scorpions, Solpugida (which resemble spiders), harvestmen, and mites. However, his main interest has always been spiders, and he owns a notable collection of them. He has in his office, preserved in alcohol, representatives of all but two of the sixty-three known spider families. The collection is housed in two large wooden cabinets, each of which has about thirty drawers. Stacked inside the drawers, in vials, are five thousand spiders preserved in a solution of seventy-five-per-cent alcohol to which a trace of glycerine has been added, the glycerine being an idea Petrunkevitch thought of to prevent a specimen from drying up if a vial cracked. In one drawer is a *Liphistius malayanus*, the most archaic species now living—a reddish, long-legged creature. It was found by a surveyor in the Malay States. The *Liphistius malayanus* bears about the same resemblance to an ordinary house spider as the Java man does to twentieth-century man.

In addition to his preserved spiders, Petrunkevitch always keeps a hundred or so live spiders in his terraria and aquaria, and there are usually lying about several shipping containers holding live spiders that he hasn't had time to remove. Live spiders arrive at his office almost every day from colleagues and amateur collectors. The smaller ones are ordinarily packed in five-and-ten-cent-store salt shakers or in little cardboard boxes with ventilated tops. The Department of Agriculture, which objects to sending boll weevils and gypsy moths around the country, has no objection to spiders. Railroads, however, do have certain objections. Years ago, after a summer of collecting in the West, Petrunkevitch punched holes in the sides of a cheap suitcase and, after covering the holes with fine wire screening, packed the bag with dozens of small metal canisters containing splendid live tarantulas and smaller spiders. He straightforwardly presented himself and his spiders at the Southern Pacific ticket window at Tombstone, Arizona, for first-class transportation to the East. The agent refused either to allow the spiders to ride with Petrunkevitch in the Pullman or to put them in the baggage car; the spiders had to go by express. Petrunkevitch discovered that other railroads felt the same way, and he soon started travelling by car. "It's a shame, the problems the student of live animals is confronted with in this country," he says.

Petrunkevitch's arachnological library of books and pamphlets, which will go to Yale's Peabody Museum after his death, is one of the best in the country. His collection of pamphlets contains practically every article about arachnids printed during his lifetime, and he has several copies of most of them. They are written in Finnish, Danish, Hungarian, Rumanian, Bulgarian, Serbian, Japanese, English, Spanish, Portuguese, French, Italian, German, Polish, and Russian. Petrunkevitch reads English, Russian, German, and French easily, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese fairly well, and Serbian, Bulgarian, and Polish well enough to follow articles on Arachnida. He has had the articles in the other languages translated for him, most of them by students at the university. Before the Second World War, there was a tendency everywhere to write arachnological papers in English, but since the war this has been falling off. "When I was a boy in Russia," Petrunkevitch says, "it was thought German would be the scientific language of the future. Then, ten years ago, it looked as if it would be English. But now everybody is back writing in his own language—a situation I deplore. In my opinion, nothing beats

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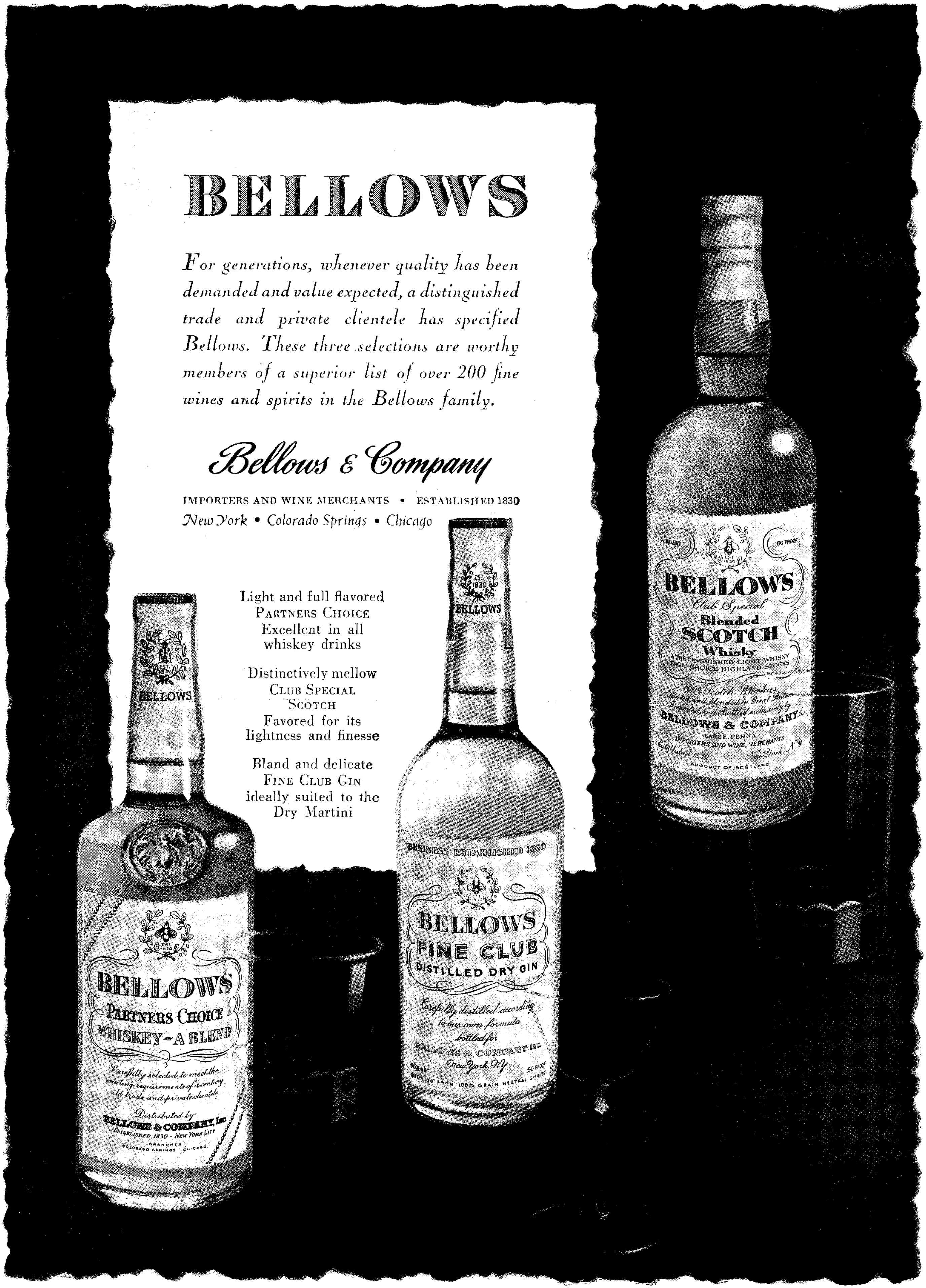
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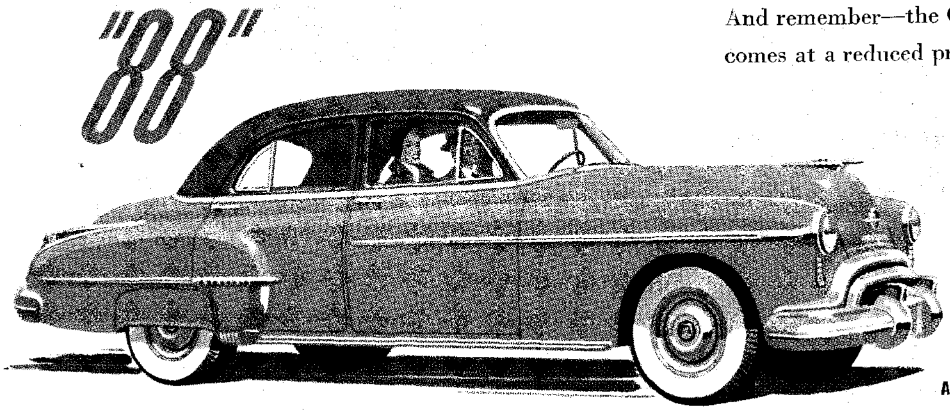

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Also in Petrunkevitch's library is what he considers the most important work on spiders ever written, the two-volume "Histoire Naturelle des Araignées," by the late Eugène Simon, published in 1903. Many scientists, including Petrunkevitch, think Simon, a Frenchman, was the greatest arachnologist who ever lived. Only Petrunkevitch himself can be regarded as a rival. The two men were quite different in their approach to the subject. Simon studied the external characteristics of spiders; Petrunkevitch has devoted most of his time to their internal structure. "You cannot understand any machine unless you know how it's built," he often used to say to his students. "Likewise, you must know an animal's morphology to know its true nature." A good example of the difference between the two men is their treatment of the *Ammoxenus*, a dark-brown South African spider. Simon realized that the structure of its mouth was sufficiently peculiar to warrant classifying it as a family, but because he was not a morphologist he didn't recognize the relation of the new-found family to other families and classified it improperly. Later, Petrunkevitch discovered that this spider's heart has only two pairs of openings through which blood can enter and leave, whereas most spiders' hearts have from three to five pairs. Accordingly, he placed it in a new suborder, in which, eventually, some other species that had been erroneously classified by Simon were found to belong. Nevertheless, Petrunkevitch considers Simon the master. "Simon focussed his attention on spiders and did not spread it elsewhere in the field of zoology," he says. "No man ever knew as much as he did about spiders."

Studying the anatomy of spiders is in some respects far more difficult than studying the anatomy of most other creatures. Spiders cannot be cut into sections for the microscope in the conventional fashion, because their abdomens are too soft. A spider has to be embedded in paraffin, then cut into layers by a machine called a microtome. The microtome works like a meat slicer; it can shave sheets as thin as a half-millionth of an inch. Petrunkevitch has one in his office. "I generally work thick—a quarter-millionth of an inch," he says. The usual methods of cutting are in transverse section (vertical along the animal's long axis), cross-section (the short axis), and horizontal section (horizontal along the long axis). Occasionally, cuts are made in other directions. Petrunkevitch, an accomplished operator of the microtome, has a unique collection of sectioned spiders, mounted on microscope slides; in it are ninety-five hundred slides, including members of almost every spider family, sliced in the three standard ways. At present it occupies three hundred and seventy-eight wooden boxes, each of which contains twenty-five slides, and he is continually adding to it.

Petrunkevitch is also an accomplished photographer of live spiders. He has taken some remarkable motion pictures, including a celebrated one of the mating of tarantulas. The camera lens can, of course, record what the human eye cannot see, and the results can be magnified. A couple of summers ago, he started a new project—photographing orb-weaving spiders at work outside the Osborn Laboratory at night—with a battery of floodlights and a special motion-picture camera equipped with a telephoto lens. All spiders spin more than one kind of silk; orb weavers spin four: one for ballooning through the air and for drag lines, one for cocoons, and two for two types of webbing—net silk and trapping silk, the latter covered with beads of a sticky fluid. Under the microscope, the orb weaver's three pairs of spinnerets show many and various-sized openings, but because of the minuteness of the organs and the orb weaver's reluctance up to now to spin indoors in front of a movie camera, no arachnologist has established for certain how the spinnerets and their openings work. Do the spinnerets each produce a different kind of silk, or does each spinneret, using the various-sized holes, produce several kinds of silk as the spider wills it? Do the pairs of spinnerets work separately or in combination? Petrunkevitch hopes to throw some light on these questions by his motion pictures.

In Petrunkevitch's office are a number of homemade machines and instruments he uses in his photographic work. He is enormously inventive and has designed and built, all told, hundreds of instruments and pieces of apparatus, not only for his photography but for many other purposes. He has turned out a device that quickly straightens the twisted and crumpled shapes that paraffined sections of small invertebrates sometimes get into. Now every zoologist in the Os-

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born Laboratory has copied it, with the blessing of its inventor. One of the slow and complicated scientific processes that Petrunkevitch has to struggle with is the measurement of what is known as the "*p*H," which must be determined to discover the chemical makeup of its cells when a sectioned animal is studied microscopically. Physiologists have contrived instruments to measure fractional *p*H degrees; the most delicate of these differentiate to one-tenth of a *p*H degree. Petrunkevitch has rigged up one that differentiates to one-hundredth of a *p*H degree—a curious-looking box resembling a radio, with a black Bakelite front studded with half a dozen dials. He has also built forty-five radios, just for the fun of it, and he considers it a tribute to the radio industry that he no longer engages in this pastime, having found that it is cheaper to buy a radio than to build one. In addition, he has constructed a constant-temperature apparatus, along the lines of an electric refrigerator, for preserving certain fluids he uses in his research. Dissatisfied with factory-made machines, like the ordinary incubator or refrigerator, whose uncontrollable variation of temperature, even when they're functioning at maximum efficiency, is as high as six or eight degrees, Petrunkevitch turned out one in which the variation is less than one twenty-seventh of a degree. "It's by far the best thermos bottle in New England," an associate recently said, with envy. Petrunkevitch always has something around he is tinkering with. He has in his laboratory a lapidary's wheel, for cutting and polishing the amber in which fossil spiders are embedded. He cuts the amber like a gem, with a number of facets, to provide as many views as possible. Frequently there are air pockets in the amber that obscure the spiders; he drills these out with a tiny precision drill and fills the holes with a transparent plastic. He started to experiment with plastics before the First World War. Searching for a method of preserving spiders, he hit upon a way of embedding them in blocks of ethyl methacrylate, a substance resembling Lucite. The first one he preserved was a four-inch *Nephila clavipes* from Florida. He believes it will probably still be there hundreds of centuries from now, squatting in the transparent block so naturally that it looks as though it were alive.

PETRUNKEVITCH was born, the sixth of seven children, on December 22, 1875, during the reign of Czar

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Alexander II, in a large white house in Pliski, a village in the Ukraine. His father was a member of the nobility—of the lowest grade, corresponding to the English rank of baronet—and his mother, too, was of noble birth. There were a score of servants on the estate, including a German governess, and life was easy. Soon after Petrunkevitch was born, his father, a political liberal, wrote an article, published in Austria, that made the first public plea for a constitutional assembly in Russia, similar to those of the Western European countries. For this he was banished for a year to a village beyond the Ural Mountains. This was the first of several exiles for the elder Petrunkevitch. During one of them, he met and fell in love with a widow, a Countess Panin, the daughter of a wealthy Russian industrialist. "As a result, my father asked my mother for a divorce," Petrunkevitch recently recalled. "This was then obtainable in Russia only on the ground of adultery and after a payment of ten thousand rubles to the archbishop. Since my father wished to remarry, the charge of adultery had to be placed on my mother, and it was a mark of greatness on my mother's part to accept publicly the blame for an act she did not commit. Of her seven children, two had died of smallpox. Of the remainder, two stayed with her and three, including me, went with our father. But we visited back and forth, and in a manner of speaking I had two mothers. I cannot with honesty say which I loved the more. Both were noble women, in the best sense of the word. Every year, we children exchanged long visits, and in each home we were equally loved."

In due course, following an early interest, Petrunkevitch became a zoological student at the University of Moscow. He specialized in insects and produced a brilliant study on the heart of one of the chrysomelid beetles and a paper contending that the crop in a cockroach is a fat-absorbing organ, a theory that has since been proved correct. Upon his graduation, in 1898, he became assistant to the acting president of the university. Russia was seething politically, and Petrunkevitch shortly afterward became involved in an incident that caused him to resign his post. His superior had turned over to the police the names of twenty-three hundred students, recommending that they be arrested for making demonstrations for liberalism. Among them was one of Petrunkevitch's brothers, whose only crime, according to Petrunkevitch, had

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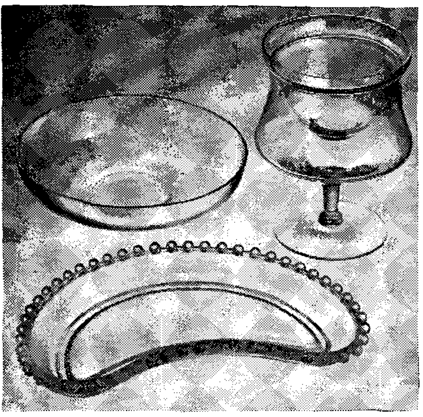

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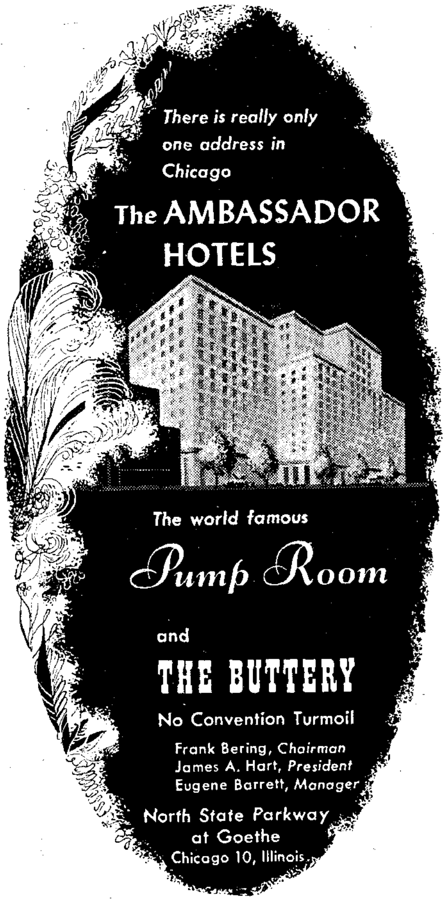

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been that he had urged the students to demonstrate moderately rather than riot. The brother was put in jail for ten days. Petrunkevitch submitted his resignation in a denunciatory letter, copies of which circulated quickly through Moscow. The acting president threatened to have him imprisoned for incendiarism unless he agreed to emigrate at once and never to teach or study in Russia.

Petrunkevitch accordingly went to Germany. There he resumed his studies at the University of Freiburg, under the great German biologist August Weismann, who was responsible for the theory of the continuity of germ plasm and non-inheritance of acquired characteristics. In the opinion of Petrunkevitch, the entire present-day science of genetics rests on Weismann's ideas. A large photograph of Weismann, taken by Petrunkevitch, hangs on a wall of his office. Petrunkevitch did some important work at Freiburg, possibly his most notable achievement there being the preparation of his Doctor's thesis, published in 1901, on the cytology of the egg of the honeybee, in which he proved that worker and queen bees develop in fertilized eggs and that drones develop in unfertilized eggs, by parthenogenesis. While he was there, Petrunkevitch also invented a fixative, now known as Petrunkevitch's Fluid, that is used in laboratories all over the world. To study creatures microscopically, it is necessary to preserve them with as little damage to their structure as possible, and this is done by means of a fixative. The fixatives used before 1900 took a long time to fix a specimen; Petrunkevitch's does the job quickly. He gets no royalties on his Fluid, or on any of his scientific apparatuses, some of which are widely used. "I don't believe in patents for devices of scientific value," he explains. "In true science, there is no such thing as personal gain." While Petrunkevitch had already made an extremely valuable contribution to zoological and biological research by his Fluid, he was not satisfied with it, because it hardened the tissues of the insects it preserved. He worked for many years to eliminate this defect, trying hundreds of combinations, and finally, a few years ago, achieved his objective.

The relationship between Weismann and Petrunkevitch was like that of father and son. Petrunkevitch was known as *"der Schüler Weismanns"* ("*the* pupil of Weismann"). Each day, the two men walked for an hour in a park near the city. Once, a poisonous snake crossed their path, and Petrunkevitch picked up a stick to kill it. "Don't," said Weismann gently. "It's such a wonderful machine." Weismann was a kindly, almost saintly man. He nevertheless had many professional enemies and was constantly being attacked in print. Petrunkevitch intended to get back at one persistent assailant in his doctoral thesis, but Weismann stopped him after hearing the first sentence of criticism. "Please don't do that," he said. "It is never right, under any circumstances, to make a personal attack." Recently, Petrunkevitch said, "I am eternally grateful to him for that. Since then, I have never in my life, so far as I know, made a personal attack on anyone. I have always made my corrections on an impersonal basis. Weismann was, in my estimation, the greatest human being, as a person, I have had the privilege of knowing. When I was a student in Moscow, I met Tolstoy several times, and even he didn't come up to Weismann. There was something absolutely Olympian about the man."

In those days, Petrunkevitch was a scholarly-looking young man; he already wore spectacles, and had a lot of wiry black hair and an imposing full beard. He had his sprightly side, and often sat around his rooms of an evening wearing a velvet skullcap and drinking wine with zoological-minded companions, occasionally perching a laboratory skeleton on his knee and toasting it. This phase ended in 1903, when he married an American girl, Wanda Hartshorn, of Newark, who was studying classical philosophy in Germany. That same year, they decided to leave Germany, which they felt was growing objectionably imperialistic, and settle in the United States. Soon after they arrived here, they went to visit some of the bride's relatives in Bar Harbor. One of his wife's cousins took Petrunkevitch aside and told him that he'd look more American if he shaved off his beard. "That's all very well, but I don't know how to shave," Petrunkevitch said. The cousin gave him his first, and most drastic, shave, and he has never had a beard since.

In the fall of 1904, Petrunkevitch was appointed a lecturer on cytology at Harvard. Both he and his wife caught influenza during their winter in Cambridge, and early the next year they went to Jamaica to recuperate. Petrunkevitch recovered completely, but his wife's health remained poor. In order to be with her constantly, he did not take a job when they returned to this country. They lived, rent free, in a cottage in Short Hills, New Jersey, on the estate of her uncle, Stewart Hartshorn, the inventor of the roll-up window shade. In a little room that he fitted out as a laboratory, Petrunkevitch began to concentrate on spiders, largely because they were easy to find, feed, and house. By 1906, his wife was better, and he became an acting professor of zoology at Indiana University, but she soon fell sick again, and he returned to Short Hills and spiders. To increase his knowledge of them, he became an honorary curator at the American Museum of Natural History, an unsalaried post that gave him access to its collection of arachnids. He commuted every weekday from Short Hills. In 1909, Mrs. Petrunkevitch's health improved again, and he was able to leave her and make his first important collecting trip outside this country—an expedition to southwestern Mexico, underwritten for the most part by the Museum. He was handicapped in his work by heavy rains and floods, but he managed to collect hundreds of spiders, including many new varieties. After he returned, in 1910, it was discovered that his wife had tuberculosis, and Petrunkevitch, needing money for the necessary medical care, accepted the only paying job he could find, a zoology instructorship at Yale. The following year, he was made an assistant professor of zoology, and in 1917 he became a full professor.

Several years after joining the Yale faculty, Petrunkevitch met Ivan Pavlov, the great Russian physiologist and exponent of the theory of conditioned reflexes. The encounter resulted in a peculiar academic contretemps. Pavlov, then on his first trip to this country, visited New Haven, and the university appointed Petrunkevitch as his interpreter and guide. Pavlov wanted to see the celebrated Yerkes apes, which were confined in cages in a building across the street from the Osborn Laboratory. When Petrunkevitch took Pavlov there, the physiologist stood for some time in front of each cage, carefully observing the inmates' actions. The last one, a large chimpanzee sitting at the rear of its cage, moodily laid aside a banana and came forward slowly when it saw Pavlov and Petrunkevitch. It put its head between the bars and appraised the distinguished visitor, then spat suddenly in his beard. Pavlov backed hastily out of range and took Petrunkevitch soundly to task for bringing him without warning before a chimpanzee with a conditioned reflex that took the form of spitting at any beard it saw. Petrunkevitch respectfully defended himself by arguing that the situation was just the reverse—that the chimpanzee

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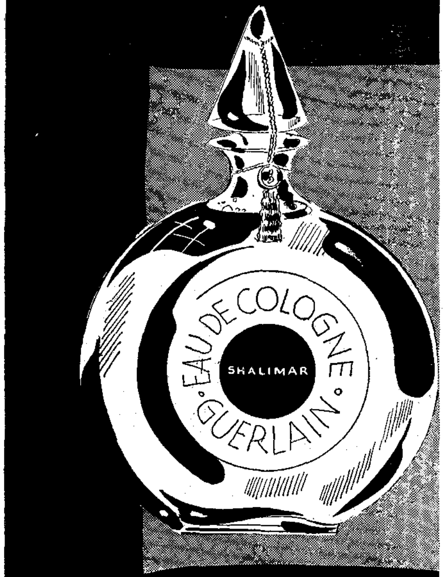

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in all likelihood had acted as it had precisely because it had never seen a beard before. Pavlov was far from being in a mood to accept this explanation, and the point was never scientifically settled.

Petrunkevitch was an unusual pedagogue. Although he has the highest professional standards, he is so kindly that he could never bring himself to censure even the most delinquent of his students. Once, in a laboratory-photography class, he found that one of his rules about cleanliness had been violated. "The man who did this," he burst out, "ought to be—ought to be—told about it!" Petrunkevitch's benevolence exceeds the generally accepted limits, his concern occasionally embracing the misfortunes of creatures dead millions of years—spiders that perished after being caught in resin oozing from prehistoric pine trees. In time, the resin fossilized into amber, clearly preserving the captive within. Frequently, the victims had vainly attempted to escape the trap by casting off one or more of their legs, since young spiders—like crabs and certain other creatures—can shed limbs and grow new ones. Evidence of these ancient tragedies never fails to stir Petrunkevitch. "It's pathetic to see the legs separate in the amber nearby," he often said to a class, his voice full of emotion. Some of Petrunkevitch's former pupils speak of him as the kindliest man they have ever known. One of them recalls the time Petrunkevitch returned from a sabbatical year's collecting trip to Puerto Rico, where he had been robbed of seventy-five cents and two packs of cigarettes by a San Juan second-story man, who was later caught by the police. Recounting the episode to one of his classes, Petrunkevitch said, "Poor burglar! He was a barefoot, dirty, ignorant man, trying to support a family and a mistress."

Petrunkevitch, who is an atheist, holds that a belief in a hereafter is unnecessary for an ethical code. Man, he thinks, should do what is right not for any future reward but as an example to others. He does not, however, believe that science has yet invalidated religion. At a conference at Middlebury College several years ago, he said, referring to some comments he had made on science and religion, "These tentative thoughts leave out of consideration the question of a spiritual attribute of nature. Personally, I am inclined to think that the forces which manifest themselves in living organisms and differ from those known at present to physics are nevertheless physical in nature, and subject to natural laws, supplementing, rather than setting aside, other natural

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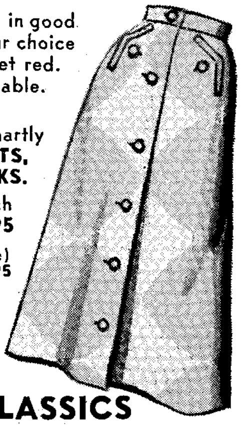

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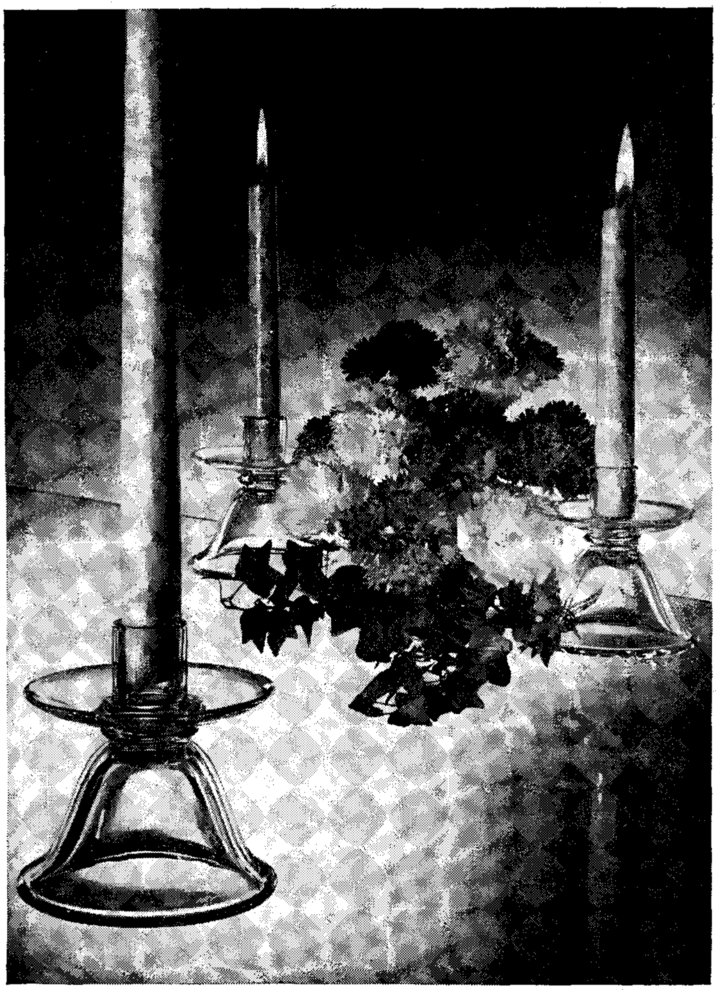
laws. The time may come when those forces will be known and the mystery of life will be solved. Until that is accomplished, science would be unjustified in any attempt to substitute faulty reasoning engendering doubt for the calm assurance of religious faith."

In general, Petrunkevitch has a metaphysical turn of mind, and even when he is most deeply occupied with the realities of science, he thinks long, cosmic thoughts. Once, on a collecting trip to Puerto Rico, he and an assistant were standing, many hundreds of feet below the surface of the earth, in a cave in which blind scorpionlike creatures, guided by hearing and touch, capture blind crickets for food. Turning to his assistant, who was a rather matter-of-fact fellow, he quoted Catullus: "Suns may set and rise; we, when our short day has closed, must sleep on during one never-ending night." Then he realized that the darkness around him was filled with sound. "It came from innumerable male crickets, totally oblivious of everything except their appeal to the females," he recalls. "They were equipped with well-developed ears, but they were paying no attention to the sounds of the feet of approaching murderers. There, deep underground, amid the eternal night, I knew that I was listening to the paean of everlasting life." Petrunkevitch thinks that when an organism has succeeded in reproducing itself, it has fulfilled its destiny and death is a natural consequence of its uselessness. "Only the germ plasm is immortal. Biologically, I myself am unimportant now," he says. "So are a lot of other people I could name."

Petrunkevitch is a philosophic Socialist. Stuffed in the back of a desk drawer in his office is his father's will, bequeathing him thousands of acres of land in Russia. "Even if I could claim them, I would rather be run over by a truck than do so," he says. "They properly belong to the state, as do any usable lands." Having voted for nine Presidents, Petrunkevitch regards himself as a complete American, but he has never cut himself off from his countrymen. Among Russians who live in the neighborhood of New Haven, he is looked upon as a kind of patriarch who is always ready to give them counsel or other aid. "I help them all I can," he says. "But the Russian government is another thing. Totalitarian governments, whether Fascist or Communist, I do not like."

IN 1926, when Petrunkevitch was on another collecting trip in Puerto Rico, his wife, by whom he had had two



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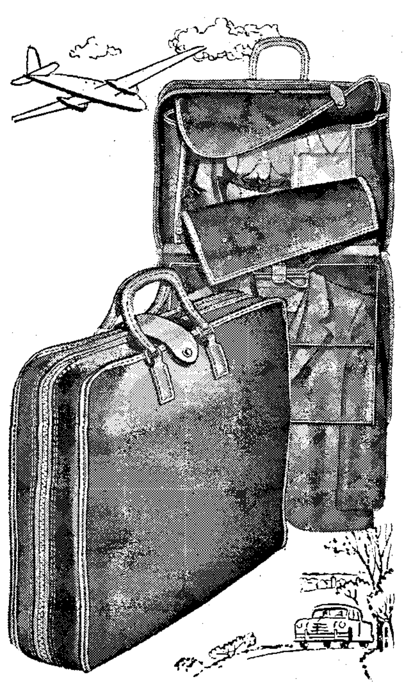

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daughters, died. The next year, he married again, but before long he was divorced, and he has not remarried. Both his daughters are now married, and both live in the West, one, a portrait painter, in Los Angeles, and the other on a ranch in Arizona. He visits them and his grandchildren—he has three—whenever he is out that way looking for spiders. His home is a five-room apartment in a modest four-story building in New Haven. His stepsister, Miss Sophie Panin, who was once believed to be the richest woman in Czarist Russia, lives with him. She was Assistant Secretary of Public Welfare in the Kerenski Provisional Government, supposedly the highest position in the world to have been held by a woman outside a monarchy up to that time. She was a countess, and certain old-school Russians, without her encouragement, still address her by her title.

In June, 1944, a few weeks before Petrunkevitch retired, his colleagues at Yale honored him at a special meeting of the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences, of which he had been president for fourteen years. In order to throw Petrunkevitch off the track, the event was announced as a symposium on the gypsy moth, but it actually was a surprise party devoted to champagne-drinking, speeches about Petrunkevitch, and the presentation to him of a commemorative volume of forty-four manuscripts on spiders, Petrunkevitch himself, and allied subjects, written by his associates, pupils, and other friends, who had been quietly engaged on the project for months.

During his long stay at Yale, Petrunkevitch has accumulated his share of honors, including having a number of newly discovered spider species named after him. He has no idea how many. "I don't like to pay attention to such things," he says. "Anyway, my name does not lend itself to nomenclature." The discoveries include two genera of spiders and a dozen or more species of spiders and other creatures. Among them are *Hydrozetes petrunkevitchi*, a Florida fresh-water mite that lives on aquatic plants; *Ruaxphilos petrunkevitchou*, a Mexican daddy longlegs; *Micaria petrunkevitchi*, a webless, ant-eating spider that resembles an ant; and *Peisos petrunkevitchi*, a South American shrimp.

EVERY Thursday afternoon, Petrunkevitch holds open house in his office from four to six. This ceremony, at which tea and cookies are invariably served, dates back forty years. When he was on the faculty, the function was known as Pete's Tea. Now it is known as Pete's Tea-Emeritus. He started his teas on a small scale shortly after his arrival, as a way of getting better acquainted with his students. Over the years, the teas developed into a Yale institution and broadened out, so that today almost anybody in New Haven is apt to turn up. About three-thirty, Petrunkevitch begins to get ready. He takes his china and silverware out and sets them on a laboratory table. Then he clears a place on another table and, from various nooks around the office, brings out cube sugar, evaporated milk, a couple of large cooky tins, ash-trays, and cigars and cigarettes. Just before four o'clock, he lights two Bunsen burners and sets a kettle of water on one and on the other a pot into which he measures some strong Russian tea.

One chilly Thursday not so long ago, the first arrivals were an undergraduate and an elderly man with long white hair, who was wearing a blue work shirt—Dr. George R. Wieland, a retired paleontologist. They came in together, and Dr. Wieland was talking to the student about his hobby, cycads, large plants that flourished in the Mesozoic Period. The fossil remains of cycads are to be seen in great quantities in North Dakota, he said, and expressed the opinion that a week's study there would be more beneficial than a term's course in paleontology at most universities.

Petrunkevitch greeted Wieland, an old friend, offered him a cigar, and asked the young man his name. The young man said it was Smith, and Petrunkevitch said, "Smith, eh?," waving an arm at the refreshments. "Well, help yourself, Smith. There's nobody to wait on you around here."

"Yes, sir," said Smith.

A tweedy, sandy-haired, pipe-smoking fellow in his late thirties entered. Petrunkevitch introduced himself. "Do you teach?" he asked.

"Next term, Doctor," said the visitor.

"What course?" he asked.

"Invertebrate Morphology 2," the new man said.

"I taught it once myself," Petrunkevitch said. "Here. Have some cookies."

A young Catholic priest doing graduate work in zoology came in, his clerical collar visible above the collar of a dun-colored laboratory jacket. "Ah, welcome, Father Peters," said Petrunkevitch. "I am a bad man, an atheist, and you, Father, are a priest and a good man. I did not expect you to return after our last talk."

Father Peters laughed. "Oh, you

know better than that, Doctor," he said, shaking his host's hand warmly. After getting some tea, he asked Petrunkevitch if he'd ever tried hypnosis on an animal.

"Yes. The best one to do it on is a frog," said Petrunkevitch. "I hypnotized one once by stroking its throat, then photographed it standing on its head. Any steady low-grade stimulation may cause inhibition of a frog's muscular activity."

The priest seemed delighted. "You know," he said, "I just saw a microscope slide of yours, Doctor. A marine parasite's liver, done in 1902. It's still beautiful."

The pipe-smoking teacher of Invertebrate Morphology 2 nodded. "Beautiful, beautiful," he said.

"I did that on a vacation one summer at the Ravenna Zoological Station. It was then under the direction of Dr. Fritz Schaudinn," Petrunkevitch said. "He and Paul Erich Hoffmann later discovered the syphilis spirochete. Yes, right near where the Italians and Yugoslavs have been arguing about who shall have Trieste. A beautiful town, Ravenna—except that it had no sewage system and the natives dumped the sewage onto the rocky cliffs below the town. Still, even that had its valuable scientific side. Echinoderms, which really love sewage, thrived there."

Four undergraduates arrived, and Petrunkevitch bellowed, with a pretense of gruffness, "Don't tell me your names! I wouldn't remember them anyhow. Help yourselves. No! Not to cigars! Cigarettes! You're too young for cigars. And introduce yourselves around."

The priest asked Petrunkevitch how he had liked working with Schaudinn.

"Very pleasant. A bear of a man, and an excellent scientist," said Petrunkevitch. "He was completely independent-minded."

The pipe-smoker said, "My father toured Ravenna around that time. A place of great superstition. He found one fisherman putting a pomade of mashed wasps on his head to cure baldness."

"Ah, superstition," said the arachnologist. "Only a few years before that, when I was a student in Russia, I learned of several instances of cyclists' being killed by peasants who thought they were the Devil speeding by. And today I suppose the grandchildren of those peasants ride around in helicopters."

A slender Chinese and a stocky black-haired man came in. Petrunkevitch greeted his Oriental guest as Dr. Yuan-

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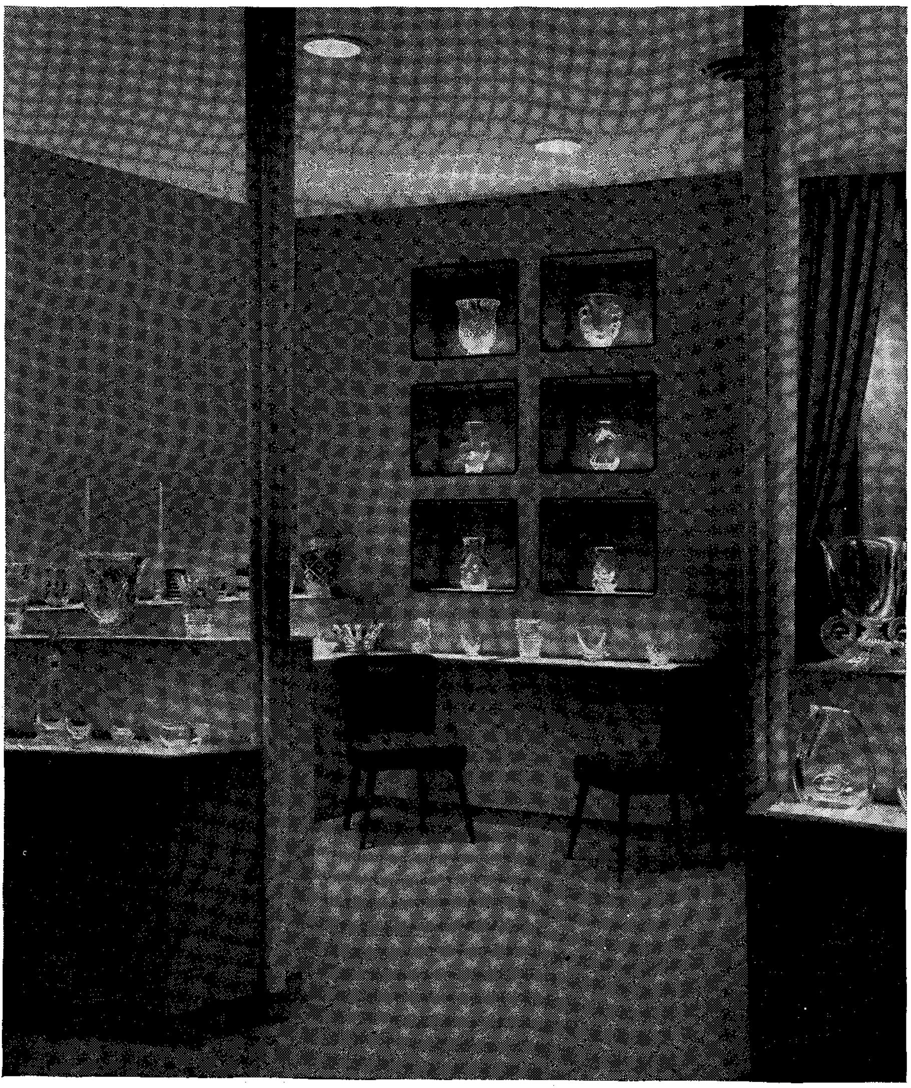

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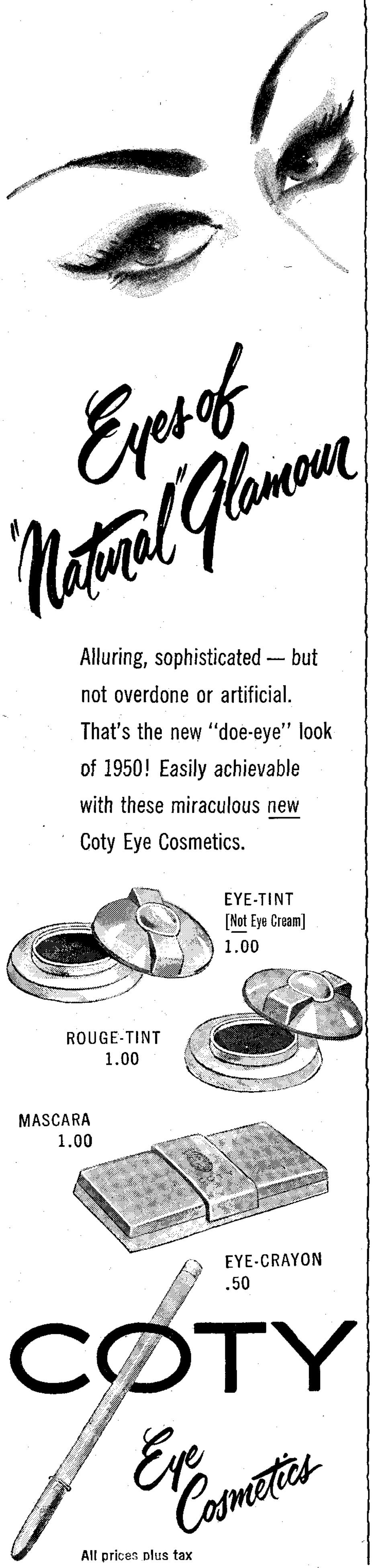

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huai, adding, "I've practically given up trying to pronounce your name."

"You pronounced it perfectly—didn't he?" said the Chinese to his companion, the Reverend Mr. Anthony, a Congregational minister from northern Connecticut. Dr. Yuan-huai said that the last time he had seen Mr. Anthony (before their chance meeting half an hour earlier on a New Haven street) was ten years back, beside the Great Wall of China. "Naturally, I invited him to your tea, Doctor," he said.

"Naturally," said Petrunkevitch. He turned to the minister and asked him what his hobby was.

"*Just* being a minister," he said.

"Being a minister is more than enough," said Petrunkevitch. "Come, you must meet Father Peters, whose hobby is dissecting frogs and resurrecting students."

"Are you ever going to get to China on a collecting trip, Doctor?" Dr. Yuan-huai asked Petrunkevitch.

"I must try to get to British Guiana first, Doctor," he replied. "Then perhaps China."

Over by a group of terraria in which some tarantulas were peering out from under rocks, a couple of the undergraduates were looking at a microscope slide. On it was a minute creature hardly the size of a grain of pepper. "What's a ricinulei, Dr. Petrunkevitch?" one of them asked, reading the name from the label pasted on the glass. "A primitive arachnid gone simple," Petrunkevitch said, going over to them with a cup of tea in his hand. Dr. Yuan-huai and the pipe-smoking instructor followed. Petrunkevitch took the slide in his free hand. "This bug is confoundedly mysterious," he said, frowning at it. "Habits unknown. Much of habitat likewise. I pay five dollars apiece for these, unmounted—when I can get them. If I can go to British Guiana, where they are supposed to live, maybe I can find some more. Anyhow, what I have here may help me discover how reproduction developed in spiders." He went on to explain that one pair of the male ricinulei's legs has cup-shaped devices analogous to the sperm-transmitting organs of the male spider, whose sperm-producing and sperm-transmitting organs are, inexplicably, unconnected and in different parts of the body. One of the big problems Petrunkevitch has set for himself is to learn how this freakish situation developed. "Some workers, when confronted with a question like that in their line of study, say, 'We will never know about such things,' and go on to investigating an animal's food habits, and so forth," said

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Petrunkevitch. "I do not have that kind of mind. Since fossil spiders fail to supply this information, there is but one other place to look—at the sole remaining creature that seems somewhat similar to the spider in this respect—and try to learn from it. The process is slow, but scientific work is like that—a matter of hammering away at little clues. It is only rarely that a man discovers any principle of great importance. Except for very occasional big revelations, scientific work is all chipping away."

Petrunkevitch put the slide on the table. The New England twilight was closing in. The teakettle bubbled cozily.

"What practical application does all this have?" one of the undergraduates asked.

"Probably none," Petrunkevitch said. "But it is very dangerous to judge scientific activity by its application to present practical problems. Most of the methods used in all the applied sciences—medicine, engineering, chemistry, and the others—rest on knowledge developed from work that at one time seemed to lead to no practical end. I'll give quite a ridiculous example. You know how to prevent malaria, of course. Kill mosquitoes. Well, mosquitoes were studied before malaria. When it was learned that mosquitoes were the cause, the disease was more quickly controlled because we knew the carrier's life cycle. All of mathematics was developed as a pure science. Even Einstein's formula for energy and matter was pure reason and nothing else. And naturally all machines have to be constructed on principles discovered before the machine was ever dreamed of. The study of animal behavior is fascinating. And I myself think it is practical, because if we ever get any answer to the great riddle of life, we will get it only after an immense and inspired survey of the facts we have found in our study."

Around six, the guests began to leave, one by one or in little groups. By the time darkness had fallen, Petrunkevitch was all alone. He turned off the Bunsen burners, put the tea things away, and stacked the dishes in the sink. Then he sat down at a table and got back to work on his spiders.

—EUGENE KINKEAD

(This is the second of two articles on Dr. Petrunkevitch.)

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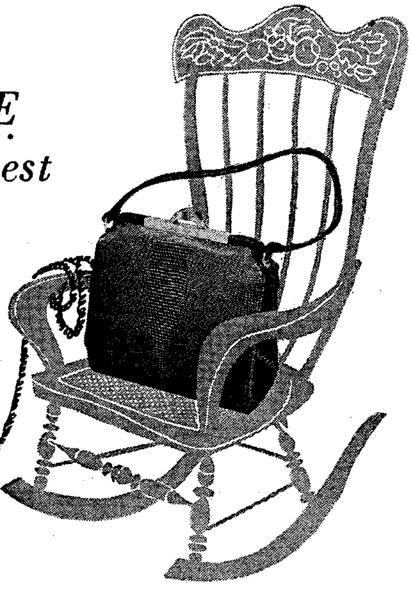

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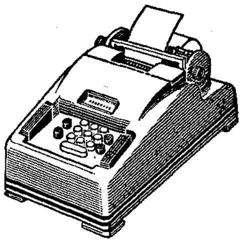

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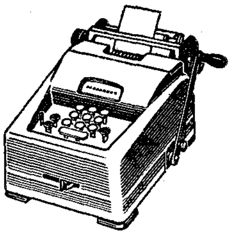

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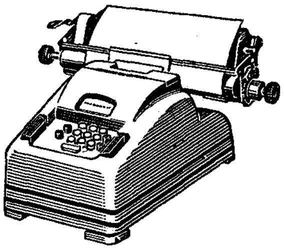

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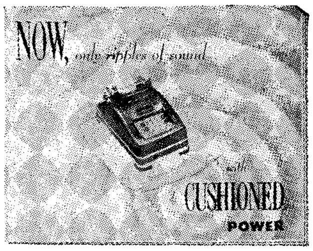
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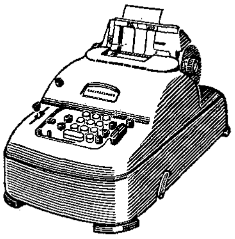

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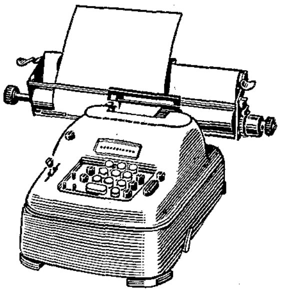

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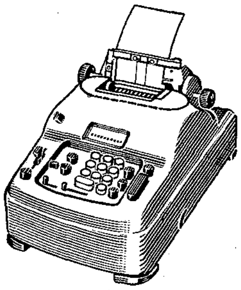

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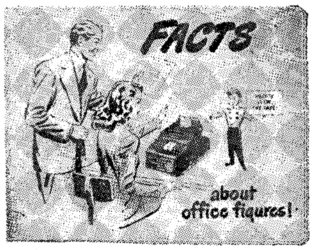
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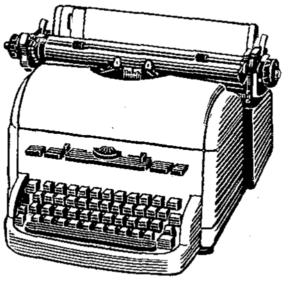

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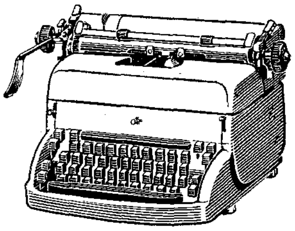

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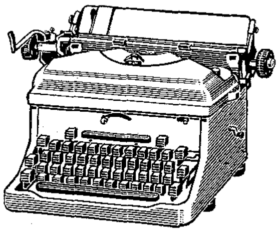

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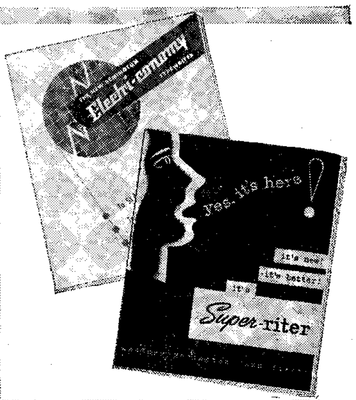
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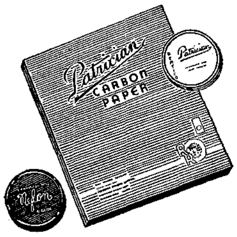
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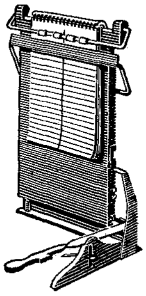

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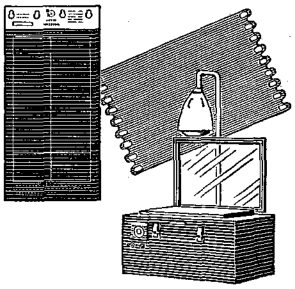

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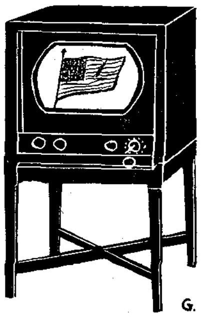
TELEVISION

State of the Drama

WEEK in and week out, my little screen teems with drama, and some of it is of a pretty high order, too. The Ford Theatre, for example, presented an hour-long version of Sir James Barrie's "The Little Minister" a couple of weeks ago, over C.B.S., and it was a delight. Obviously, a great deal of time, effort, and money went into this production—so much time, effort, and money that it seemed wasteful merely to give it once and then dismiss the actors and destroy the sets. I should think that when a topnotch production is turned out on television, the authorities might consider repeating it on several successive evenings, and thus reach a wider audience. I could even enjoy seeing this production of "The Little Minister" twice. Sir James's antique play has a simplicity and charm that are in distinct contrast to the average television drama. Crime—of an especially violent and psychopathic nature—takes up a lot of time in television drama these nights, and it is a sorry play indeed that does not end with a pile of corpses, a number of smoking rods, and the contorted face of some maladjusted killer leering from the screen. Running the crime stories a close second is a type of play that can best be described as a spimsey—one part spirituality, one part whimsey. Most spimseys contain one character with many of the attributes of the Almighty, and two characters who are dead but are not aware of it. As a matter of fact, all the characters are alive when the spimsey opens, but in a matter of minutes two of them meet an untimely end, either in an automobile or airplane accident or by falling down the side of a mountain. They are as dead as ducks, all right, but they pick themselves up and, with unbecoming alacrity, head into a dark, mossy forest populated by friendly deer and amiable red squirrels. Arriving at a gate hewn from gnarled oak logs, the dead pair meet a little old man, who is referred to as the Herdsman, the Gatekeeper, the Guardian, Pop, the Old Man, the Watchman, Uncle Charlie, or the Wanderer. *He* knows his visitors are goners, even if they don't, and for the better part of an hour he speaks gently to them in parables and prepares them for their final journey. A spimsey usually concludes with the two dead people disappearing into a cloud or over a hill, and a final shot of the Wanderer conversing with a blue jay.



To come back—and a long way back it is—to "The Little Minister," it had its share of whimsey and its share of spirituality, but the whimsey was genuine Barrie and the spirituality had an honest human touch. Tom Drake, as the Little Minister, gave as good a performance as I have seen on television. As the spiritual leader of the Scotch village of Thrums, circa 1830, he seemed to me to have not only a perfect burr but a firm grasp of his role. In less capable hands, the Little Minister might well have been a monstrous prig. Mr. Drake played the part with extreme good humor and with that indefinable extra dimension—almost as though he, as the Little Minister, were standing aside and critically observing the Little Minister—that is one mark of fine acting. Frances Reid was appealing as Lady Barbara, the celebrated Maude Adams role, if not quite so breathtakingly supernal as my mother, for one, claims Miss Adams was. Ian Keith, as Lord Rintoul, had all the blustery inflections that you would expect from a wicked millowner, and George Matthews distinguished himself as a noisy, bullying villager who, until the arrival of the Little Minister, had a certain attachment to the bottle. A fairly large supporting cast rent the night air with their burrs, but they were stouthearted fellows, one and all, and a pleasure to watch. Nancy Moore's adaptation was brisk, intelligent, and in the proper key; Marc Daniels' direction made exceptionally flexible use of the cameras; and Samuel Leve's sets were excellent.

WELL, sir, Bob Hope finally took the big leap into television, appearing late Easter afternoon in a marathon variety show that ambled along for ninety minutes and featured Beatrice Lillie, Dinah Shore, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. By the end of the session, I felt somewhat sorry for Hope. The poor fellow tried so hard to impress upon the audience that it was witnessing a historic occasion—i.e., Hope's first television appearance—that my anger at his presumption turned to pity. The more Hope pointed his finger at me and told me what a lucky fellow I was to be watching him, and the more he implied that Easter Sunday, 1950, would go down in the schoolbooks as The Day Bob Hope Stepped Before a Television Camera, the more I found myself lamenting what has happened to comedy and to comedians. When I was a boy, comedians would come out on the stage, do their turn, and go away. They might hold up a hand to stop the applause, congratulate the orchestra leader, and say they were glad to be back in good old Wheeling, but they never devoted ninety per cent of their act to one long toot on their own whistle. On Easter Sunday, Miss Lillie saved the show—for me, at least—merely by singing "Paree." ("I love Paree; I love les garçons, les gendarmes, les misérables," etc.) I'd be happier about having a television set in the house if Miss Lillie would promise to sing "Paree" at regular intervals.

A YOUNG comedian called Alan Young has an engaging new program, visible on Thursday evenings at nine over C.B.S. Mr. Young may not be a great clown, but he exhibits certain qualities that the great clowns have, so there is hope for him. For one thing, he has a first-class sense of timing. The other night, he turned up as an incompetent workman on a building project—all hands, feet, and confusion. He muffed every task assigned to him, including hoisting a huge bathtub up a ladder. It was a sketch of a traditional type, with one predictable and ridiculous event following another, but Young swept through it with grace and precision. For another thing, his humor arises from whatever situation he happens to be in, and not from a series of jokes out of the gag file. For still another, he has a perpetually drawn and pained expression, as though the world were too much with him, and this makes his hapless exploits funny in a semi-Chaplinesque way. A week or two ago, as I watched Mr. Young, I laughed almost continuously, and that's quite an experience these days.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

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IT'S ABOUT TIME DEPARTMENT

[*From an A.P. wire to the Redding (Calif.) Record-Searchlight*]

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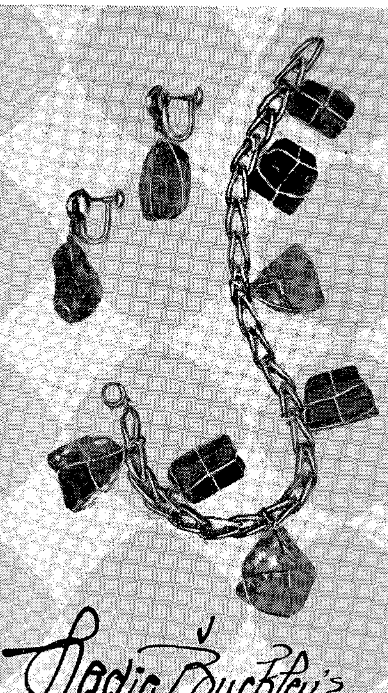

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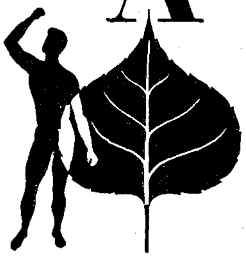

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THE RACE TRACK

One to Go

HAVING been one of the first to wave a small flag for Hill Prince—and flag-waving is not a customary diversion of this department—I was especially gratified to see him win the Wood Memorial Stakes at Jamaica last weekend. I fancy there are no longer any doubts about his ability to do something more than sprint, for after polishing off Middleground, Ferd, Next Move, and seven more of the better three-year-olds at a mile and a sixteenth, he went on, beyond the finish line, to the mile-and-a-quarter mark in 2:02⅖, which is as fast as they run in a good many Kentucky Derbies. It's only fair to say that Hill Prince had a lot more luck last Saturday than he had in the Experimental Free Handicap No. 2 a fortnight ago. He didn't have much racing room at the start and was last but one around the first turn, but he settled down quickly, found several narrow openings along the rails and popped through them, and caught the leaders a couple of furlongs from home. The rest was easy. For the record, it was Hill Prince's second victory in three starts this season, and his share of the purse was $34,500.

So far this season, Middleground has done nothing but finish second. You must not hastily assume, however, that this is likely to become a habit. Early last week, My Request had to run a mile in 1:36 to beat him. (What price My Request for the Gallant Fox Handicap on Saturday?) Also, had Middleground drawn a post position near the rails instead of the one farthest from them, Hill Prince might not have won quite as easily as he did. If you ask me, Boland handled Middleground well. True, Next Move carried Middleground and Ferd wide at the stretch turn, but there was nothing Boland could do about that. I daresay the horseplayers who back all his mounts—and he has a sizable following—didn't mind too much. He rode four winners that afternoon, which was one more than Arcaro rode.

NO matter what happens in this week's Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland—or, for that matter, in the Derby Trial at Louisville—a pretty definite prophecy can be made about Your Host. As you've probably heard, he ran seven furlongs in 1:22⅖ at Keeneland the other afternoon. Horses have run faster in California and at the Chicago tracks, where time is something of a fetish, but that's still nice going. Coaltown at his best never showed such speed over the Keeneland track. According to the charts, Your Host did the first quarter in 0:22⅗, the half in 0:45, and six furlongs in 1:09⅗, and after that sailed along gaily lengths ahead of Mr. Trouble, Theory, Oil Capitol, Wisconsin Boy, and four colts you'll probably never hear of again. I'm told that Your Host has more speed than stamina. I wouldn't know. But I venture to say that he is going to make it hot for a lot of colts as far as he goes in the Derby.

I've never seen Your Host, but from all accounts he isn't a big colt (he's about the same size as Middleground), stands very straight, with his head high, and has an odd little crick in his neck—the result of an injury when he was a suckling. Longden, who has ridden him in most of his races, says he runs like Count Fleet, which ought to be recommendation enough for anybody. (Some of my speed-chart friends still insist that Count Fleet was better than Citation.) Your Host has four white feet, and stockings to match. A man who saw him race at Santa Anita tells me that when he runs, he moves his feet so fast that they look just like white rabbits jumping over a low fence. Trainers view horses who have four white feet with disfavor. As a rule, they say, animals with such markings have weak ankles and sore feet. There's an old English jingle about it that goes like this:

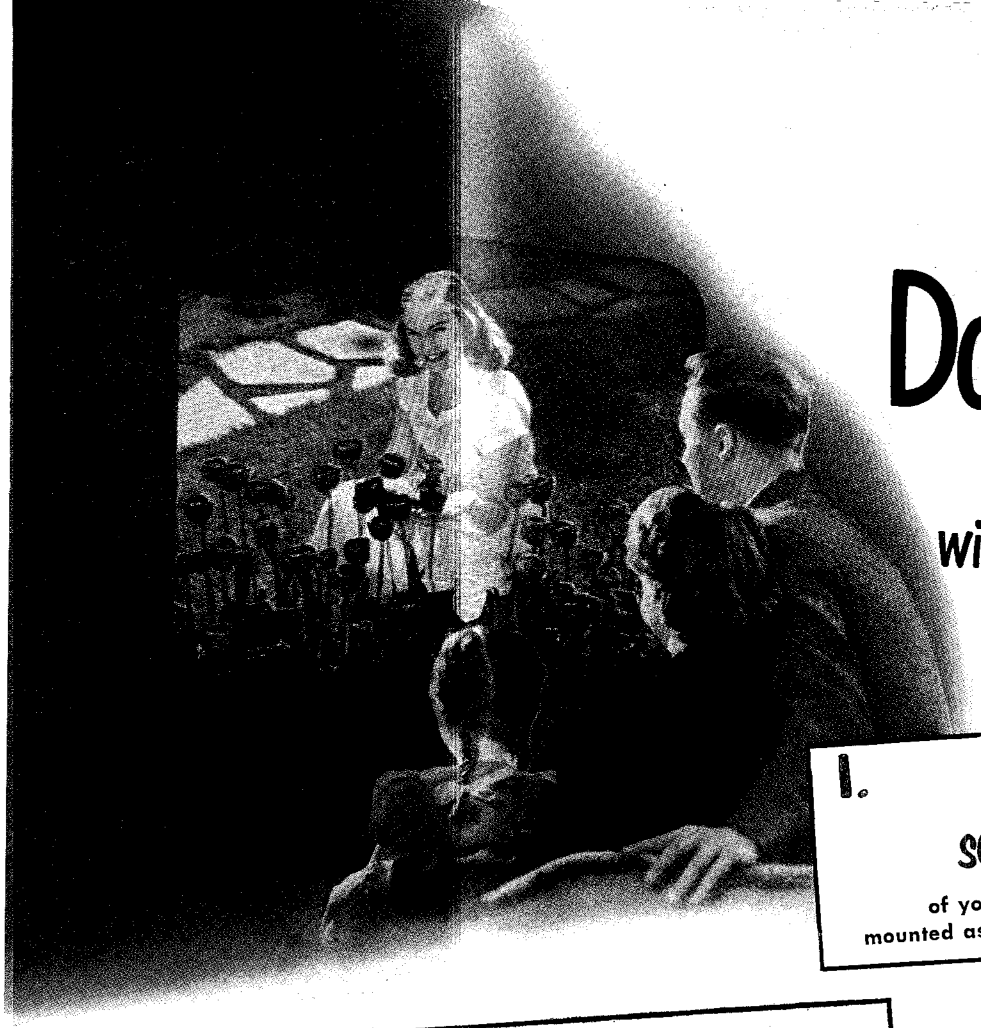
One white foot, ride him for your life.
Two white feet, give him to your wife.
Three white feet, give him to your man.
Four white feet, sell him—if you can!

—AUDAX MINOR

•

> Concerning this general meaning there can be, I think, little dispute. Most will also agree that the play is fascinating to read as well as to see on the stage. It is written in verse so easy most of the time that it is only barely above the level of prose. The surface meaning is always perfectly clear though the quence and sometimes coruscate quence and sometimes corruscate slyly.—*Review, by Joseph Wood Krutch, of "The Cocktail Party" in the Herald Tribune book section.*

The hell with the surface. Let's get down under!



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THE REAL READER'S DIGEST

WHEN I hear someone mention *Reader's Digest*, or see the words in print, my first association is not with Pleasantville and portentous pocket magazines. Instead, I think of a thumbed and shabby book called "Reader's Digest of Books," which I have had in my possession for a dozen years. It runs to fourteen hundred pages and is intended to contain abridgments of all the world's greatest literature from pre-Biblical times to Heywood Broun, Sinclair Lewis, and George S. Kaufman. For me, it is the real Reader's Digest. The first edition of "Reader's Digest of Books" was published in 1896. I have never seen that work, and know of its existence only through the copyright note on the back of the title page of my version, which was issued in 1936 under the authorship of Helen Rex Keller (not to be confused with the celebrated Helen Keller), who apparently dug in and rewrote the entire 1896 text (the writing seems to me to be unmistakably of one style throughout) before tackling the literature that had accumulated in the intervening forty years. Condensation—intense, fantastic condensation—is, of course, the keynote of the volume. For example, Romain Rolland's "Jean-Christophe," originally a ten-volume novel, is epitomized in thirty-two lines of type. The effect of this sort of compression, often, is to make the reader feel as if he were leaning out of the cockpit of a jet plane trying for a record. Hold on to your hat and try the following synopsis of "If Winter Comes," a best-seller of the early twenties:

> Mark Sabre, lovable, sensitive, unconventional, has the capacity for seeing the other person's point of view clearly and even sympathetically, which enables him to understand Nona, the girl he loves when she marries the brilliant, handsome Lord Tybar, as graceless as he is fascinating, and to make excuses for Mabel, the woman he marries, a model housewife, but convention-ridden, mean, without humor, and a snob. She grows to hate Mark because she cannot follow his mind, his humor seeming to her sarcasm. She objects to his whimsical nicknames for the servants, the tall Rebecca Jinks, and the short Sarah, as High Jinks and Low Jinks. Mark, with his temperament, should have derived amusement from detached contemplation of life, instead of allowing his kind heart to involve him in the muddled affairs of others. He goes to the War and returns with his health broken, and a shattered leg, and is badly treated by his business firm. He befriends Effie, with her war baby, which gives Mabel the opportunity to blacken his character and sue for divorce. The young girl

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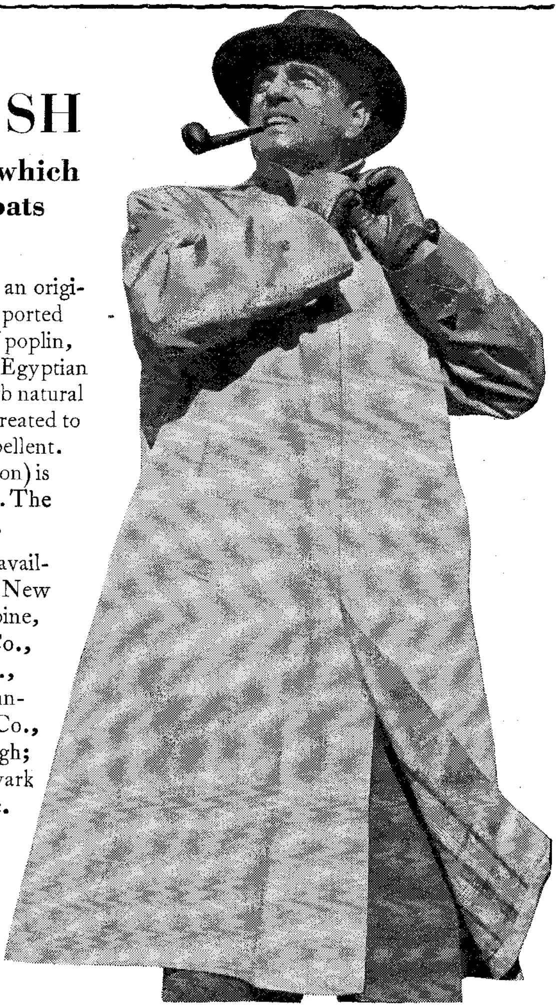

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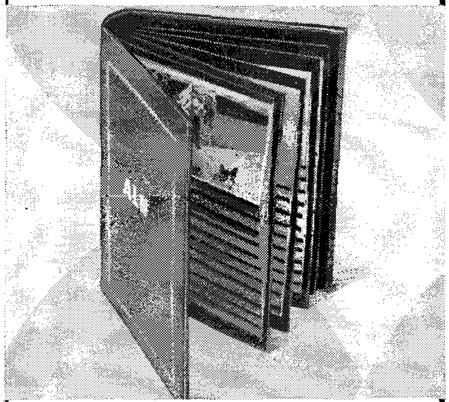

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he takes into his home at the cost of ostracism, kills herself and the baby, and his former partner, Twyning, whose son is really the father of the child, manages to get Mark accused of the murder. Mark, acquitted by the court with censure of his conduct, has a hemorrhage of the brain. His real mate, Nona, a widow, comes to take care of him, and the tardy spring is not far behind at the end of the story, though he has destroyed Effie's letter which would have publicly cleared his good name, out of sympathy for the bereaved father when Harold Twyning is killed in France.

Whew!

IN spite of the extreme necessity of conserving space, Miss Keller finds room for a considerable amount of criticism as she goes along, sometimes expressing strong, if not always completely lucid, opinions about the authors and their works. For example, she follows up her abridgment of "Captains Courageous" with the following observation:

> This simple story is told with a directness and clarity characteristic of Kipling, who appears so little in the pages of this book that they might be leaves from life itself. The strength and charm of the story lies in its rare detachment from the shackles of the author's personality, and in its intrinsic morality.

What's Miss Keller up to here? She starts out by throwing a bouquet, and then seems to be saying that the injection of Kipling's personality would have spoiled the book, with what may be construed as an implication that it is unusual for Kipling to have intrinsic morality.

Condensation notwithstanding, Miss Keller manages to handle throughout a style that is both florid and realistic, and sometimes the morals of the characters she has to deal with lead her to exhibit a curious equivocality—as, for instance, in her characterization of Marie Faite-en-Fer, the heroine of "Under the Tricolor," by Pierre Mille:

> . . . the mistress of a French garrison. She survives the climate, nurses the soldiers through an epidemic, and is tender mother of the regiment, possessing all the virtues save one.

Without having read the book, I *think* I know what that one is.

Sometimes, I suspect, Miss Keller got bored and, wanting a little relaxation, wrote a parody. Her synopsis of Chekhov's "Terror" sounds like a Stephen Leacock burlesque of all Russian writers:

> The writer tells of Dmitri Petrovitch Silin, whom he likes and whose philosophy he enjoys, but whose protestations of friendship embarrass him. He visits him often at his farm and is much attracted by the beauty of Silin's wife, but is not in love

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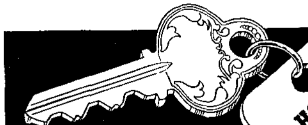

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with her. One evening Dmitri Petrovitch pours out to him all his inner terror and incomprehension of life. His supposed friend listens only to the fact that Silin's wife does not love her husband. That night he makes advances to the wife, who spends the night with him. In the morning he goes away forever, asking himself, "Why have I done this?" [End of synopsis.]

Unfortunately, much as I love this Reader's Digest, it is my duty to report that it contains some quite fancy errors—surprisingly few, perhaps, considering the amount of material it contains, but still gaping pitfalls into which a number of writers (mostly book reviewers who don't bother to go to the Public Library to check on old books they are mentioning) tumble headlong. For what it's worth, I will mention some of them. In "The Count of Monte Cristo," the hero, Edmond Dantès, is called Edward Dantès. The French writing team of Erckmann-Chatrian turns up "Erckmann-Chatrain." In "A Tale of Two Cities," Sydney Carton is "Sidney." Henry James's "The Wings of the Dove" comes out "The Wings of a Dove," and "The Constant Nymph" "A Constant Nymph." I guess the worst lapse is calling Macduff the King's son in "Macbeth."

Despite errors, style, condensation, and so forth, "Reader's Digest of Books" is a great work. It is vastly useful as a reference book, and, more important than that, it saves ordinary readers any amount of trouble and ennui. In a staggering number of instances, the reader, after having run through one of the synopses, finds himself saying, "Well, thank God for this! Otherwise, I might have bought the lousy book and tried to read it."

That's what I call a real Reader's Digest. —FREDERICK PACKARD

•

Following a gala trip up New York Harbor, three Canadian Navy vessels led by the light aircraft carrier Magnificent, today tied up at Pier 26, Beach St. and the Hudson River.

Their arrival, greeted with a 21⅜ gun salute from Governors Island.—*The World Telegram & Sun.*

It must have been that name—Magnificent.

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[*From the University of Michigan Daily*]

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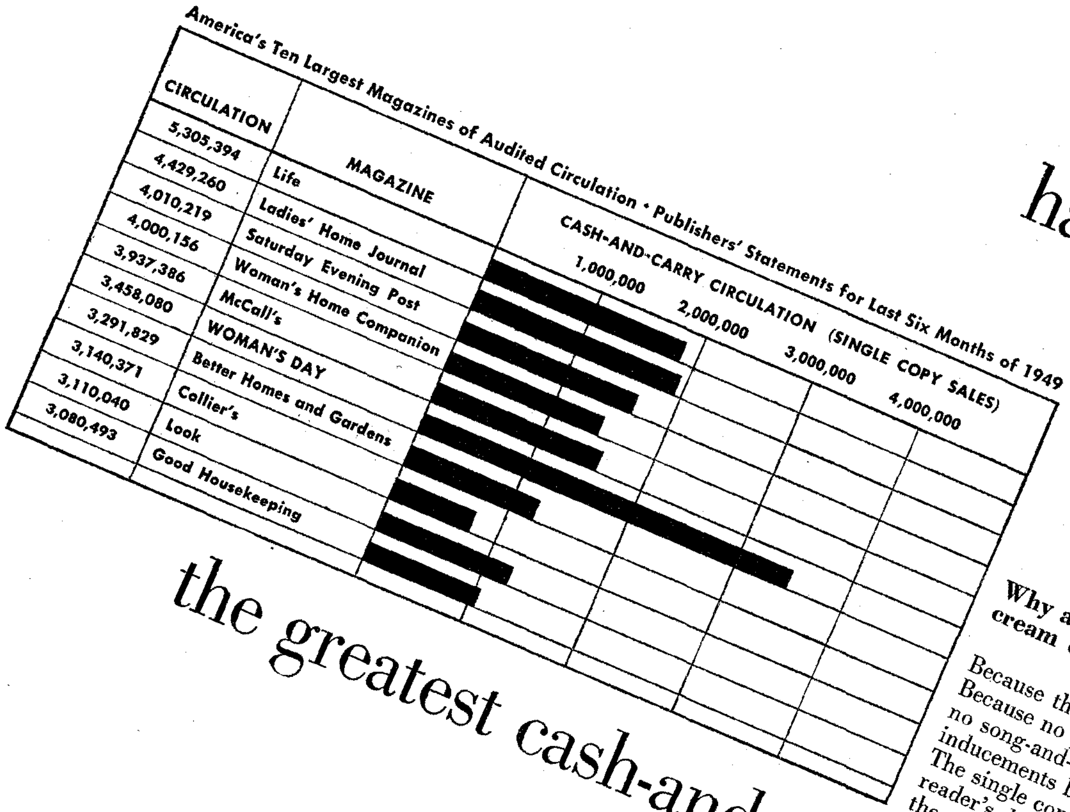

CIRCULATION	MAGAZINE
5,305,394	Life
4,429,260	Ladies' Home Journal
4,010,219	Saturday Evening Post
4,000,156	Woman's Home Companion
3,937,386	McCall's
3,458,080	WOMAN'S DAY
3,291,829	Better Homes and Gardens
3,140,371	Collier's
3,110,040	Look
3,080,493	Good Housekeeping

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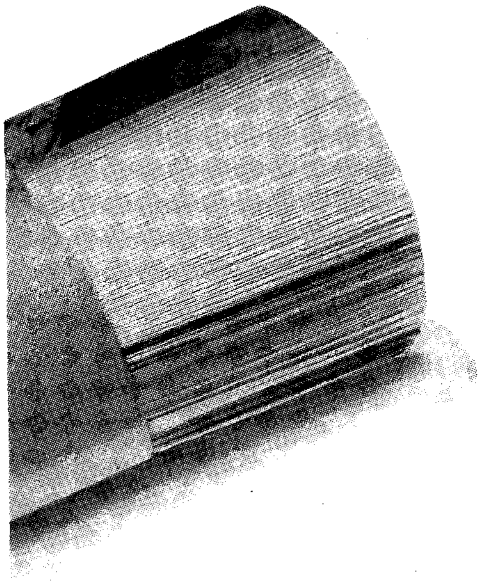

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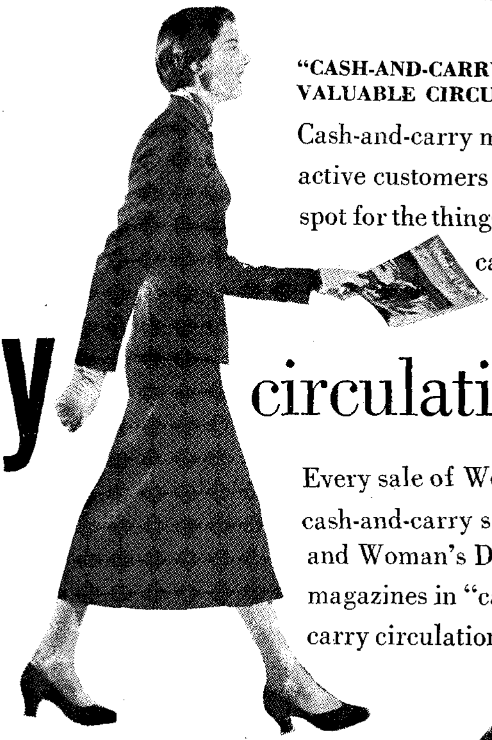

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A STATEMENT from CLIFF McMILLEN

LAST week we endorsed the Christopher Fry production at the Fulton Theatre. The endorsement still holds. Getting back to discussing insurance protection and reducing costs, here are some ways to do it:

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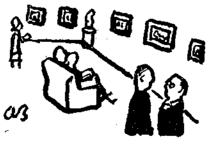

PARIS is still the art center of the world, in point, at least, of the number and variety of exhibitions it offers. *Arts*, a weekly French publication dealing with the arts, regularly lists anywhere from forty to fifty gallery openings, as compared with an average of perhaps twenty-five a week here, and a dozen or more museum affairs, in contrast to the scant five or six to be found in New York. Yet, in spite of all this activity, we know remarkably little in this country of what is going on in contemporary French painting. In large part, I believe, this is the dealers' fault. Rather than face the risky and expensive business of trying to promote new and unknown talents, they prefer to stick to the standbys, and the result is that we see a great deal of such men as Braque, Picasso, Matisse, Léger, Dufy, and Vlaminck and precious little of the men who have been developing in the generation or so after them.

For this reason, one welcomes the new show at the Louis Carré Gallery, where a group of paintings by six contemporary Paris artists, all more or less abstract in manner, is on view. They're not youngsters by any means (the youngest, Nicolas de Staël, is thirty-six, and Charles Lapicque, the oldest, is fifty-two, while the four other men—Jean Bazaine, Maurice Estève, Hans Hartung, and André Lanskoy—are all past the middle forties), and Estève and Lapicque, at least, have achieved substantial reputations in Europe. None of them is at all well known here, and since their styles vary considerably, the exhibit offers a fairly good impression of what the modern French artists of mature accomplishment, if not of worldwide importance, are up to.

I liked the work of Hartung and Bazaine the best, and that by Estève and Lapicque almost as well. The four de Staëls, which are painted in a thick impasto, seemed strident in color and (except for the striking and successful "Lightning") somewhat formless as well, as did the Lanskoys. Estève, on the other hand, reveals far more structural sense. Cézanne was in some degree his model, and the earliest Estève in the collection, "Still Life with Small Jug," dated 1942, is a curious but effective mixture of post-Impressionist calmness of design and vehemently Fauve coloration. In his later work, however, the approach is more definitely abstract, and though the color is still frequently fanciful and arbitrary, in the best Fauve tradition (see the ochre-and-red "Pruned Tree," which suggests the Brittany paintings of Gauguin), his design becomes simpler and more massive and his canvases more compactly organized. I liked especially "Cabin on a Hill," with its sunny illumination, and the darker, more complex "Interior with Window."

In general, one gets from this exhibition the feeling that, unlike the American moderns, who seem to use abstraction principally as a point of departure for further experiments, these French artists are going back to the beginnings of the abstract school, to post-Impressionism, Fauvism, and Cubism, and starting their studies all over again from there. This, although it sometimes produces a suggestion of repetitiousness in their present work, may lead to some interesting discoveries about the possibilities of the technique. Thus, while Estève seeks new applications of Fauvist theory, Lapicque seems to have returned to the broken contours and "explosive" style of Delaunay and Metzinger—and possibly beyond them, to the Futurists—and Bazaine shows the influence of such more romantic early members of the movement as de la Fresnaye and Lurçat.

Bazaine, with his fondness for bright colors and kaleidoscopic patterns, is the most immediately effective of the lot, and though he tends at times toward the merely contrived and the superficially adroit, as in "Evening Toilette," there are others of his canvases, among them the glitteringly green-and-yellow "Child of Dawn" and the sinuously designed "Tree and Plain at Sunset," that reveal a compositional feeling as strong as it is purposeful. Of the group, I thought Hartung the most original, and his work, calligraphic in style, has a rhythmic freedom and bold freshness of attack that give it peculiar attractiveness. I particularly liked his "Painting, 1948," numbered 13 in the catalogue, with its green-and-brown background and lacy pattern, and his more broadly handled gray-and-black "Painting, 1950."

DAVID SMITH is having, at the Willard Gallery, the first exhibition of his abstract sculptures in three years. Smith has always been a deeply imaginative and thoughtful artist, with a

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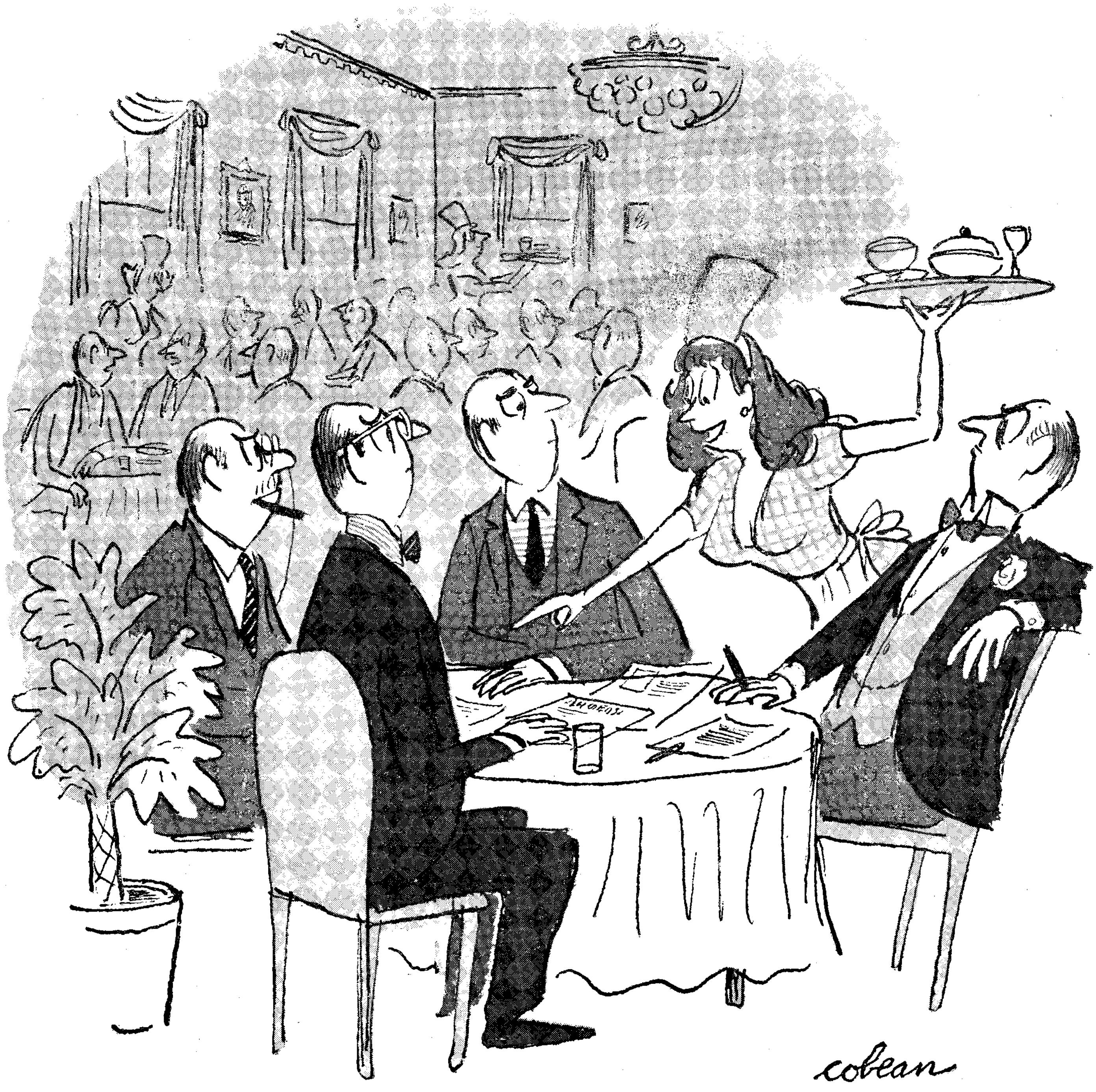

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pronounced ability to clothe fairly complex philosophic ideas in artistically expressive symbols, and his work has advanced considerably in richness and power, if not always in communicability, since his last showing. A half dozen of the new pieces comprise what he calls his "royal" series, in which he tries to express, with the eagle as the central symbol, both the outer pomps and the inner weaknesses of absolute power. Perhaps because he is trying to express too much in too compact a fashion, these seemed to be a bit uneven. "Structure," which he subtitles "—Of a Small Concept Possessing Big Power," is little more than a diagrammatic presentation of the idea on which it is based, and "The Eagle's Lair," though it is far more persuasive artistically, still suffers from the ideological load it is made to carry. "The Royal Bird," however, is an impressive creation, beautifully balanced in structure, its symbolic features handsomely integrated with the artistic whole, and "The Royal Incubator," with its egg and bird in an eyrie, has some wry touches that give it a good deal of ironic charm. The remainder of the work on view is less directly philosophic in purpose, and for that reason is more easily enjoyed. "Blackburn—Song of an Irish Blacksmith," though a trifle obscure, is massive and vigorous, and in "The Maiden's Dream—Variation," with its weblike, ballooning forms, Smith makes it plain that he can handle delicate imagery with grace and skill. I liked, too, "Beach Scene," an attempt to embody the feeling of landscape in sculpture.

—Robert M. Coates

•

CHINESE BOX

The box is large,
  But lift the lid;
Inside, a smaller
  Box is hid.

Box within box:
  Each box provides
Compacter boxes,
  Where meaning hides.

The trick must end.
  What secret mocks,
Lurking to spring
  From the inmost box?

What do the years
  At last conceal
In a box of wood,
  Narrow and still?

—Louis Ginsberg

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

THIS AND THAT

IT'S not easy this year to get away from clothes of French derivation. Now Macy's Little Shop has copies of dresses in the new Paris collections at prices ranging from $22.95 to $127. They are all short and all meant for afternoon or dinner; according to our informant at Macy, the New York hemlines are thirteen or fourteen inches from the floor, but in Paris they're wearing them shorter.

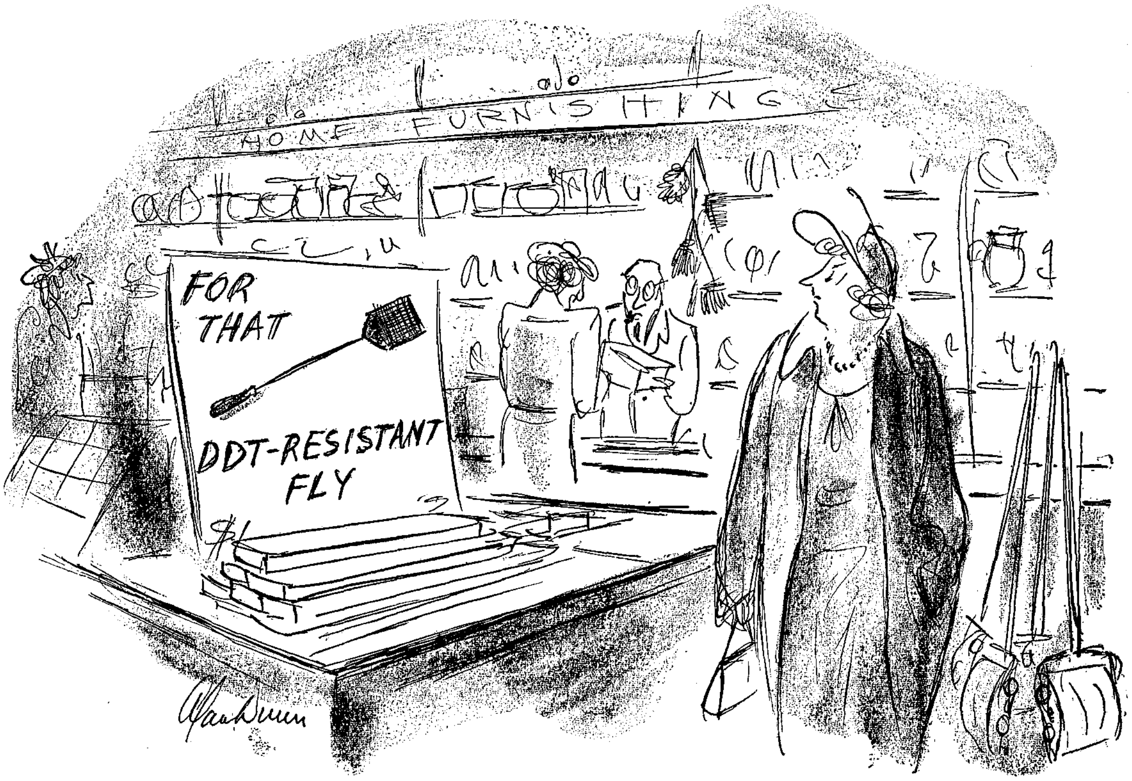
To begin with, Carpentier's black or navy taffeta has a fitted bodice, a skirt cut on the bias across the front and pleated loosely at the back, and separate long white organdie sleeves that are anchored by elastic at the top and can be pushed up to make enormous, billowy cuffs at the elbows. Balmain's shirtwaist dress, of pleated black rayon tulle that is vertically striped with narrow bands of black ribbon, has bishop sleeves that assume really huge proportions when pushed up to the elbows. Dessès is the ancestor of a marvellously effective pleated two-piece ensemble of black chiffon, backed with coffee chiffon, over a slip of dark-brown rayon taffeta that makes the dress all shades of coffee as you move around and that glimmers cheerfully beneath the top, which has lantern sleeves and is very blousy. The dress, a well-cut sheath with wide shoulder straps, could be worn without the top if you were in the mood.

Balenciaga's black or navy rayon sheer has a décolletage that is high and round in front, low and oval in back. The sleeves are short and the skirt is swishy and knife-pleated. A separate small shoulder cape, also pleated, covers up your bareness in case you want to dash around in public before dinner. The most elaborate dress in the collection is Robert Piguet's black or navy taffeta for evening. This has a draped bosom, a halter neckline, minute off-shoulder sleeves, and a skirt that dips suddenly at one side. To convert this dress into another one, just wrap that dipping bit of skirt around your back, catch it up under your belt in front, and you have a dress with a narrow silhouette. A separate waist-length cape of white piqué protects its owner from rude stares while she waits for a taxi. Landowska's taffetized shantung, in such bright hues as tangerine and royal blue, is equipped with shirred wing sleeves, a V neckline, and two long twisted scarf ends that crisscross over the bosom and tie around the waist—a wonderful throwback to the Vionnet silhouette of years ago.

SO much, this week, for our debt to the French. Domestic talent, too, is burgeoning all around us. Martha Matzner, at 524 Madison Avenue (54th), has an excellent group of summer dresses designed in her own workrooms. For town or country, there's a two-piece cotton in powder blue or deep coral, printed with random black leaves, and made with an easy bateau neckline and a pretty, softly pleated skirt. A princesse dress in white surah, with coin-size dots of navy blue or brown, has a plain tailored collar and unpressed pleats in the skirt. Her afternoon dresses are of light or dark crêpe de Chine, the neckline straight across the front and dropping in a low V in back. There are small, neat cap sleeves, and pleats down the front of the skirt. The dresses mentioned range from $59.95 to $139, and must be ordered two weeks before you want to wear them.

Among Martha Matzner's other exhibits, meaning the dresses that aren't of her invention, you'll find a lavender blouse of chambray with a tidy turnover collar and patch pockets, designed to be worn with a pleated skirt of deep-purple chambray. If you like, a belt of salmon surah will be added. A camisole blouse in a black or yellow cotton as shiny as upholstery satin has a circular skirt to match or contrast, as you wish. The blouse ties over the shoulders with narrow strings. Prices in this department run between $5.95 and $12.95.

THINGS UNLIMITED, at 103 Waverly Place, is a tiny English basement stocked mostly with stuff thought up on the premises, in sizes 10 to 16. One blouse, in white, gray, eggshell, beige, or powder-blue taffeta, has a furiously plunging neckline, cap sleeves, and a velvet drawstring at the waist; $18.50. Another, a Beau Brummell blouse with long raglan sleeves and crocheted buttons, appears in the same material and colors; $25. A sleeveless linen blouse, exactly right with any summer skirt, has a tucked



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your summer costumes.

Natural mesh sandals, **12.95**
Natural linen handbag, **10.95**
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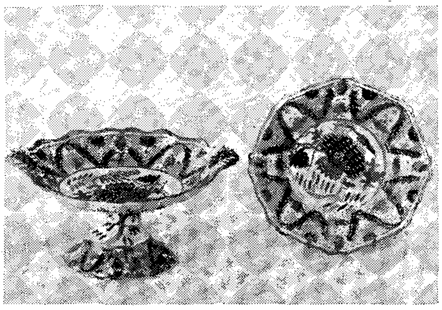
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

Old Derby
Dessert Service



This magnificent porcelain service, circa 1815, consists of 12 plates, 2 shell dishes, and centerpiece. Especially noteworthy for the splendour of its coloring — brilliant blue, brick red and rich gold on white background. $350.

James Robinson INC.
716 FIFTH AVE., AT 56TH ST., N. Y. 19
Antique English Silver and China Reproductions

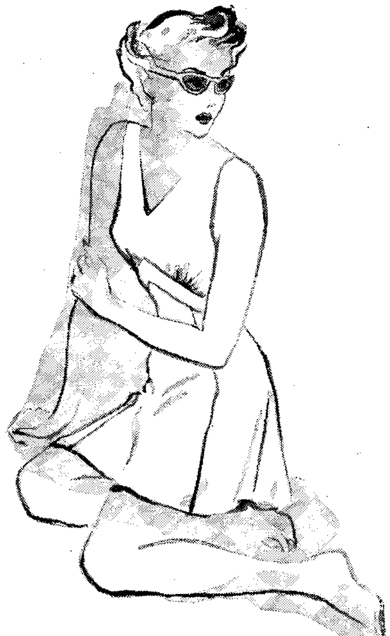
yoke and is done in black, white, and some colors; $11.95.

For late spring and the cooler summer days, this shop likes elbow-length capes. These are most successful in a pale wool. Matching skirts are straight across the front but have a certain amount of fullness in back, for walkers. Any combination of cape and skirt is $39.95. If your favorite color is temporarily out, or if your size is missing, be prepared to wait two weeks. As in many Village establishments, the hours are handy—11 A.M. to 9 P.M., Monday through Saturday.

FOR Mexican trappings that are resolutely unarty, there's Fred Leighton, at 15 East 8th Street. A glittering collection of hand-painted cotton skirts—all one of a kind and decorated with everything from fighting cocks to horses eying cocktail glasses—ranges from $28.50 to $39.50. Solid-color hand-painted cotton blouses, some décolleté, some with mandarin collars and centavos for buttons, are $8.95. Crinkly two-piece cotton dresses from New Mexico come in amethyst, rust, aquamarine, or chartreuse. They smack a bit of fancy dress, which isn't surprising, because they are copied from the clothes worn by Navajo Indian women, but they are charming, and perfect for the country. The pull-over dolman tops have small folded collars and are slashed in a V in front; the skirts are full and graceful, and bordered with a deep ruffle. An ensemble is $24.75. Hand-painted cotton espadrilles, for around the house, Jones Beach, or the desert (well, why not try a desert?), have thick, crocheted ixtle soles (ixtle is Mexican sisal, whatever Mexican sisal is) and cost $3.75. Palm-leaf safari helmets, at $2, have single or double visors. The double visors are worn fore and aft.

BLOOMINGDALE has always had a good selection of inexpensive, nice-looking cotton skirts, but this year it's wonderful. Some are vertically striped in red, chartreuse, and jade. Others have three wide tiers in these three colors, and others are in solid colors and have deep ruffles. They cost from $5.95 to $10.95. Cotton blouses, to match or not, are $3.95, and you have a choice of a boned strapless camisole, a plain tailored pullover, or a quite décolleté blouse with a wide collar framing the bare area. Another group of blouses is of a nylon that looks like dotted swiss. Some have Peter Pan collars, dropped shoulders, and balloon sleeves; others

BERMUDA SHOP BERMUDA SHOP



Charming bathing suit
in crisp Celanese Prospector rayon. Very smart in white, navy, yellow, grey, dark green.
Sizes 14 to 20. $10.95.

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have standing collars, bow ties, and short sleeves; still others are sleeveless and low-necked, with berthas or cape collars. And all are done in white, pink, or powder blue; $5.95. At $7.95, there are matching gathered skirts for summertime, but you could wear the blouses right now with any suit or odd skirt.

OVER at 61 East 52nd Street, on the third floor, a young custom-hat designer who hides behind the name of William J. has set up shop, and his first collection is large and lively and hints at nicely tempered originality. His red-and-green plaid gingham sailor has a duckbill brim faced with dark-green velvet, and a ring of white daisies runs around the low crown. You're supposed to wear it straight, according to the designer, but once outside his shop you're on your own. Green leaves grow out of the top of another cheerful creation, a bold-red rough-straw cap shaped like an apple. It's to be worn tipped well back. For suits, there's a deep cloche in red ballibuntl, covered with a navy straw mesh that looks like veiling but does not wilt, and, for romantic women of all ages, a large white tricorne in ballibuntl, faced with black velvet and endowed with a lot of dash.

Mr. J. likes something big, black, and dramatic on your head at cocktails and on into the evening. He has a very imperious felt, shaped like an artist's palette, that soars high at the right, spreads wide at the left, shading the shoulder, and has a doll-size crown banded with grosgrain ribbon. It is a fine, chancy, spirited job. Another dramatic business, in a very different vein, is a lacy black horsehair, with a thundering big velvet pussycat bow across the front, and a wavy brim faced with eight tissuey layers of malines.

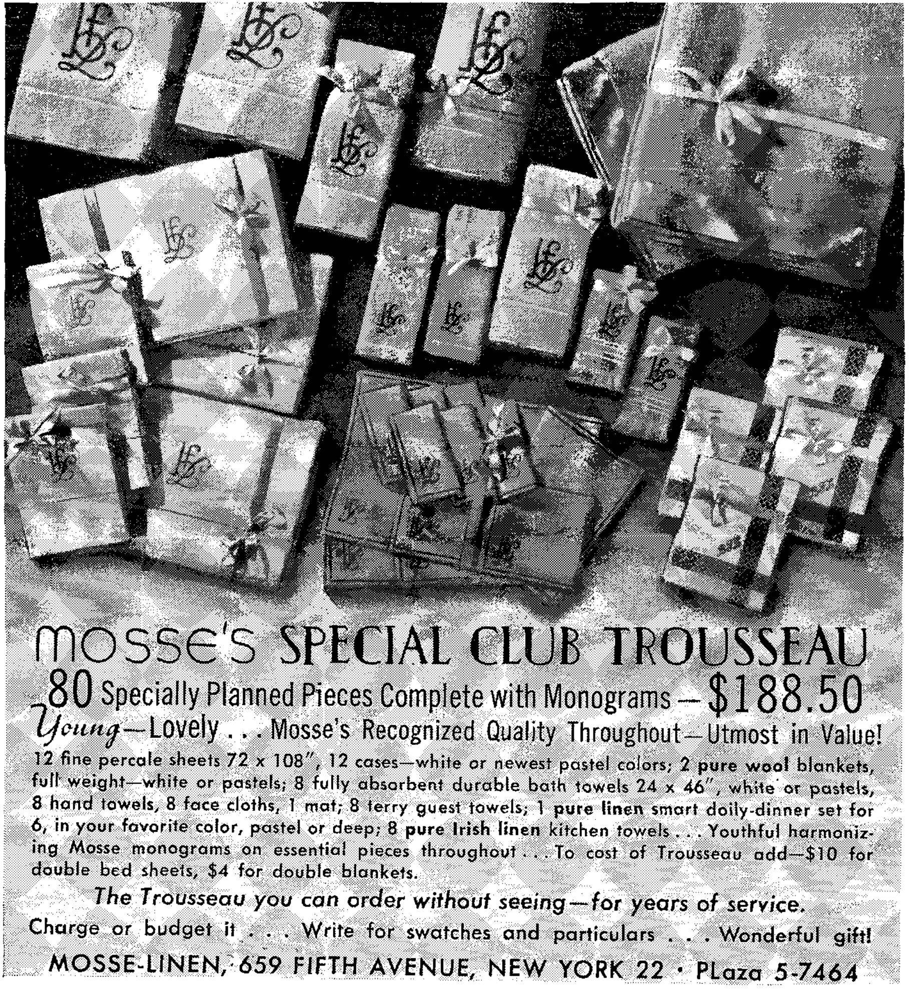
Some small, pretty, young-girl hats could be worn by bridesmaids or on very dressed-up occasions. A crisp, embroidered organdie cloche is given a single spray of fruit or flowers to bring it to life; a shallow Dutch cap is splashed with forget-me-nots and green velvet leaves at each side; a frosty organdie

"For me alone"

Exclusive Dine-at-Home Two-piece...
composed of emerald or coral
silk shantung blouse and wide white
cotton skirt splashed with hand-
painted flowers. Vibrant as a
tropical garden...
sizes 10 to 18...$115.

At-Home Fashions, third floor.

Henri Bendel
10 WEST 57
NEW YORK 19 NY



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Young—Lovely . . . Mosse's Recognized Quality Throughout—Utmost in Value!

12 fine percale sheets 72 x 108", 12 cases—white or newest pastel colors; 2 pure wool blankets, full weight—white or pastels; 8 fully absorbent durable bath towels 24 x 46", white or pastels, 8 hand towels, 8 face cloths, 1 mat; 8 terry guest towels; 1 pure linen smart doily-dinner set for 6, in your favorite color, pastel or deep; 8 pure Irish linen kitchen towels . . . Youthful harmonizing Mosse monograms on essential pieces throughout . . . To cost of Trousseau add—$10 for double bed sheets, $4 for double blankets.

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3 SHOWS NIGHTLY
AT 8, 12 & 2 A.M.

helmet, trimmed with pink rosebuds, looks like a delectable birthday cake. Mr. J.'s prices range between $25 and $60.

JOLIE GABOR, at 699 Madison Avenue (62nd), is a gay little repository of cultured pearls and up-to-date jewelry. The simplest pearl necklace costs $46.80. A more impressive one—say, a double-strand choker with clasps of cabochon emeralds and tourmalines—runs to $200. Earrings of the same stones are $100, showy, good-looking clip pins scattered with pearls and emeralds are $78. Thick cluster earrings that might be mistaken for old jewelry left over from the great days at a vanished court are set with imitation square-cut emeralds, outlined with rhinestones, and topped off (or bottomed off) with large pearl pendants. These are $90 and $180, according to size. Gold-plated rooster pins with ruby eyes and fat pearl bodies are $6; bees with amethyst heads, topaz middles, and gold-plated filigree wings are $18. All prices include the luxury tax.

GIVEN two or three weeks' notice, L'Atelier Chic, a small, quiet, and unassuming establishment on the sixth floor at 10 East 46th Street, makes simple, well-bred children's clothes in stock sizes from 1 to 14. With an eye to the future, it makes hems and seams that are good and wide. In the smaller sizes, there are plaid chambray dresses with panels of pleats at the sides, and others of white Swiss batiste sprigged with red mushrooms and blue butterflies—enough to interest almost any little girl. Then, there are pretty muslins, printed with green-and-white parsley, that have realistic red strawberries caught here and there in their green pipings. Silk party dresses, printed with baby dolls, are given miniature cape collars, prim basque bodices, and full, floating skirts. A corn-colored rayon linen coat, in the royal English manner, has a pongee lining and big pearl buttons. Prices start at $12.75 and go up to $29. If your child is hard to fit, L'Atelier will make anything in the shop to her measure for a small additional fee.

ODDS AND ENDS: Mark Cross has brought together a good collection of natural toyo-straw handbags, lined with red, green, or ginger calfskin, in every shape you can think of, from simple envelopes to roomy satchels. They cost from $15 to $22.50, including the luxury tax, as well as your name or initials stamped in gilt. . . .

only $24.95

and it's Shantung!

Write for Free Fashion Flashes

Did YOU know Peg Newton's Tall Gal clothes are all designed and made in her own fabulous studio? No assembly line at Peg's . . . but a shopful of ORIGINALS! Hence this rayon shantung at only $24.95 . . . with 4-pocket detail, inverted-pleat skirt, even covered buttons, sure sign of custom-tailoring. Black, navy, green, blue.

ORDER BY MAIL, fitting's perfect in sizes 12 to 20 T.G. (Tall Gal proportioned).

TALL GALS
PEG NEWTON
Tall Gals' Haven
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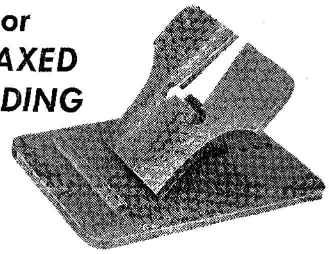

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PERHAM
PORTRAITS
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Bendel is the sponsor of a fragrant liquid soap called Laundel, which does a quick job on blouses, lingerie, stockings, and such stuff. You get a big bowlful of suds from just a trickle of the liquid, but be sure to rinse your things thoroughly in clear, cool water. Remember it when you go travelling, because it comes in unspillable glass bottles, and lathers, they say, in the most uncoöperative water. . . . For cool days and Northern nights, and for next winter, too, MacDougalls of Inverness, 775 Madison Avenue (66th), turns out stunning evening skirts in twenty-five wool tartans, for $50. Three-yard stoles to match are $20. A couple of weeks is needed to fill an order. . . . Chipp, at 14 East 44th Street, makes cummerbunds in over a hundred wool tartans, and in nearly as many designs in plaid madras. Wool or madras, they're $8. There are matching neckties, which look very feminine crossed at the neck and caught with a pin; $2.50 in wool and $1.75 in madras. . . . Saks Fifth Avenue have added a Campers Shop, on the mezzanine of the annex at 14 East 50th Street. It outfits boys and girls from size 6, as well as councillors, with clothes and everything else, from Kleenex to sleeping bags. Given warning, it will even sew name tapes on, at no additional charge. —G.J.

•

MR. TYDINGS. Mr. President, I should like to call the attention of my colleagues to an amateur sporting meet which will be held in this city on April 21 next, the International Golden Gloves contest.

There will be competition between the members of the champion Washington Golden Gloves amateur boxing team and the leading amateur boxers of Europe. There will be present young men from western Europe. It has been reported that Russia has been invited to send a representative, and may do so.—*Congressional Record.*

With instructions to walk out after the third round?

•

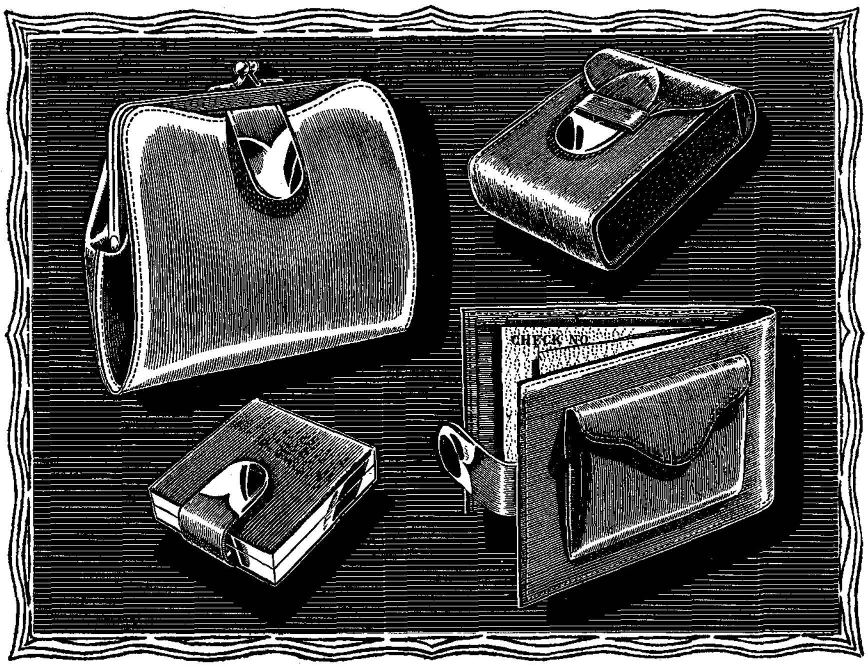
MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Oklahoma City Oklahoman*]

ST. JOSEPH, MO., April 8—(AP)—A Caldwell county census enumerator had to talk to one citizen through a closed door.

She reported to census supervisor Gus G. Hillix that when she went to the home of a widower he told her to stay in one room while he answered the questions from behind a closed door.

She came to the question: "Do you have a bathtub?"



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small treasures in leather

At America's leading stores

Exquisite matched purse accessories.

Beautifully made—perfectly matched. Illustrating only a few small treasures in leather of Bond Street design; executed in smooth calfskin; black, brown, red, green, navy. Also available in real cobra. *All clasped for engraving*

Boulevard, French purse with bill and zipper compartments . . . $7.50*

Cigaretiere, king-sized . . . $6.50, reg. size . . . $5.95

Poudriere, inner door for loose powder . . . $3.95

Petit Checkfold, holds check book, bills, cards . . . $10.50*

**Plus Fed. Tax*

For the name of store nearest you—write to Lesco, Ltd., 10 East 34 St., New York, N. Y.

BRONZINI
5 East 52nd Street, New York
our new
Peruvian Beach Towel
useful both as towel and jacket . . .
in beach-blue, grey and white
terrycloth
12.50
(for women in pastel shades)

RAWLINGS

Glamour-go-round

with ILKA CHASE

Starring for HARRIET HUBBARD AYER

STRAW IN THE WIND. What with summer close on our heels, straw accessories are back in smarter-than-ever shoes, bags and assorted bonnets. But the newest style to make a fashion splash is the straw skirt. **Sally Truex,** that cute actress who was on my TV show, has one made of supple, honey-colored straw. It swirls like a million and is smart as the proverbial whip. Definitely a fashion worth giving a whirl.

Ilka Chase

FACE SAVER. It's easy to keep your summer complexion in the pink of perfection. Make a daily habit of using Luxuria Cleansing Cream by **Harriet Hubbard Ayer.** Apply Luxuria generously on face and neck. Massage gently, then whisk it off. See how it softens sun-roughened skin—keeps your face fresh as a May morning. Only $1.00, plus tax.

SWEET 'N' SIMPLE. Whenever you douse your dainties, slosh a bit of cologne in the rinse water. The scent lingers on your lingerie ever so lightly, and makes you extra-nice to be near.

IT'S SCENT-SATIONAL. Sweet William Cologne, I mean . . . the captivating new **Harriet Hubbard Ayer** fragrance. Really a perfume-cologne, it lasts almost ad-infinitum. (Besides being the luringest scent that ever bewitched a bachelor.) $2.00, plus tax.

P. S. Sweet William Cologne has created such a stir that **Raymodes** have dedicated a series of stunning negligees to this sparkling scent. If you'd like to know where you can get these Sweet William fashions, drop me a line, c/o Harriet Hubbard Ayer, 505 Park Ave., New York 22, N. Y.

ON-STAGE. *In case you haven't seen "Glamour-go-round" on television, we'd love to have you pull up a chair and watch the goings-on. Glittering guest stars, mixed with fashion fun make for lots of merriment. Check your paper for time and channel.*

See you on TV,

(*Advertisement*)

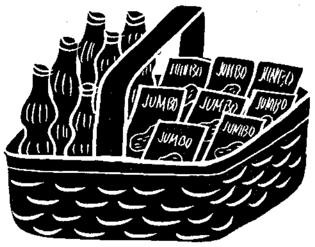
DEPARTMENT OF AMPLIFICATION

BERKELEY, CALIF.,
APRIL 10, 1950

The Editors, *The New Yorker*,
DEAR SIRS:

IT came as a considerable relief to learn from Marion Sturges-Jones' "Arrangement of Flowers," in your March 25th issue, that at least one other man—the husband in her story—is at odds with the Japanese art of flower arrangement. Unlike him, however, I had no trouble getting flowers into the house; my problem, and my wife's, too, was almost exclusively with what our Japanese servant substituted for vases. In 1946, when I began work in Japan as a censor of civilian mail, appointed under Civil Service, I naïvely considered the art of arrangement as a sort of dignified marriage of flowers and vase, but I hadn't been there long before I learned that it was a doubtful union of flowers and anything whatever that would hold water. If my wife and I hadn't left Japan when we did, after two years, I really can't say what might have happened to our household.

Yukiko was the flower arranger in our house. She was an expert at *Nageire* (this means, literally, "to throw in;" you pick up a handful of flowers, throw them in a vase, and that's all there is to it—no fair touching it up afterward), but she preferred to do formal arrangements, which took hours to produce. It came out that she had been learning the art at home and at school, studying with the silent zeal of a neophyte preparing for the vows. It was only natural, then, that for our first dinner party, soon after we began housekeeping, we should ask her to do the floral centerpiece.



Viewed from the spot in the kitchen where Yukiko stood before a table in silent pride, the arrangement of this centerpiece, even though not yet in a container, was magnificent. Using a flower holder we had brought from the States (it consisted of a round metal base with slender spikes sticking upward), she had, with the aid of a sort of scaffolding of twisted bobby pins and pieces of chopsticks, contrived a background of purple irises and, in front of it, had slanted forward a single pale-blue hydrangea adorned with deep-blue and crimson sweet peas. My wife beamed, uttering numerous approximations of appreciative Japanese exclamations for Yukiko's benefit, but when she stepped a few paces to the left and took a sight on the flowers from a new angle, her face fell. The arrangement was completely one-sided, as if to be set against a wall. If we weren't to crush Yukiko absolutely, we decided in a hasty conference in English, we would just have to aim the arrangement at the guest of honor and leave the ends and rear to practically everyone else.

Yukiko now stood in front of the dish closet. All the vases and flower bowls, of which we had a large supply, of both Western and Oriental types, were on the bottom shelf, but Yukiko's eyes ran along the uppermost shelf, where we kept nothing but an unused set of china and glassware, one of thousands that had been issued by our Army to American military and civilian families stationed in Japan. The china in this set, horrible to look upon, had been ordered by the Army from the once world-famous firm of Noritake. The pattern, doubtless the selection of some master sergeant, showed nauseous-pink roses and watery-green leaves being strangled by a geometrically complex maroon trellis. The manufacturers had refused to put their trademark on the dishes, and in each packing case had enclosed a printed notice, in passable English, apologizing for the atrocious design.

While we watched helplessly, Yukiko pulled down the gravy boat from this set and, with the concentration of an artist in a creative mood, put the flowers into it and made a few motions over them, like a woman gently fluffing up a pillow. She then carried her triumph into the dining room, setting it directly in the center of the table and facing it toward the chair *I* would be sitting in. The gravy boat stayed there, its pink roses standing out in defiance above the soft blue of the Wedgwood plates of the dinner set we had brought from home. Yukiko's genius was, of course, later complimented by all the guests, even those whose view had been limited to stems, the undersides of leaves, and the bobby-pin and chopstick skeleton work.

THE gravy boat turned up on our dinner table frequently after that. On one of its early appearances, I got up and leaned over to make sure that it contained water, not gravy, and that started us fancying that sometime the flowers would acquire gravy-colored streaks, by the process of osmosis, before we had had our dessert. It had got so it was impossible not to think of flowers absorbing gravy when, one night, my wife asked me if the Army dishes were expendable. What would happen if some of them got broken? Nothing much that I knew of, I told her, and the next time I looked into the cupboard, the gravy boat was missing.

I didn't ask any questions, nor did Yukiko, and we were all just getting into our usual undisturbed way of living again when my wife and I went in to dinner one night and were faced with some tall yellow irises sticking out of the syrup pitcher of the Army-issue set. The pitcher made subsequent appearances in the living room, the entrance hall, and even in our bedroom. There seemed no escape from the thing, until one day it, too, was missing from its place at the top of the cupboard.

I can understand now why I was so enraged by Yukiko's next innovation—floral arrangements in plain water glasses, also from the top shelf. For one thing, a couple of flowers were usually leaning out of a drinking glass on the ledge beneath the bathroom mirror I used when shaving. Below the water level, their stems were a chewed-up, mashed, and tortured-looking mass—this, according to Yukiko, to induce more water to go up into the stems and keep the blossoms fresh. On several occasions the reflection of my neck, the razor, and some blood-colored dahlias brought up a vision of a battered corpse with a slit throat, hidden in a greenhouse.

I didn't get very far with trying to bully my wife into speaking to Yukiko (after all, she countered easily, I was the one who spoke Japanese), but I noticed that the glassware, too, was disappearing from the top shelf, and I thought that what remained was lined up closer to the edge than my overly careful wife would ordinarily allow.

About the time there were only two Army-issue glasses left, I began to be a bit worried about my wife. Was she taking too much pleasure in her project of destruction? Would it stop with the dishes and glassware on the top shelf? I found myself looking at her out of the corner of my eyes every now and then to see if I could detect any signs of unbalance or emotional strain. She caught me at it several times, and I'm not too sure now that she didn't translate *my*

. . . what's she like?

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odd behavior as some incipient mental disorder.

ONE day, the last glass in the Army set was gone. For a week, nothing happened, and my wife and I felt almost secure. Then we began to find flower arrangements in some bowls from the Army set my wife had been using for bacon drippings, and in frozen-dessert molds from the top shelf. A Christmas had come and gone, leaving behind many new and, I thought when I bought them, beguiling vases, which rested knee-deep on the floor in the dish closet, all completely ignored.

At this juncture I became masterful, having concluded that the moment had come to remove temptation from my wife's sight. Secretly, I collected every Army-issue dish in the house that could hold more than a quarter of an inch of water, loaded them all into my jeep, and returned them to the Army warehouse. For some weeks, Yukiko was silent and baffled, my wife silent and sheepish.

Late one afternoon, not long before my wife and I decided to leave Japan, I breezed into the house, as usual via the kitchen door. In response to a cheery greeting, my wife, who was standing at the sink looking rather sour for someone who was merely frosting a cake, snorted at me and pointed with her nose in the direction of the dining room. I looked in. In the middle of the table was an exquisite arrangement of peonies and roses, rising luxuriantly from one of our Wedgwood soup bowls.

Sincerely yours,
CHRISTOPHER STEEL

•

J. C. Safley, Managing editor of the San Diego Union spoke before the 175 guests. Quoting from Washington, Jefferson, national and local tax figures, the San Diego Union, the British Ambassador, Dickens, St. Peter and St. Paul the editor spoke on socialism, taxation, including the local and national picture, the current British election, the prosperity of the local community, Washington and his birthdate, government spending, the scripture and failure to put the flags up on Washington's birthday in San Diego.—*Solana Beach (Calif.) San Dieguito Citizen.*

Did he angle it?

•

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[*Adv. of the Port Washington-Manhasset National Bank in the Port Washington (L.I.) Reporter*]

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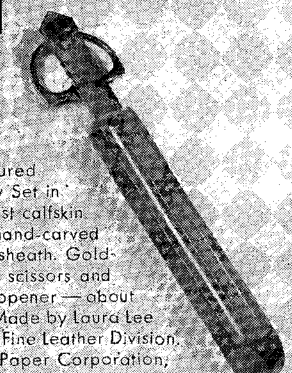

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MUSICAL EVENTS

The Dunham Dancers

I PROBABLY should have made a greater effort than I did to concentrate on the Katherine Dunham dancers, who are in the midst of a short engagement at the Broadway Theatre, but their good-natured and apparently limitless variations on the theme of love in its more sportive aspects at first disarmed me and then palled, and as a result my impressions of the dance revue they put on are somewhat disorderly. The show itself, when you come right down to it, is somewhat disorderly. It's not just that it is too long, which it is, and occasionally pretentious, which it is; the main troubles are that it has, on the whole, a studious disregard for dramatic values and that the first and longest of its three sections is as pretty and unexciting as a travel poster. This section takes us through Africa, Brazil, and Mexico—three almost identical places, I gathered from watching the beautiful and tantalizing Miss Dunham, accompanied by drums, conquer practically the entire native population of each.

I was considerably refreshed to find, after the first intermission, that we were back in this country, where life and love are a little less languorous than in Africa, Brazil, and Mexico. Sure enough, after a well-intentioned but poorly executed olio number, in which a few splendidly dressed ladies and gentlemen sang a medley of turn-of-the-century tearjerkers, with the orchestra in noisy pursuit of their voices, there came a full-stage number entitled "Flaming Youth." This, the high spot of the evening for me, was set to some raffish blues music, written by Brad Gowans, with lyrics at the beginning and the end, rousingly sung by Rosalie King. Miss Dunham didn't take part in it. Instead, an extremely expressive, long-legged dancer named Lucille Ellis had the leading role, and she and the others, dressed in wonderfully exaggerated costumes of the twenties, cut loose in the Charleston, the Black Bottom, and three less familiar dances of the period—the Mooch, the Fishtail, and the Snakehips. Right after "Flaming Youth," Miss Dunham and a young man named Vanoye Aikens slithered on and did a Florida Swamp Shimmy to some barrelhouse music written by Jess Stacy. This was a beautifully restrained piece, creating the impression that both dancers were hip-deep in a bog but working their way out with superb grace. Unfortunately, a thoroughly confused work called "Jazz in Five Movements," with a muddled piano accompaniment, closed this part of the program.

The third part was devoted to a long story, composed by Miss Dunham, about love and jealousy in a Martinique fishing village in the eighteenth century. "L'Ag'ya" was its name, and it had labored along into semi-darkness and a colony of cackling and wailing zombies when I decided I'd had enough of strange places and exotic sounds and walked out into the sweet familiarity of Broadway.

Miss Dunham is a dancer of great delicacy, and her smile and her lazy gestures are enchanting. Her personality, as expressed in the dances she has created, is the richest element in the revue and colors the entire thing, but it is not a dramatic personality, and I have a feeling it should be used a bit more sparingly in such a long show. The costumes, by John Pratt, are uniformly delightful, and there is one scene—in which Miss Dunham, dressed in yards of a summery white substance, sits beside a hammock almost as long as the stage, with one exquisite leg resting on it—that is pictorially as lovely and gently funny as anything you're likely to come across in the field of entertainment right now. —DOUGLAS WATT

•

FARMINGDALE, N. J.—While listening to two salesmen trying to sell her an accident insurance policy, Mrs. Betty Kornfeld was unimpressed. Suddenly, there was a terrific bang—the oil burner had exploded. After the salesman had carried Mrs. Kornfeld and her grandmother from the wrecked house, shut off the power and cleaned up the debris, Mrs. Kornfeld signed up.

All are lunatics, but he who can analyze his delusion is called a philosopher.

—AMBROSE PIERCE

—*Onancock (Va.) Eastern Shore News.*

Ambrose always was the craziest of the Pierces.

•

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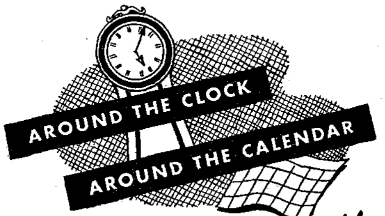

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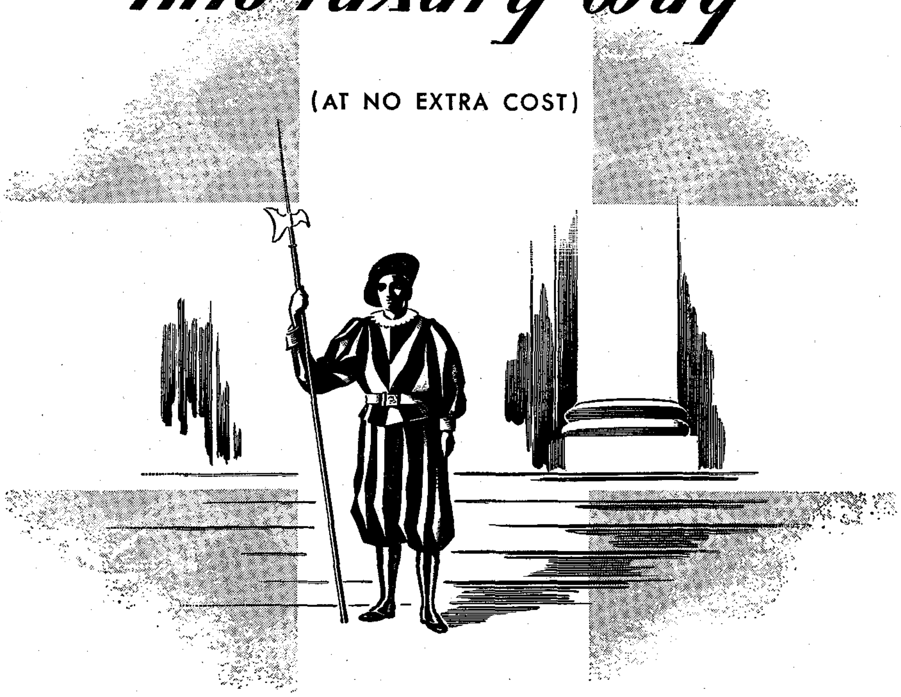

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OF ALL THINGS

A GROUP of senators have announced that they will attempt *to trim sizable amounts from* the Marshall Plan funds for the next fiscal year. They take the reasonable position that it would be cheaper to wage the cold war with conversation than with cash.

•

In rebuttal of the Budenz testimony, Brigadier General Elliott R. Thorpe declared there is no truth in the story that Dr. Lattimore is tainted with Communism. The Professor is a loyal and valuable citizen, if you can accept the word of a man who has never been a Communist.

•

The census-taker announces that Sing Sing Prison has a population of 1,824. The enumerator's work was pleasant and easy, because nobody was away from home.

•

The operators of a number of our railroads declare that there is no need for a second fireman on diesel locomotives, as demanded by the Brotherhood. They say the extra man would contribute nothing to the trip except the pleasure of his company.

•

The efforts of Senator Paul H. Douglas to cut eight hundred and forty million dollars' worth of nice things out of the rivers-and-harbors bill met with overwhelming defeat. Pork-lovers of both parties ganged up on the Illinois kill-joy.

•

This is the happy season of the year when all baseball followers are equal. In the pure democracy of April, even Chicago fans are first-class citizens.

•

Flags of all nations, including the U.S.S.R., flew at Stratford on Avon in honor of the birthday of the Bard. We are momentarily expecting the news that the Russians invented him.

•

Optometrists tell us that television can be harmful to the eyes. Furthermore, grammar teachers say that Dizzy Dean's telecasts are a terrific strain on the English language.

•

It has been decided that King Leopold may come back and reign for eighteen days. After that, the Belgians will take away his crown and hand him his hat. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

OUR FOOTLOOSE CORRESPONDENTS

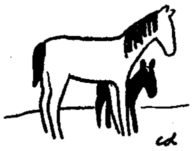
SLOT MACHINES AND REPOSE

A FRIEND of mine who lives in Reno and whom I met while I was spending some time out there a while ago is in the habit of forwarding to me every now and then some clippings he thinks might interest me from the *Nevada State Journal*, the leading local newspaper. Thus it was that I learned the other day that the basketball team of the University of Nevada, in Reno, had been dropped from a post-season tournament by the National Association of Intercollegiate Basketball because a gambler, no less, had merely offered to put up a thousand dollars to help pay the athletes' travelling expenses. (It later developed that a lone regent had actually accepted the money, but without consulting his colleagues.) The university's president, upon hearing that the offer had been made, had piously spurned the gambler's unhallowed—though, in Nevada, perfectly legal—gains. The university is supported by the state, and one of the chief sources of revenue in Nevada is the tax on gambling ($1,140,000 last year), but there is a nuance of respectability between taking money from gamblers and accepting it from them. Reno is alive to nuances. The clippings brought back to my mind not only this but a number of other casual observations I made while lingering in that implausible little city (permanent population, 21,000).

To me, it was significant that the regent who accepted the gambler's money lives not in Reno but in Las Vegas. Reno thinks of Las Vegas as brash and Hollywoodish, attracting the southern-California gambling, divorce, and quick-marriage trade and taking its color from that raffish region. Reno draws on northern California and the East for its business. Las Vegas thinks of Reno as prim. Once, walking down Lake Street in Reno at eight o'clock in the morning, I looked in at the door of an old hotel called the Mizpah and saw that the length of the bar, about fifty feet, was packed tightly with battered men and women, elbow to elbow and shoulder to shoulder. (I was awake at that hour because I had been up all night, and so, I presume, had they.) I went in and, since I could find no place at the bar, observed them from one end of the room. I ascertained that they had packed themselves together in that fashion in order not to fall down. This only happens every other day in Reno, but in Las Vegas, I gathered, it is considered conventional behavior.

I never quite dared go to Las Vegas. I was on the point of doing so a couple of times, but things I heard about it in Reno deterred me. "All froth, no substance, dust and wind," the Judge, another Reno friend of mine, once said to me, speaking of Las Vegas, which, in case the map of Nevada is not clear in your mind, is in the southeastern corner of the state, and about as far from Reno as Raleigh, North Carolina, is from New York. The Judge likes to declaim Shakespeare, and his ordinary speech at times sounds as if it came from some lost play. He is a tall, white-haired man who looks like General Marshall, and he is known as the Judge because, before coming to Reno to practice law, he was on the bench in one of the eastern counties of the state—so far east that it is on Mountain Time.

IT was the Judge who, on the day I arrived in Reno, showed me the trout in the Truckee River, which flows through the city between the Riverside Hotel's bar and gaming room and the Hotel Mapes' Casino Bar. He called my attention to what I thought was a piece of white paper snagged on a stone beneath the surface of the fast-flowing water. "It's a trout, over on its back, trying to get at the hellgrammites under the rock," he said. "Keep looking at it." I kept looking, and after a while the paper turned dark and swam away. Then I noticed that the river was flecked with the white bellies of trout, and during the rest of the time I spent in Reno I seldom crossed one of the Truckee bridges without stopping and waiting for at least one trout to right itself. It was one of my expedients for killing time. People get to know a lot of them in Reno. Most of the temporary residents are killing six weeks to qualify for a divorce, and the townspeople seem to have taken their tempo from them.



Reno is the only city I am familiar with where you can see fly fishermen in the middle of town, wading in the shallows in pursuit of brook trout, and bait fishermen casting from the bridges for the same delicacy. It is an exhilarating sight. By contrast, the fishermen along the quais of Paris, with ambitions limited to the capture of a miserable *goujon* or *ablette*, seem a sorry lot. As for the fishermen of Manhattan, whom Commissioner Moses has confined to some concrete strips, most of them along the

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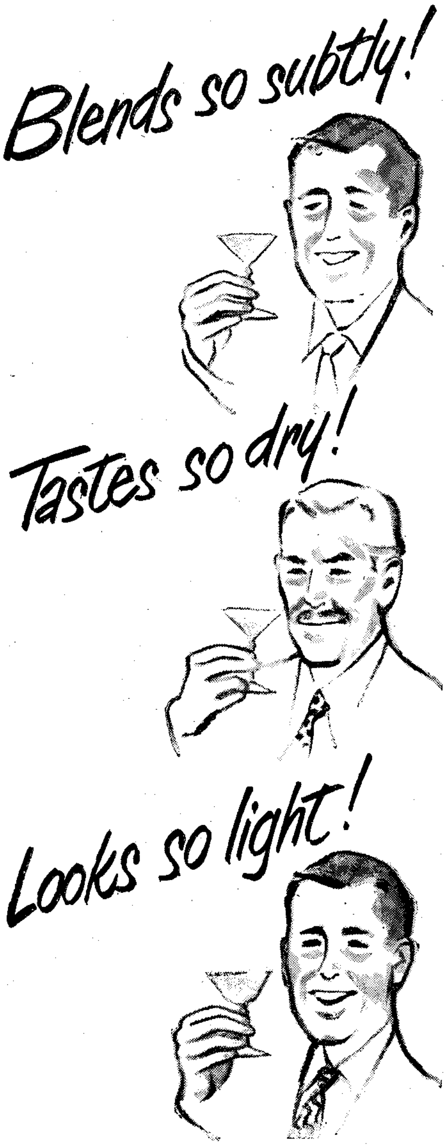
North River, like the occupants of a monkey island in a zoo, it is a wonder that they resist the water's temptation to suicide.

In Reno, nearly the whole center of town is contained between the railroad tracks and the Truckee, which at that point are roughly parallel and about four city blocks apart. The principal business streets—Sierra, Virginia, Center, and Lake—run at right angles to them. The center does extend, but just barely, across the bridge on Virginia Street to include the Riverside Hotel, the Washoe County Courthouse, and the Public Library, which has a tree-shaded park for loungers in front of it. Within the center, you never have to walk more than a few yards to find a bar or someone to talk to.

By noon, the Judge has usually finished his legal business—a brief appearance in the divorce court or an interview with a client suffering from boredom. He then goes to the Elks Club, across the street from his office, for lunch with a couple of dozen other lawyers. There are a hundred and thirty lawyers listed in the telephone book—approximately one for every hundred and sixty of the city's inhabitants. Among the lawyers are several who have never tried anything but an uncontested divorce case and who, according to their more experienced colleagues, wouldn't know how to. Of late, the Nevada bar examinations have been stiffened, in an effort to discourage further inroads by the legally inept. A certain amount of urgency prompted the taking of this step, for the Reno divorce business has declined in recent years. The 1949 total of slightly more than five thousand decrees was the lowest since 1943. The most convincing explanation for this is that all the non-viable wartime marriages have now died. The more optimistic attorneys point out, however, that in the late thirties the annual crop was only three thousand or so, and that people were saying then that the peak had been reached. A revival is always possible. A law reducing the residence requirement for a divorce from three months to six weeks was enacted in 1931, as a concession to the depression. (The requirement had been reduced from six months to three in 1927.) Everybody seems fairly well pleased with it now, although at the time a number of tradesmen predicted that men would come to Reno with a dollar and a clean shirt and get a divorce before they had to change either one.

After lunch, the Judge tries to induce some colleague to go to the movies with him. When he can find no movie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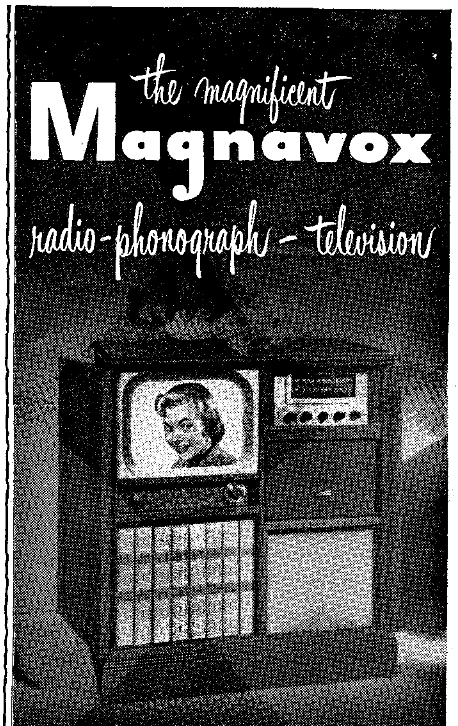

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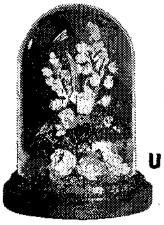

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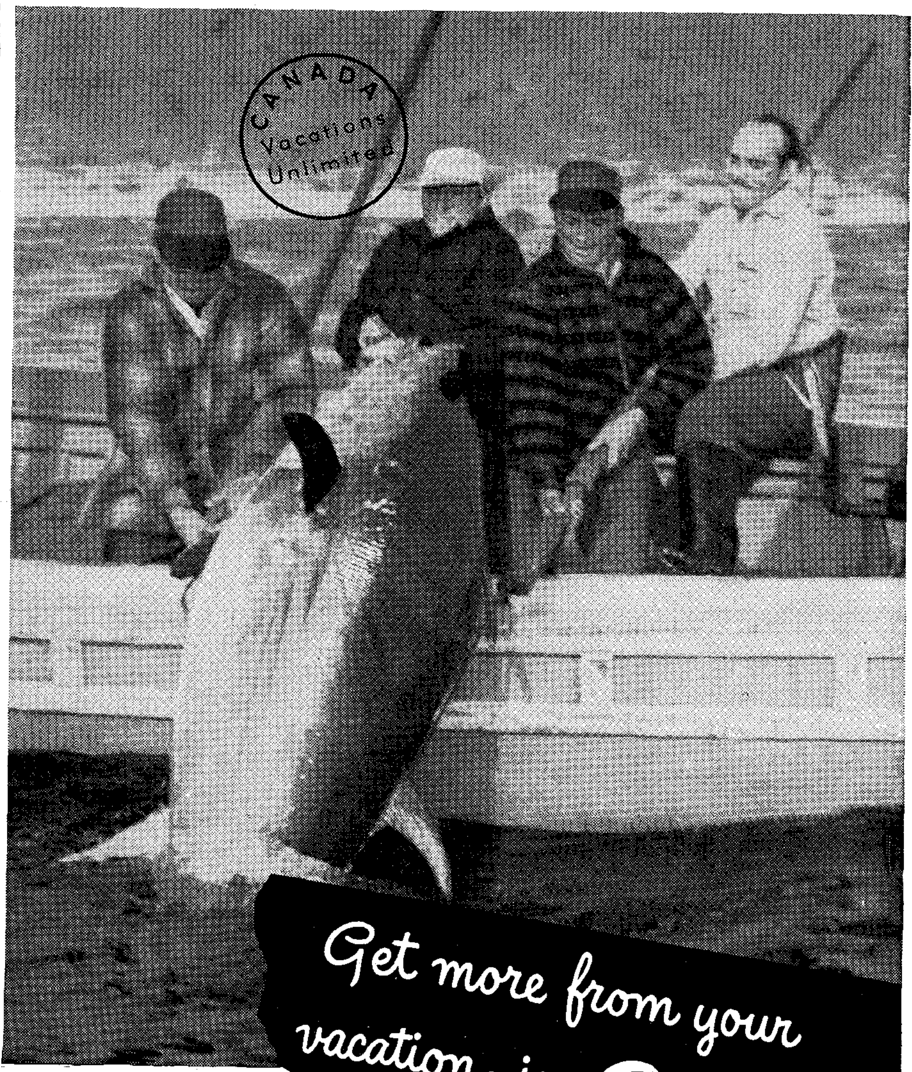
partner, he sometimes tells his Elks Club cronies stories about the days when he was a telegrapher in Goldfield, Nevada, during the great gold-mining boom of 1906 and 1907. Goldfield, practically a ghost town these days, produced eleven million dollars' worth of ore in its best year. Financial correspondents from big-city newspapers were assigned to cover developments there, and every time one of them filed a glowing story about some new mine, the Judge would buy a few shares of stock in it, allow a couple of days for the story to have its effect, and then sell them. "If you held them longer, they'd drop again," he says. "There was one mine's stock I bought and sold fourteen times, and I made a profit each time."

The late Tex Rickard ran a mammoth saloon and gambling hall called the Northern in Goldfield, and it was in Goldfield that he promoted his first important prizefight, a match between Joe Gans and Battling Nelson for the lightweight championship of the world. The fight was supposed to go to a finish, but Gans won on a foul in the forty-second three-minute round. Rickard was already an experienced gambling man by that time, but he was starting from scratch in the development of his promotorial techniques. One day, the Judge says, Rickard walked into the Goldfield telegraph office with a message, which he ordered sent to the sports editor of every newspaper in the nation, stating that Gans had broken a leg. The telegrapher objected that he had just seen Gans running up the street, doing his daily roadwork. "I know," Rickard said, "but I want to get them all to run a story about the fight." Ever since Goldfield, the Judge has read newspapers with a fair amount of skepticism.

Boxing matches of any duration are still legal in Nevada. In the bar of the Riverside Hotel, the first day I spent in Reno, I met an automobile salesman named George Griffing, who told me that he had promoted what was assuredly the last fight in the United States scheduled to go forty-five rounds if necessary. "It was here in Reno," Mr. Griffing said, "and it was between Henry Armstrong and a Mormon boy we had on hand named Alton Black. That was in 1936. Armstrong knocked Black out in the eighth, so the unique character of the affair is forgotten." Griffing, who is five feet eleven inches tall, went on to say that he himself used to box as a professional at a hundred and twenty-six pounds and that he might have been champion of the world if the Marquis of Queensberry had been a student of



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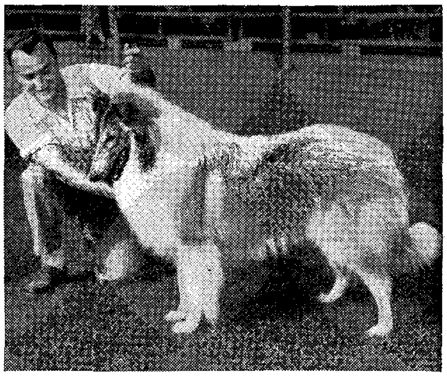
semantics. "If a boxing ring were round, which the word 'ring' implies," Mr. Griffing said, "I could have jabbed and retreated indefinitely. But they used to get me in those corners and give it to me. Still, I won a lot of decisions. How the crowd would boo after the first round, when it became apparent that I did not want to get my head knocked off! But why should I have got close? I wasn't nearsighted."

THERE isn't much gold, or even much silver, coming out of Nevada any more; copper is by far the most important mineral being mined there. But prospectors, most of them old-timers, still poke hopefully about in the areas of the ancient strikes. Now and then, one of them hits a pocket worth a few hundred or a few thousand dollars, and that keeps the others in heart. Another barroom acquaintance told me of his arrival not long ago in a tiny settlement on a road leading to Tonopah, the site of a great silver rush in 1902, just as a grimy old whiskerine came in out of the hills. The elderly fellow barged into the town's only restaurant—a lunchroom operated in conjunction with a filling station—and roared, "Bring me every kid in the town!" The owner's wife, who did the cooking, accomplished this by going to the door and yelling. When the community's half-dozen children had assembled, the old man presented each with a silver dollar and shouted, "Bring me every dog in the town!" The children scattered to round up the rather more numerous dogs. When these had been assembled in the restaurant, the old fellow slapped a couple of "jewelry" nuggets down on the counter and ordered, "Give every dog a T-bone steak, rare!"

"He had been away so long," the man who told me the story said, "that he had never heard of a filet mignon, or a New York cut, or he would have called for that. Well, you see, there was no one left out there that he could buy a drink for, and he had to celebrate." My companion and I fell silent, reflecting sadly on the plight of the old man who had made his strike after the dance halls had closed down and the girls had departed.

It was at the Toscano Café and Hotel, on Lake Street, that I heard an Italian rancher, in town for the day, say, "I want a filet mignon with very mushroom. Very, very mushroom." All the juices of beef were in his voice, and the filet sounded better than anything I have ever tasted. It was at another Lake Street place that a tall girl

California Collie nears championship — wins at 10 shows!



Handler Jerry Rigden smiles a winner's smile, posing *Waljon's Knight Errant* as the collie collects another ribbon at the Skokie Valley Kennel Club Show. Says Rigden, "Handlers have to know how to bring out the best that's in a dog. We know that things like glossy coats, bright eyes and steady dispositions depend on proper feeding. Not just a good meal now and then—but good, balanced food served regularly, day after day. That's what it takes to make a dog look his best and feel his best. And that's why I'm such a strong booster for Dash. It's fortified with liver and it does a real feeding job!" Get Dash at your grocer's *today!*

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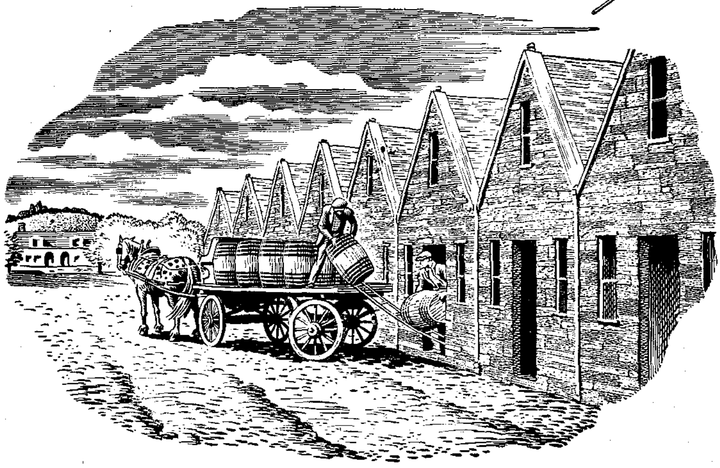
a bit worn at the edges entered with a farmerish-looking man and, leaving him at the door end of the bar, came over to a group I was with, placed her hands on the shoulders of two of the women in it, strangers to her, and said, "I must love that man. He gave me two dollars and I put twenty cents in the juke box because I feel so good." Reno is a lyrical place.

Reno is a fine town to eat in, although no Reno restaurant is mentioned in Duncan Hines, possibly because none features popovers or peppermint ice cream. The fact is one Reno restaurant advertises on billboards at the approaches to the city: "Les Lerude's Better Foods—NOT Recommended by Duncan Hines." (Reno roadside signs have a charm of their own. Another that I remember, near the start of the road to Elko, reads, "Stockmen's Hotel, Elko, 241 Miles. Direct Wire to Leading Race Tracks.") Brook trout is a commonplace on lunch-counter menus, and even short-order cooks prepare it well. The trout is supposed to come from commercial hatcheries, but some of it tastes better than that. A barnlike old restaurant named the Wine House, fronting on Commercial Row, across from the railroad depot, is the only place I know that lists fresh Pacific Coast crab, oversize filet mignon, and mulligan stew all on the same menu. Soup, with crackers, sells for fifteen cents there, and men weary with drink taken in the nearby Wagon Wheel, Owl Club, or Miners' Tavern come in at any hour to freshen up with a bowl of it. Such customers have a disposition to linger, and must occasionally be called back to the realities of man's estate. "Eat your soup. You can't sleep here," I once heard the night manager say to a fellow whose chin was already perilously close to the rim of his bowl.

In Douglas Alley, which runs parallel to the Row, I saw a similar type crumple and fall to the ground, like a Confederate soldier shot in a silent movie. A man who was with him waited, respecting his need of respite, and after a couple of minutes the stricken individual got up on one knee, as if to take a count of nine. "Are you sick or drunk?" his friend asked him, and a small group of well-wishers gathered around to hear the answer. The man hesitated and then said, "More drunk, I think." Everybody said, "That's swell!," in a touching demonstration of human solidarity.

GAMBLING, which had always been wide open in Nevada, was outlawed in 1910, three months after the Jeffries-Johnson heavyweight fight

Know your Scotch



After the newborn whisky is distilled, it is transferred to casks made from selected oak and placed in Teacher's bonded warehouses. It takes years before perfection is reached. At Kennethmont—Teacher's distillery—the malt whisky is matured slowly and in silence. Finally—it is blended with other similarly matured Scotch whiskies of a malt and grain character and is run into casks once again, where it is permitted to "marry."

No. 12 in a series of informative advertisements.

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(which Rickard also promoted) in Reno. It was made legal again in 1931, as a hedge against the depression, like the six-weeks-residence law, and as a token of morality necessitated by the fact that illegal gamblers, protecting themselves by bribery, were hurting the state's reputation. Today, of course, gambling is as legal in Nevada as cheesemaking in Wisconsin or being a prophet of God in California.

The monster department-store gaming houses on Virginia Street are about as glamorous as laundromats, being full of old women pulling down the levers of small-denomination slot machines. Harold's, the most publicized of these places, never amused me. It is shiny, sanitary, as honest as Woolworth's, and statistically impressive (two hundred and twenty slot machines, five hundred employees); it carries on a national advertising campaign (fourteen hundred billboards, and any Nevada filling station will affix free to one's automobile a tag inscribed "Harold's Club or Bust"); and it boasts a collection of gadgets ranging from an escalator to a fountain flowing with bonded whiskey. But it lacks repose, which is the essence of Reno. "Relax in Reno" should be the slogan of the town, instead of "Reno, the Biggest Little City in the World," which is spelled out in electric lights on a big sign stretched like an ox yoke across Virginia Street.

The jewelry shop in the lobby of the Mapes, the city's newest and largest hotel and, with its twelve stories, far and away the highest building in the state, stays open late in the evening to accommodate people who win substantial sums of money gambling and who try to make sure of holding on to them by immediately investing them in jewels. They usually return to the shop and sell the jewels back before leaving Reno. The city is also a second-hand-car market of disproportionate size. Some men arrive in Crosleys and depart in Cadillacs, but more often it's vice versa, and many a party arrives by automobile and departs by bus, having meanwhile converted the family vehicle into silver dollars with which to force a turn of luck. A lot of second-hand-car dealers in California are said to depend heavily on Reno as a source of merchandise.

The repose of Reno can be best observed at the open-to-all stud-poker games in the Palace and the Bank, which are two vast, fairly dingy old gambling halls—or clubs, as they are more elegantly known. The Palace and the Bank ran right through the Dark Age of the anti-gambling law. For part of that time, they paid an annual fine in lieu of a license. A peculiarity of the poker games is that there are nearly always a couple of one-armed men in them. These are commonly supposed to be old railroad men, *manchots* of the Southern Pacific, who play to augment their pensions. There are usually a couple of Chinese, too, and a sprinkling of sheepherders, who, like lighthouse keepers, need to break their solitude with periodic immersions in society.

These poker games, according to men who should know, are among the toughest in the world. "If you can hold your own with those monkeys, you can play poker anywhere," a poker-playing friend of mine says. The game is straight stud, and the house provides the dealer and draws down a percentage from each pot. There are few big hands, because the regulars hardly ever allow themselves to be caught, even by the other regulars. The amateur, or Saturday-night, poker player is badly outclassed. In several experiments, I succeeded in winning a pot only once, and that was when the dealer gave me a pair on the first two up cards and everybody else dropped out. Twice I was beaten with an ace in the hole. Some of the regular participants in the games are reputed to play as a means of earning a livelihood.

Among the few fellows I met in Reno who did not run Las Vegas down was Joe Hall, one of the owners of the Palace, who has a professional reason for being neutral, since he is also a partner in El Rancho, a hotel and gambling enterprise in the more southern town. He is a slim man who talks fast in a soft voice. One day when I encountered him at the bar of his Reno place, he was very angry because, the night before, a customer, after losing some money, had snatched a stack of silver dollars off a craps table and thrown them in a girl dealer's face. "We put him out," Hall told me, "and what does he do but come back with the police and make a charge against *us* for assaulting *him*. So maybe he had fallen down a couple of times on the way out. So what? Now, in Las Vegas we would have broken his arm and thrown him out, and the cops would have gone after *him*, not us."

A man who was drinking with us, a kind of Nevada Tory, said that a thing like that served the club right for having girl dealers. (The Bank is the only Reno club that hasn't; all the others have gone coeducational, following an example set by Harold's.) "A man dealer is a family man," the Tory said. "He settles down, buys a house, and is an asset to the community. The girls

(*Advertisement*)

THE
Minneapolis Star and Tribune
COLUMN
by **CEDRIC ADAMS**
MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

WANT TO LICK car thieves? Put a piece of chewing gum over the air vent on your gas tank when you park your car. The car snatcher will have himself a time going more than half a block . . . Ugh! Ugh! Item: A Calgary, Alberta, barber has insulated his new home with his lifetime savings of customers' shorn locks . . . Apple ice cream may be the next rage, and frozen concentrated prune juice is the newest member of the frozen concentrated family . . . Prepare yourself to listen to a lot of Myrtle the Turtle and Flip the Frog . . . Here's an item I know you've been waiting for: When an armadillo bears a litter of young, they're all of the same sex . . . Railroad employes are now putting the pressure on railroad brass to try to have spittoons eliminated from railroad offices, depots and other carrier-operated places.

★

WORDS ARE FUNNY THINGS: Let's consider some of our phony plurals, for instance. Someone says he has the blues, but does anyone ever have a blue? Just one tiny little blue? Somebody else has oodles of fun. Has anyone ever had an oodle of larking? Suds are suds, but what is a sud? Lens, scads, kudos and fantods are in the same group. Then you may hear of someone being disgruntled, disgusted and dismayed. How would he feel if he were gruntled, gusted and mayed? Couth, perhaps. While you're fooling around this way, don't try trifling with innocuous or innovation. Nocuous and novation are words, though you seldom hear them. You might try outnocuous or outnovation, though, just to be consistent.

★

LATEST IN QUIZ shows, which seem to be bouncing back, is a program called "Beat the Mrs.," which isn't quite as bruising as it sounds. Husbands are pitted against their mates mentally . . . Odd use for fingernail polish: Mark your glass coffee pot with it in cup measurements. Saves a lot of kitchen time and the stuff won't wash off . . . Paulette Goddard is reported buying up all the good real estate locations around Acapulco, Mexico . . . Startling statistics on driving and gas consumption: By driving at 50 miles an hour instead of 70 on the open highway a driver can save one gallon of gas out of every four . . . Hotel room volume is falling off gradually. Occupancy in January was 80 per cent of available rooms as compared with 83 per cent last year, 90 per cent in January of 1947.

★

A WAGGISH ROCHESTER, MINN., druggist set out to prove the big-hearted American public will donate to any cause. He proved his point, too. Over one week-end he collected $16 in a jar very plainly labeled "Fund for the Widow of the Unknown Soldier." The $16 went to charity after the druggist was through having his fun . . . Newest comer to the floor wax field is one that will not only shine the floor without rubbing but will also kill roaches, ants and water-bugs at the same time. The killing power lasts for six weeks . . . If you've ever wondered about the "Monty" in Monty Woolley's name, his full monicker is Edgar Montillion Woolley.

★

OUR CHAMPION MINNEAPOLIS LAKERS have just finished another successful season and that reminds me of the recent Minneapolis Star basketball clinic where 5,000 sports-minded teen-agers learned some of the hot shots from the men who make them best—Mikan, Pollard, Mikkelson and Co. The clinic is just one phase of a diversified sports program which more than 75,000 Upper Midwesterners participate in or watch each year. These sports activities further explain why the best-read, best-liked newspapers in the great Upper Midwest region are the **Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: now more than 475,000) and the **Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: now more than 600,000).

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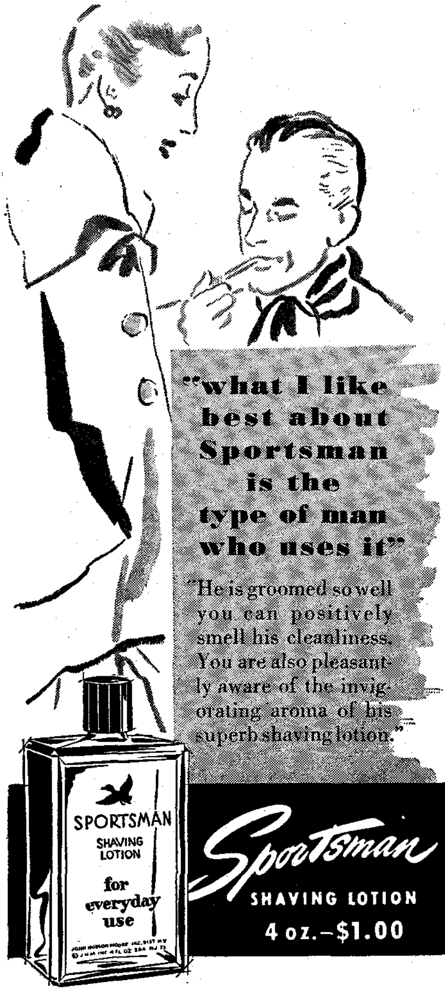

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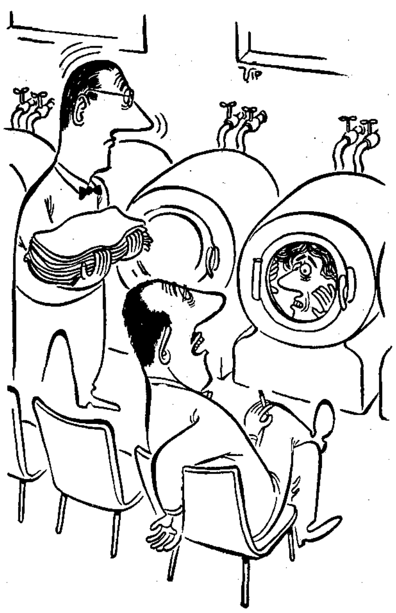
all look alike, talk alike, and move along in a few months, God knows where." I made no large-scale study that would refute him, but I did hear of one girl who had worked her way to an M.A. degree at the University of Nevada by dealing twenty-one and had then served as chairman of the Nevada Wallace-for-President committee, raising funds to get it going by selling tickets to a baked-porcupine dinner.

IF Harold's is the Macy's of the Reno gambling world, Harrah's, another enormous Virginia Street place, is the Gimbel's. Harrah's is as resourceful in self-promotion as Harold's. While I was in Reno, young Bill Harrah, who is his father's partner in the establishment, acted as host, to a degree, to an organization known as the Horseless Carriage Club of Northern California. The members of this confraternity own automobiles built before 1915 and take them on road runs that restore to automobiling the aleatory charm it once had. Horseless Carriage Clubs have been established in many parts of the country, and their activities have increased the resale value of early cars until they cost, in some instances, more than new ones. The Horseless Carriage women build up wardrobes of the period and go along on the runs. This keeps them happy and at the same time makes it clear—to me, at least—that women's fashions were more becoming from 1900 to 1915 than they have been since. Young Bill, who is about forty, has an ancient Pope-Hartford, or something of the sort, and a wife who looks extremely attractive even in 1950 fashions. He also has the advantage of an unusually skillful maintenance department consisting of the mechanics who keep the Harrah coin machines in repair. Coin machines are built in Chicago and the manufacturers don't service them.

When the Horseless Carriage Club visited Reno, the Harrah equipage led the parade through the streets and the visitors were entertained with free drinks (but no free chips) at Harrah's before a dinner and dance at the old Hotel Golden. Next morning, there was a tremendous Nevada breakfast—liquor ad lib and large steaks surmounted by pairs of eggs—at the El Cortez, another hotel, and the Honorable Tank Smith, the Mayor of Reno, who had driven in from his Lake Tahoe country home for the occasion, made a speech praising the vision and civic enterprise that, he said, had always distinguished the Harrahs. The caravan then prepared to struggle up to Virginia City, sixteen miles away, which is two



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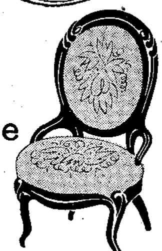

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thousand feet higher than Reno. Preliminary to setting out, the drivers took a run around town, presumably to get up momentum. As I stood, sensibly, at a window of the Riverside Bar, watching them, a gambler from Cincinnati said to me, "Those costumes bring back memories of when I was a punk. I used to own a linen duster and a cap and goggles, and so did the kid I went with. We'd put them on and ride out on a streetcar to the end of the line and go into a saloon and say we had a touring car that had broken down up the road and were going back to town for help. It made us feel big."

After the trip to Virginia City, the survivors were entertained at the Sunflower, an excellent roadhouse, restaurant, and gambling casino, also run by the Harrahs. Steaks and gambling fit into as neat an economic combination as iron and coal. You order your steak, and then amuse yourself in the gambling casino until you are called by the maître d'hôtel. In twenty minutes, the average roulette player will either win the price of the dinner for his party and quit or lose three times as much and then go in and pay for the dinner besides.

The Virginia City excursion was covered by newsreel companies and the San Francisco papers, as well as the Nevada press. A publicity man named Wallie Warren, who maintains a sizable office in Reno, trod the line between unpaid advertising and public interest as delicately as the Pepsi-Cola press agent used to do in handling that firm's annual art show. One of Warren's assistants had a breathless time racing down the line of horseless carriages as they were approaching Harrah's and removing large "Harrah's Club" signs that an overzealous club employee had tied on every car. "With those signs on, no newsreel would have used them," Warren explained later. "It would have spoiled everything."

Once, I asked Bill Harrah what business he had been in before coming to Reno. "The bingo business," he replied. "In southern California. But you never knew where you were at. Sometimes you could get away with running eleven months of the year and sometimes only three. Profits were high when you could operate, but you couldn't plan ahead. This is quiet and respectable." —A. J. LIEBLING

•

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SHOP AT SMITH'S

LETTER FROM LONDON

APRIL 20

THE doubling of the tax on gasoline, which brings the price up to three shillings a gallon, has proved to be the most unpopular item in a generally unpopular budget. Sir Stafford Cripps, explaining this increase as an example of what he called "fiscal inducements to economy," mentioned with apparent approval the stiff prices charged for gasoline on the Continent, which sounded a little odd, to put it mildly, after all that has been said here against the rationing-by-the-purse system there. Cripps took all of two hours and nineteen minutes on Tuesday to expound his financial policy to a packed, and at first excited, House of Commons, which began to look, long before he had finished, as though it were hearing fiscal inducements to complete coma.

However much Cripps' critics dislike his budget, though, none of them has been able to say that it is the sort of vote-catching one that might have been expected before a general election. The most reasonable of these critics take the line that though the budget, characteristically, did not offer any cheering handouts, it also produced no shock of an entirely new nature. The increased price of gas, for instance, is regarded as only another, fancier stroke in a series of measures that have been taken in the course of the Socialist process of spreading the fat more evenly around the national body. In the present instance, although the car-owning classes might have been expected to give the sharpest yelps of pain, the outcry has been as general as it has been loud. Citizens who ride to work on buses are depressed by the prospect—which the Chancellor appeared to dismiss fairly casually, but which seems practically certain in view of a steep purchase tax the budget slapped down upon heretofore untaxed commercial vehicles—of soon having to fork out additional cash for their bus tickets, as well as for everything that arrives on their tables via the road. London taxi-drivers, who have not raised their fares since 1933, say they must jack them up fifty per cent immediately or go out of business. Some people suspect cynically that the gas-price raise was thought up with the object of encouraging British passengers and freight to use the railways, which are nationalized and losing money. Wage earners in the lowest brackets had hoped that something would be taken off the purchase tax on household furnishings. Since no such concession was made to them and since the new income-tax relief doesn't affect them, wage demands are sure to increase. The only good news, as far as the purchase tax is concerned, was the exemption of the materials used in church war memorials—hardly of practical assistance to the much-taxed living. Altogether, even the promise of stronger (though not cheaper) beer didn't noticeably sweeten anybody's budget-night pint.

THE Lord Mayor's National Thanksgiving Fund, which aims at saying a tangible thank-you to the people of the United States and the Commonwealth for the generous flood of food parcels that has done so much to alleviate the monotonous meals of millions of Britons, is now almost a month old. According to present plans, the Fund is to provide for the establishment of two hostels in Mecklenburgh Square for the use of American and Dominion students in London. To date, the contributions sent directly to the Mansion House amount to around four hundred and seventy-four thousand pounds, ranging from Their Majesties' thousand pounds and big checks from business groups (the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street, for example, gave ten thousand pounds, and the iron-and-steel industry twenty-five thousand) to such odd items as a bread knife and a sofa, which were sent along to be sold for the cause. No figures are yet available on thank-yous from the more hard-up now pouring in to post offices all over the country, which have placed on sale more than a million pounds' worth of green, red, blue, and brown vouchers. These, valued at from sixpence to ten shillings, look like overgrown postage stamps and display a printed silhouette of St. Paul's Cathedral, the national symbol of thanksgiving. The people in charge of the Fund are already running into the sort of criticism that is usually levelled against those who take on the responsibility for deciding on a community presentation by people who feel that they ought to have been consulted, who don't like the shape of the thing chosen, and who are certain that a silver tea service would really have been much nicer. Most of the future residents of the hostels will be attending the Uni-

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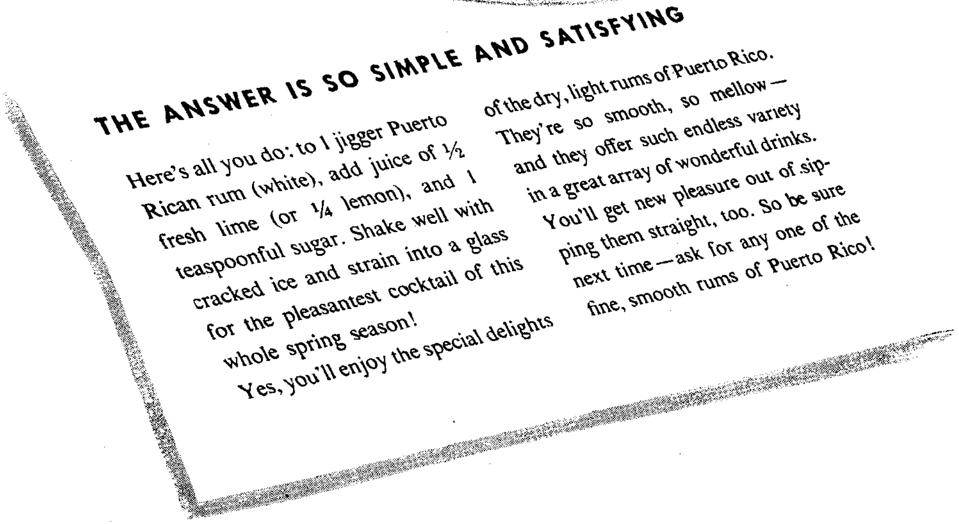

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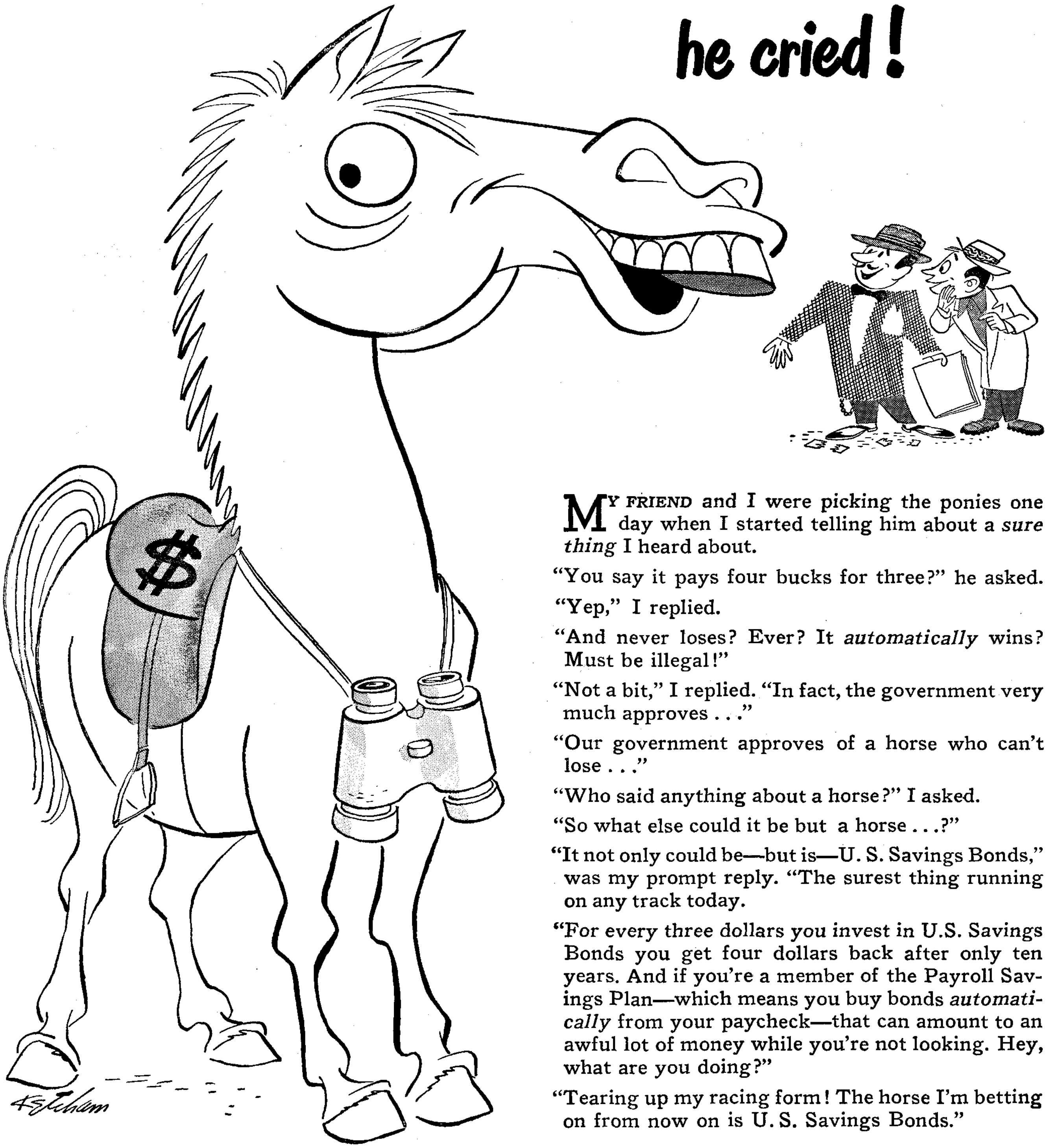


MY FRIEND and I were picking the ponies one day when I started telling him about a *sure thing* I heard about.

"You say it pays four bucks for three?" he asked.

"Yep," I replied.

"And never loses? Ever? It *automatically* wins? Must be illegal!"

"Not a bit," I replied. "In fact, the government very much approves . . ."

"Our government approves of a horse who can't lose . . ."

"Who said anything about a horse?" I asked.

"So what else could it be but a horse . . .?"

"It not only could be—but is—U. S. Savings Bonds," was my prompt reply. "The surest thing running on any track today.

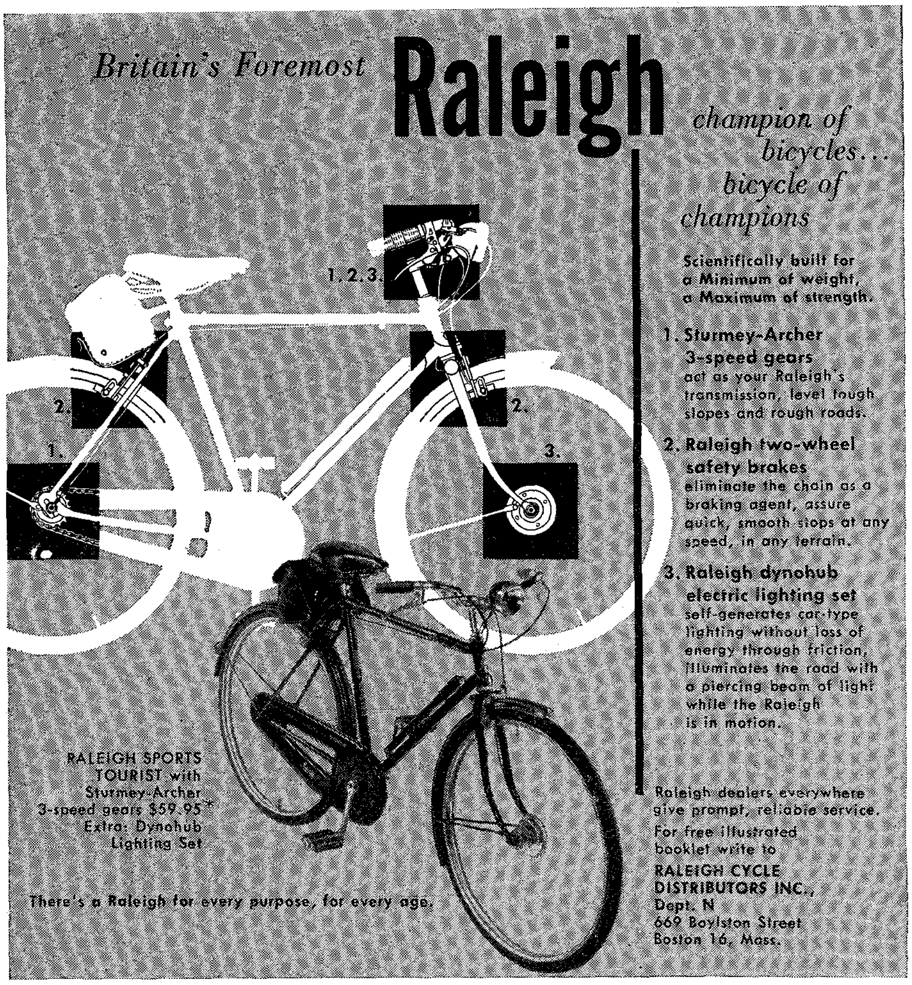
"For every three dollars you invest in U.S. Savings Bonds you get four dollars back after only ten years. And if you're a member of the Payroll Savings Plan—which means you buy bonds *automatically* from your paycheck—that can amount to an awful lot of money while you're not looking. Hey, what are you doing?"

"Tearing up my racing form! The horse I'm betting on from now on is U. S. Savings Bonds."

Automatic saving is sure saving—U.S. Savings Bonds

versity of London, and this has prompted several provincial Lord Mayors to ask what a visiting student can know of England who only London knows and to give it as their nettled opinion that universities in other cities, which are also struggling with the problem of housing students, ought to be considered in connection with any truly national fund. Birmingham, Liverpool, and York have sent their regrets that they cannot conduct drives to aid the cause, because the purely local calls on their citizens' purses have already been too numerous. Another critical voice has been that of T. S. Eliot (whose "The Cocktail Party" London will at last see on May 3rd), who asked to be reassured that the number of students to be accommodated in the new hostels will not be weighed in the balance against the number of food parcels that any particular country generously cast upon the waters. The discussion has also been taken up by some hardy souls who don't want the American students segregated in a most likely too comfortable building but think they ought to be given a chance to taste English life properly, with all its trimmings of local cookery, cold fresh air, warm drinking water, and, of course, Englishmen.

THE Festival of Britain, which hopes to welcome Americans here next year in thousands, is also encountering a bit of critical heckling, despite which it continues imperturbably to get under way. The most frequently heard objections are that the erection of the Festival pavilions, on the Thames-side site between Waterloo and Westminster Bridges, is taking men and materials (notably cement) away from the builders of houses; that, what with the country's present financial situation, this is no time for festivals; and that the harassed catering trade will find difficulty in coping with anything like the expected rush of tourists. Since the British have a habit of grumbling loudest over what they have every intention of finally vastly enjoying, this probably augurs a great popular success. Meanwhile, the pavilions are beginning to sprout recognizably from the gritty holes into which little groups of Londoners, disapproving, perhaps, but fascinated, have been peering every lunch hour. The concert hall, which is to be a permanent building, is farthest along, but the aluminum Dome of Discovery (which is out to rival Michelangelo's effort in size, if nothing else, being ninety-seven feet high and three hundred and sixty-five



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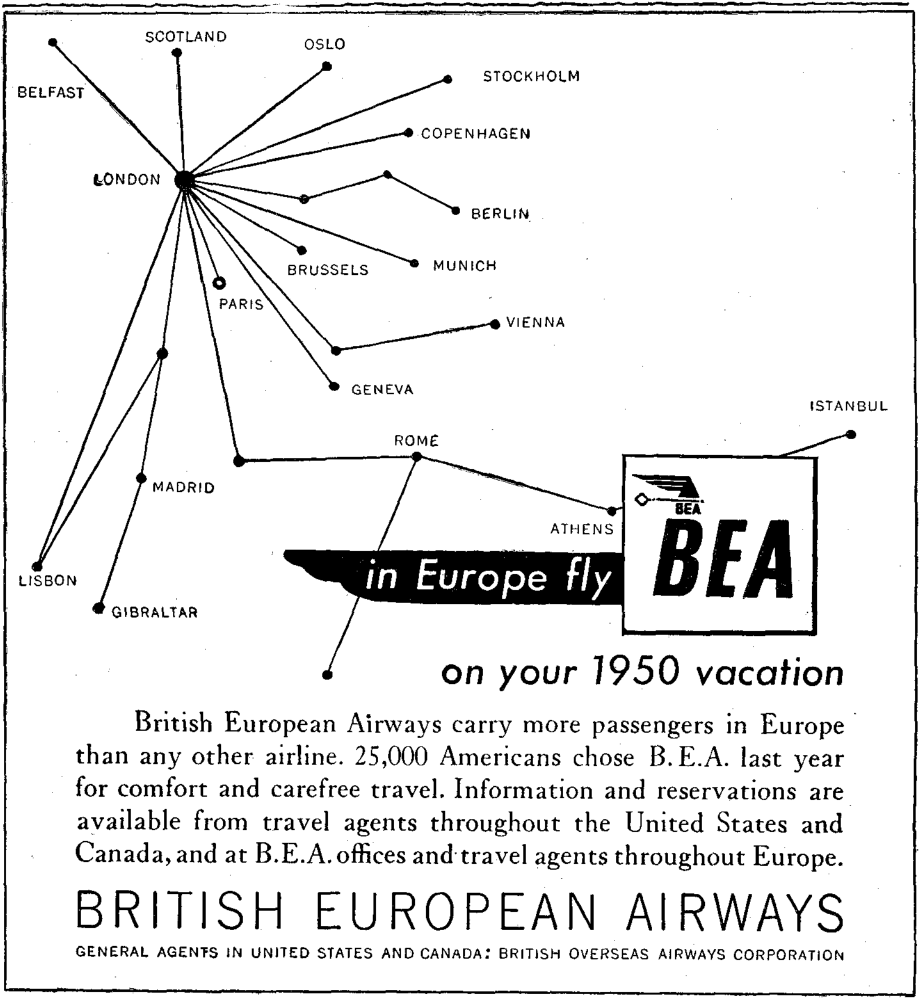

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feet in diameter) is due to be hoisted into position any day now. The Festival organizers' principal concern, to which not only they but Scotland Yard, and quite a number of the lunchtime spectators, are giving anxious thought, is the smallness of the site compared with those of, say, the old expositions of Paris and Wembley. Lots of claustrophobic Londoners have nasty visions of having to swim for it, in the event that visitors swarm to the grounds in the numbers anticipated. Indeed, the success of the police plans for shuttling the crowds fairly comfortably through the show depends on their willingness to be carted off by river boats, which will depart at frequent intervals for Battersea, for a flip on the roundabouts in the Fun Fair there, or for Stepney, for a look at the permanent neighborhood housing unit.

Another public argument over the Festival has to do with the naming of its site, previously referred to as South Bank. The King is said to have expressed dislike of this name, and others have held that it might mislead confused tourists into rushing over and trying to cash their traveller's checks there. Suggestions for something neat, historical, and catchy have ranged from the scholarly, such as Shakespeare Shore, to some flippant antiquarian's brain wave that it might be called Cuper's Gardens, after a slightly naughty pleasure park that existed on the site in the eighteenth century. Bernard Shaw came out strong for South Bank, on the ground that it is a nice, handy name, with only nine letters in it, the speedy writing or printing of which "will soon run to millions of saved manpower."

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

NEW YORK (AP)—A northern climax to a tropic romance looked like the answer today for police searching for beautiful 18-year-old Joyce Green—vanished daughter of a chain store millionaire.

She eloped from her fashionable finishing school Friday with Juan Gonzales Cuevas, a 22-year-old Cuban she met on a summer cruise last year.

Cuevas, son of a Miami, Fla., transit executive, is a pursuer on the Grace line ship Santa Rosa.—*Holyoke (Mass.) Transcript.*

And a successful one, apparently.

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[*From Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary*]

so·ro′sis (sō·rō′sĭs), *n.* [NL., fr. Gr. *sōros* a heap.] 1. Bot. A collective fruit formed by the union of many flowers into a fleshy or pulpy mass, as in the mulberry and pineapple. 2. *U. S.* A women's club.

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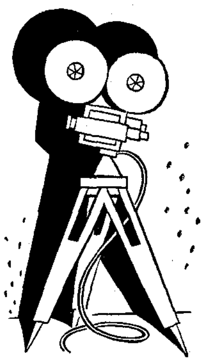

"The Big Lift," written and directed by George Seaton, is a good movie as long as it sticks to the impressive actuality that inspired it—the thwarting of the Russian blockade of Berlin by the combined airpower of Great Britain, France, and the United States. Anyone ignorant of precisely how coal and food were taken to the Germans via Tempelhof can learn some of the intricacies of that operation in this picture, which includes pretty curtsies in the direction of the C-54s and C-47s that made the whole thing possible and places a perhaps justifiable emphasis on the part played by the Americans in the course of the effort.

Mr. Seaton has employed only six professional actors, four male and two female, the rest of the roles being assumed by amateurs recruited from the Air Force, with a pair of reporters, one from the Associated Press and the other from the American Broadcasting Company, tagging along. The professionals, who have to carry the burden of some fairly routine romantic and comic doings, are at a grave disadvantage when compared with the gentlemen legitimately caught up in the proceedings. From majors down to buck privates, the Air Force crews shown in the film behave with commendable efficiency, and all of them seem singularly unself-conscious under the camera's scrutiny. The same cannot be said for either Montgomery Clift or Paul Douglas, the two actors most concerned with weaving a thread of plot through "The Big Lift." Mr. Clift has been cast as a sergeant so gently disposed toward the late enemy of the United States that he falls in love with a lady of Berlin whose only wish is to get to St. Louis and cuddle up there with her husband, a Hitlerian lad who has inexplicably reached this country. The lady, as played by Cornell Borchers, is certainly enticing, but Mr. Clift, in his approach to her, employs so many Hollywood tricks—from the slow smile illuminated by advertisement teeth to the calculated rolling of the eyes—that it's hard to believe he is the simple fellow from the Middle West that he pretends to be. As his partner in the film, Mr. Douglas is also a sergeant, but, far from being friendly with the Germans, he loathes them. His role, which calls for him to be tough, honest, loutish, and lovable, is one that he must be quite familiar with by now, since he's been playing it in movies ever since he turned up in "A Letter to Three Wives." But this time his specialty isn't as entertaining as it has been in the past, possibly because he has embellished his performance with all kinds of furious mugging. In addition to this self-inflicted handicap, the script has treated him unkindly by calling on him to halt the action periodically in order to explain democracy to a Teutonic lass—Bruni Löbel—who could, without too much effort, join the line at the Copacabana. Miss Löbel portrays a girl who would be about as likely as Lorelei Lee to understand any conversation that strayed beyond the chitchat of the boudoir. In the circumstances, Mr. Douglas may be forgiven for not making things very clear to his doxy, but it would have been pleasant if he'd dropped the whole topic after his first go at it. For all this carping, "The Big Lift" does have some worth-while shots of the airlift in action, and for these authentic scenes I'd recommend the picture.

—John McCarten

•

THE GIRL I TOOK TO THE COCKTAIL PARTY

OR, MAYBE WE'LL MEET AGAIN SOMETIME WHEN YOU'RE WITH SOMEBODY ELSE, AND I'LL GET A CHANCE TO TALK TO YOU

Miss Wagnalls, when I brought you
here—
You came with me, you know!—
I thought it altogether clear
I was your date, your beau.

Miss Wagnalls, you converse with zest,
Exchanging *jeux d'esprit*
With each and every male—*id est*,
With every male but me.

Miss Wagnalls, I've no wish to snub
The others or purloin
Their pleasures. Is this a private club,
Or can anybody join?

Miss Wagnalls, let's discuss the
weather—
A word, or two, or three,
So people know that we're together.
Miss Wagnalls! Look! It's me!

—Trevor Williams

Venice and LIDO

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BOOKS

On the Brink

BY this time, anyone who so much as looks at a newsstand has heard of Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky, a Russian-born physician, Bible student, and prodigious savant in many fields, and knows that a book quietly entitled "Worlds in Collision" (Macmillan), and excitedly summarized in advance by *Harper's*, *Reader's Digest*, and *Collier's*, offers to reëxplain almost everything scientists now know of the order of nature and to establish the literal truth of many dramatic events related in the Old Testament—on the ground that at least twice in ancient times, once in 1500 B.C., and again fifty-two years later, simultaneously with Joshua's commanding the sun to stand still, the gaseous tail of a comet that later became the planet Venus brushed violently against the earth, thus setting off indescribable cataclysms, which, it seems, Dr. Velikovsky has managed to document from the literatures of all ancient peoples.

The book is so extraordinarily unconvincing, and has so sharply been refuted by people who are competent to judge of its scientific pretensions, that there would be no excuse for my discussing it if it were not that two matters of general cultural interest called to mind by this book have received insufficient notice. One is that the publicity given to it lights up the sickening gap in this country between the most ordinary scholarly responsibility and a journalism that seems to be more and more at the mercy of slick rewrite men who depend upon the "expert," the man who knows all about everything, to give them the facts they put into clean, cold English. The more important one is that "Worlds in Collision," which is preposterous and intellectually primitive to an extreme, is plainly not a hoax. (We invariably think such a book either the greatest thing since Newton's "Principia" or a hoax; it is amazing how many people believe a man will spend ten years on a manuscript just to set off a practical joke.) It is, however, a pathetic, ominous, and superstitious piece of work by a man whose thinking is completely dominated by cataclysms, catastrophes, and global disturbances. The book fits only too well into the intellectual melodrama of this period.

In the advance publicity, much was made of the fact that Dr. Velikovsky studied many things in various European centers of learning and that he has a perfectly astonishing (especially to a rewrite man) ability "to summon up all the apparatus of learning—from astronomy and physics to folklore, religion, classical literature, archeology, geology, paleontology, biology, and psychology." My trust in Dr. Velikovsky's general culture was not enhanced when I found him solemnly asserting (on the strength of a sentence in Saint Augustine) that Prometheus and Moses were contemporaries; that an individual whom he positively identifies as Homer and whom he absolutely knows to have written the "Iliad" perhaps less than a century after the Trojan Wars was probably a contemporary of Amos and Isaiah, since all three refer in their works (by indirection) to the same planetary disturbances; and that, so far as I could tell, he had looked into a recondite work by "a scholar and pamphleteer, Jonathan Swift . . . *Gulliver's Travels* (1726)" because it contains a theory about the two satellites of Mars—a theory, he assures us, that is quite erroneous.

Even on scientific questions, someone so unversed in these matters as myself can tell that Dr. Velikovsky has no conception of the most elementary laws of evidence. In his dreamy alternation between a popular science (quoted persistently from large general works, which he invariably seeks to refute) and citations from the Old Testament or other early historical records, he never seems to know whether he is trying to prove the truth of his collision theory by Scripture or to establish the literal truth of Scripture by his theory. Dr. Velikovsky insists that as a result of the cataclysms that swept the earth when Venus bumped into us, the waters of the Red Sea did divide for the ancient Israelites to cross over, just as is related in Exodus 14:22, and that when, fifty-two years later (and how convenient for the ancient Israelites again, though almost everyone else must have died from shock), Venus began its ructions once more, the sun did seem to stand still at Joshua's command, *for the earth had temporarily stopped rotating*. But if we ask Dr. Velikovsky how he knows that these improbable events occurred, and at those particular times, he refers us to records left by the Hebrews, Hindus, Egyptians, Chinese, Aztecs, Peruvians, Pawnee Indians, et al., which testify (sometimes, Dr. Velikovsky admits, in "a flowery manner of expression") to worldwide storms, the shapes of dragons in the air, mountains being lifted, rivers being turned from their courses, plagues of insects, and darkness at unexpected hours. If we ask him why *all* of these records should be taken as literally true, or, if their truth is granted, why it should be supposed that they all refer to the same events, he sends us right back to his own theory. Dr. Velikovsky has it his own way every time. Or, as he

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puts it in one exhilarating sentence, "Billows miles high travelled over the land, originating in causes described in this book."

Even if Dr. Velikovsky's collision theory were less sensational, it would be impossible to take seriously any writer on scientific matters who attempts to discount so many other writers and who offers to give the true and exclusive explanation of just about everything— Venus's transformation into a planet, the origin of petroleum, the worship of animals as an element common to many religions, the craters of the moon, the canals on Mars, why the mammoths vanished, "the real meaning of the messages of the Hebrew prophets," exactly what happened on Mount Sinai, etc.—and who, in the course of this monotonous infatuation with one idea, refers constantly to still another work of his, "Ages in Chaos," already written, which sets all dates in human history right, and another, he announces, which will look closely into the facts behind the Deluge. But what *is* to be taken seriously is the ignorance, or laziness, or sensationalism, of magazine and book publishers who are so easily impressed, or want to be impressed, or think it good business to sound as if they were impressed, by anyone who spends his time in libraries, can read five languages, has studied medicine in St. Petersburg, natural sciences in Edinburgh, psychoanalysis in Vienna, brain physiology in Zurich, and—Lord, what a little Latin can still do for people— actually quotes from the Vulgate, when it would have been far more to the point to check all the Old Testament quotations on which he depends so heavily against the latest Biblical research.

There may be a simple and more ominous explanation of Dr. Velikovsky's ability to impress so many executives in New York publishing offices. For if you look past his ostentatious but superficial array of scholarship and the hundred contradictions in which his arbitrary argument continually involves him, you see that the one point his book makes is that the primary events in history are global catastrophes and cataclysms, that man is always on the brink of universal destruction, and that the most he can be is a recording agent of these prodigious calamities. Hence, nothing in the whole human record is significant except as it reflects the power of great outside forces to clean us out. And this is just what many people do think today; it plays right into the small talk about universal destruction that is all

LITTLE, BROWN
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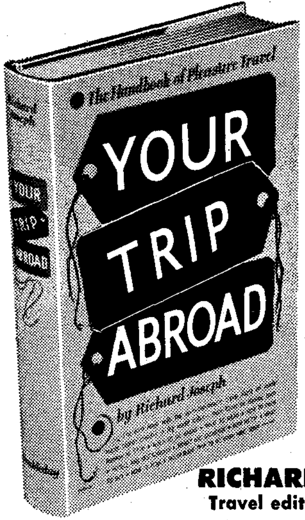

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around us now, and it emphasizes the growing tendency in this country to believe that the physicists' irresponsible scare warnings must be sound, for they are the greatest experts of all, and how shall we ever create a world order except by first threatening everyone with world destruction?

Fortunately, while it may be in our nature to anticipate the worst, it goes against the living grain to believe in it very long. What the scare warnings do, however—and it is significant that Dr. Velikovsky rather looks forward to more collisions—is to play up to our superficial pessimism and our passivity; they make it easier for us not to feel individual responsibility about anything, and they threaten us with one abstraction, total destruction, if we do not embrace another, which need not mean much so long as it has the word "world" in it. Of course such warnings never scare us into any real action; i.e., the kind that starts from ourselves. They simply build up a not altogether uncomfortable expectation of doom, which we do not feel very urgently but which helps us to that sense of being vaguely in touch with the real thing that is part of the spell of certain slick magazines, best-sellers, and the latest prognostications by the most important experts. These days, even as we sit on the brink and wonder if all of us may not yet go over, we can always read our fate in advance. And here is the expert, the man of the century, saying in a voice caked with the dust of many libraries, "Only striking, perturbing experiences . . . are designed to stir the imagination of peoples." How lucky we are that this is not so; if it were, only the experts apparently would stir our imagination.

—ALFRED KAZIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE PLENIPOTENTIARIES, by H. J. Kaplan (Harper). In this witty, if discouraging, guidebook to the Paris frequented by present-day American intellectuals, Mr. Kaplan indicates that the city offers just as much intrigue and high-flown conversation as it did in the nineteen-twenties but possesses a lot less verve than it evidently had then. Three overintense young expatriates, all very determined to drink deep at the Pierian spring, succeed merely in falling into it with loud and ignominious splashes after becoming bewilderingly entangled in contemporary European

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morals and politics. Their dilemmas are recounted, and enjoyed, by an egotistical and dyspeptic old newspaperman—an individual whom the author has fashioned with creditable care. Mr. Kaplan's book implies that if there is a new Lost Generation, it is smaller but considerably more lost than the previous one.

THE PLYMOUTH ADVENTURE, by Ernest Gébler (Doubleday). A fictional reconstruction of the most memorable of the voyages undertaken by that "dowdy, scrubbed, cut-down little barrel of a ship," the Mayflower, and of the tribulations undergone by its passengers during their first winter here. Mr. Gébler prefers the phrase "documentary chronicle" to "historical novel" as a designation for his work, on the ground that he hasn't tinkered with the actual sequence of events, as set forth in his sources. In the course of plugging up the historical gaps, however, and deducing the personalities of his characters, he has strayed far from the path of documentation and, quite often, of probability. This tendency is especially noticeable in his portrayal of Miss Priscilla Mullins, later Mrs. John Alden, a young lady whose winning, if rather hysterical, ways are shown to be largely responsible for the metamorphosis of the ship's captain from a crusty old conniver who deliberately dumped his passengers on the wrong stretch of coastline into an upright supporter of the Pilgrim Fathers. The Literary Guild selection for May.

THE TOWN, by Conrad Richter (Knopf). A story, told in short, quick-changing episodes, about family life in Ohio during the first half of the nineteenth century. The Wheelers, the family in question, are a big, rowdy bunch, with a country lawyer for a father and a stern, loving pioneer for a mother. Most of the episodes deal with Chancey, the youngest and frailest of the children, but Mr. Richter plays his searchlight briefly on each of the others in turn, always from a distance, however, as though the reader were a casual visitor who deserves entertainment and honest conversation but should be barred from any possible intimacy with the family.

NIGHT JOURNEY, by Albert J. Guerard (Knopf). Paul Haldan, a highly idealistic young man, arrives with the Allied armies in an unnamed European country to liberate it, and finds that as his ideals are shattered he loses

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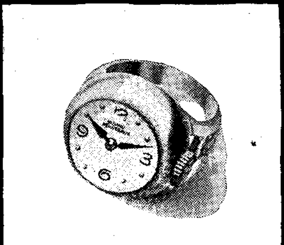

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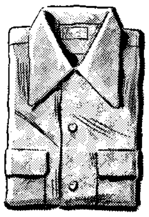

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his bearings and is left with only his own good will to guide him. Mr. Guerard goes quite deeply into the life and personality of Haldan and poses him expertly against a rather too familiar background of cynical military men, cynical civilians, and suspicious, vulnerable underground workers. As a trap set for the wretched Haldan is sprung, his author proceeds to wring out every drop of irony with as much gusto as though the situation were either unusual or inevitable. However, all this fuss does not hide the fact that Haldan is a foredoomed misfit, who could have been thrown out of gear anywhere and at any time, without any guns or generals or anything.

GENERAL

The Grand Alliance, by Winston S. Churchill (Houghton Mifflin). Volume III of the history of the Second World War as fought by Mr. Churchill. This installment starts with the war at the time that Germany began driving to the East through the Balkans, in early 1941, and details events as seen from 10 Downing Street up to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor and the forging of the Grand Alliance of the United States, Great Britain, and Soviet Russia. It is, of course, wonderful stuff—a masterly piece of historical writing, rich, savory, and complete with humor and wit. The Book-of-the-Month Club selection for May.

James Madison: Father of the Constitution, by Irving Brant (Bobbs-Merrill). This book, the third volume of what is obviously going to be *the* biography of Madison, covers the years 1787-1800, perhaps the most decisive ones both of the subject's life and of the early life of the United States. Half the book is devoted to an account of the framing of the Constitution, of which, Mr. Brant makes it clear, Madison was indeed the sire. It also includes the story of the ratification of the Constitution, with its attendant ideological battles over federal vs. state sovereignty; the birth of the Bill of Rights; and the history, based on much new material that the author has brought to light, of the Madison-Jefferson war with Hamilton (with disclosures about the foreign speculations Hamilton and his chief assistant in the Treasury, William Duer, indulged in with government money that will not be pleasurably received in the Hamilton camp). Mr. Brant is a resourceful digger and researcher, but he is not a very exciting writer; even so, this is a first-rate work and important in that it sets the record straight on one of our greatest democratic statesmen.

The World of Fiction, by Bernard DeVoto (Houghton Mifflin). Written in a breezy, lowbrow style that does everything possible to make one suspicious of the author's fitness to deal with his subject, this short book is nevertheless an exceedingly fruitful study of what the novel is, or can be, and of the novelist as a craftsman. For all his Lions Club heartiness, DeVoto is a serious and often brilliant interpreter of Proust, Joyce, Freud, and the other boys in the front room, and he makes out what is probably the definitive case against the ideal of reportorial verisimilitude in the novel. Fine reading for practicing and would-be writers, of whom at last count there were forty-three million in this country alone.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

The Survivors, by Hammond Innes (Harper). Aboard a fleet of whalers bound for the antarctic is the owner's son, who is suspected—with justice, it turns out—of having murdered his wife's father early in the voyage. En route to the South Pole, the ships in the fleet are caught in an ice floe, and the murderer sees his chance to wreck them and be the sole survivor. The crews debark onto the floes, where they lead a nerve-racking life, what with the ice beneath their feet buckling and crumbling, the subzero weather, and the meagre ration of whale meat. After a great many vicissitudes, the villain is chewed up by a sea leopard, and sixty-seven people out of approximately seven hundred are saved. This book has a tension and a mounting excitement that are very unusual, and it is highly recommended.

•

Chicago—The outstanding challenge to American newspapers today is to do a better job of interpreting the news, said Col. Robert R. McCormick, Chicago Tribune editor and publisher, home from a 24,000-mile flying trip to Europe, Africa, Arabia and Asia.

In a broadcast Saturday over WGN he related: "We traveled just under 24,000 miles in 41 days. We flew as high as 20,000 feet to get over anti-aircraft fire in the Alps and as low as 100 feet to get under fog."—*Editor & Publisher.*

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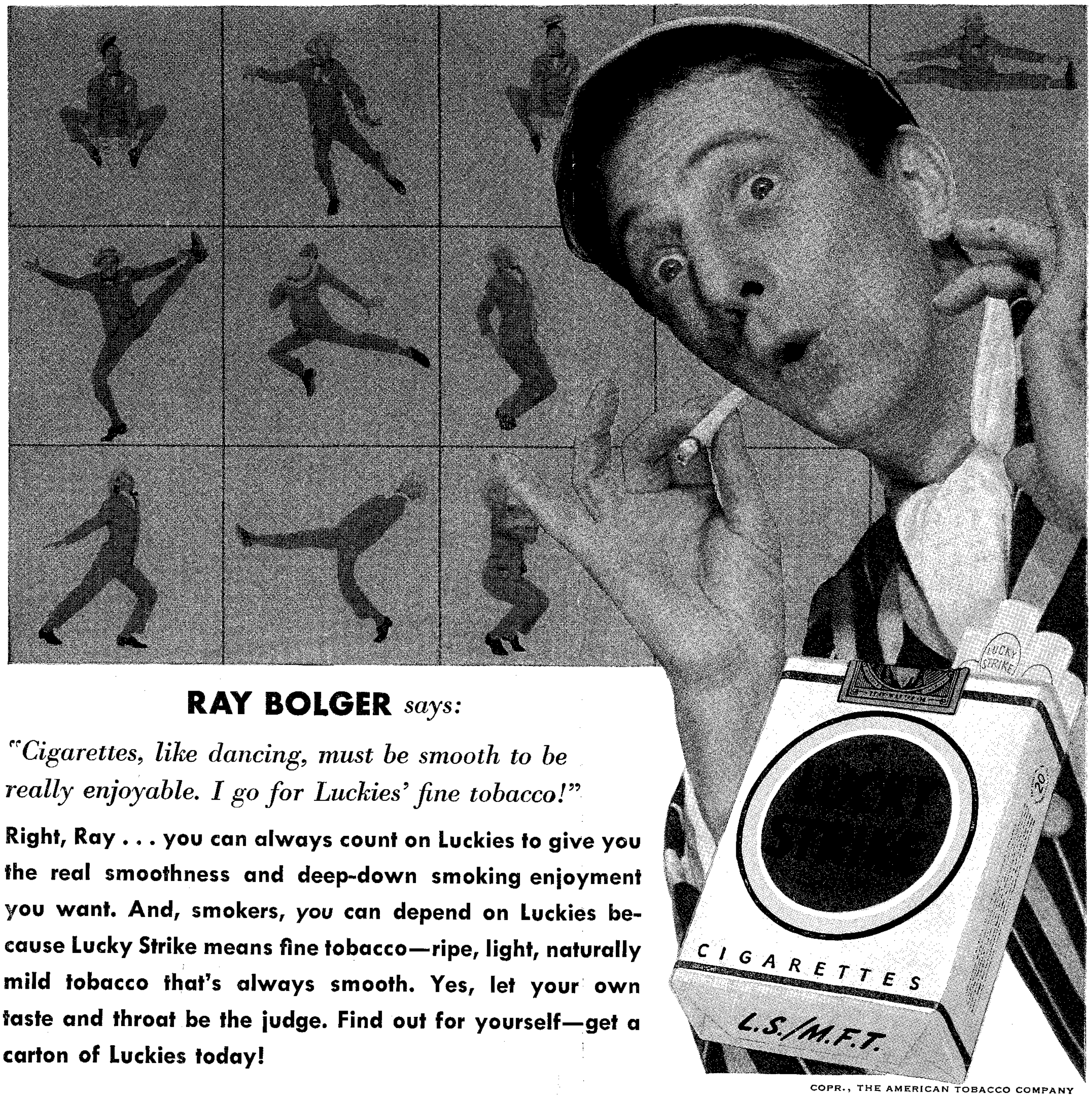

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